Feb.15,1969

THE NEW YORKER

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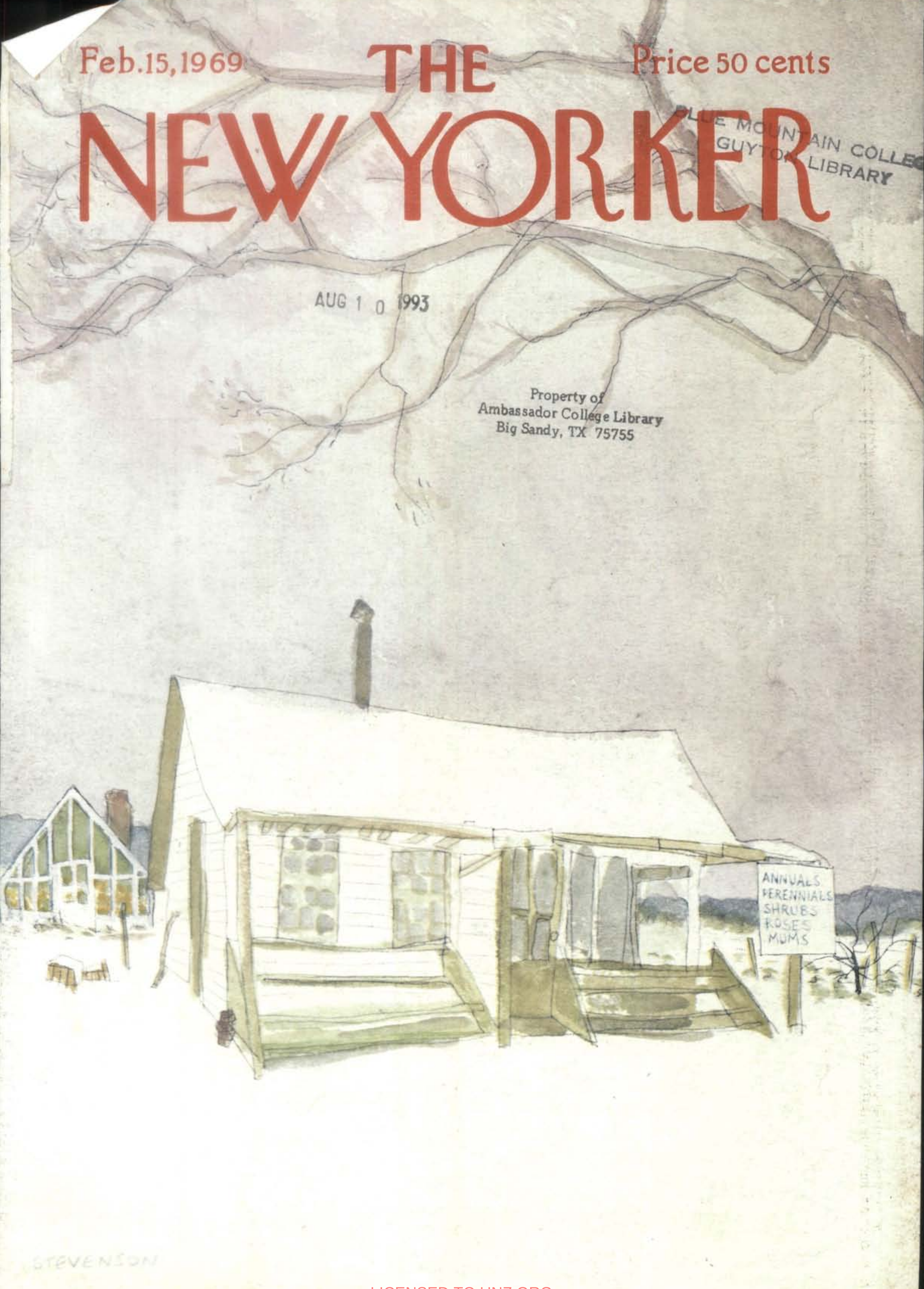
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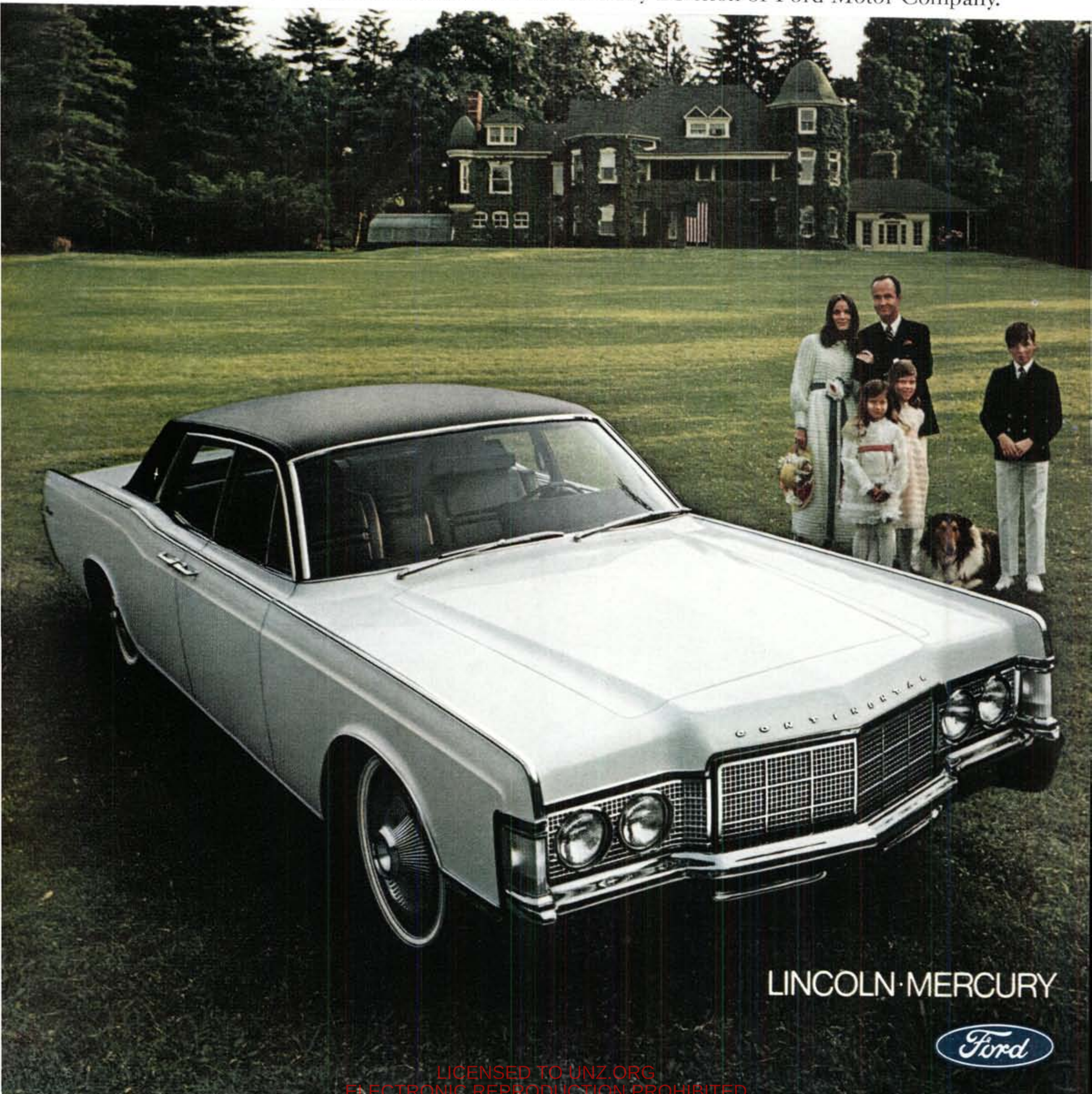
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(*E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.*)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—The first play of this double bill is by Elaine May and stars Gabriel Dell; the second is by Terrence McNally and stars James Coco. Miss May is the director. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

APA Repertory Company—Sean O'Casey's **COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY**: Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 17-18, and Thursday, Feb. 20, all at 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE** (Richard Wilbur's adaptation): Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30; Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Big Time Buck White—The second half of this play, which originated in Watts and ran for three years in Los Angeles, simulates a meeting of a black-militant organization; the first half is taken up with the extremely comic antics of the leader's lowlife followers. Dick Williams gives a remarkable performance as Buck White, and everyone else is very good, too. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Boy on the Straight-Back Chair—A play by Ronald Tavel. Season subscribers only. Membership performances start Friday, Feb. 14, and will run through Saturday, March 22. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. The performances, under Edmund Cambridge's direction, are as good as the script, which couldn't be better. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. With Rosalind Cash, William Jay, and Douglas Turner. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

Cities in Bezique—Two strange one-act plays by the poet Adrienne Kennedy. Compounded of private imagery and Expressionistic action, they are frequently baffling and always fascinating. The fine Negro cast, under Gerald Freedman's direction, includes Moses Gunn and Cynthia Belgrave, as well as a promising newcomer named Joan Harris. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on the peculiar novel of the same name by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen *plays the paranoid hero with great élan.* (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman in the title role is the main reason for going to see this skimpy little comedy by Murray Schisgal. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago by devising exactly the right comic style for its performance and finding the right actor for every part. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Open 24 Hours—Two one-act plays by Roger N. Cornish. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—A comedy written by and starring Woody Allen. Joseph Hardy is the director. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Final performances—William Gibson's **A CRY OF PLAYERS**, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Thursday and Friday, Feb. 13-14, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2 and 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.) . . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—John White's **BANANAS**: Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 13-15, at 8. . . . Charles Dizenzo's **AN EVENING FOR MERLIN FINCH**: Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2; Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday through Friday, Feb. 18-21, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2 and 8.

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Tango—A Polish play, by Slawomir Mrozek, which deals with such abstract matters as art, liberty, coercion, and totalitarianism in the form of a tragi-farce about a young aristocrat who tries to snap his disorderly, bohemian family into line. The play is interesting, but it is badly served by a dim production. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Watering Place—Shirley Knight, Robert F. Simon, Tresa Hughes, and William Devane are the entire cast of this play by Lyle Kessler, directed by Michael Langham. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 20. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND**: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE**: Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley (substituting for Maureen Stapleton for several months) and E. G. Marshall have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE PRICE**: Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy. Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, and Kate Reid compose the family, and Harold Gary is a funny old outsider. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.) . . . **SCUBA DUBA**: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Canterbury Tales—Chaucer debauched. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Celebration—A musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt about love, God, goodness, youth, desire, failure of desire, and death. All in two hours, and all cheerful. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a suitable

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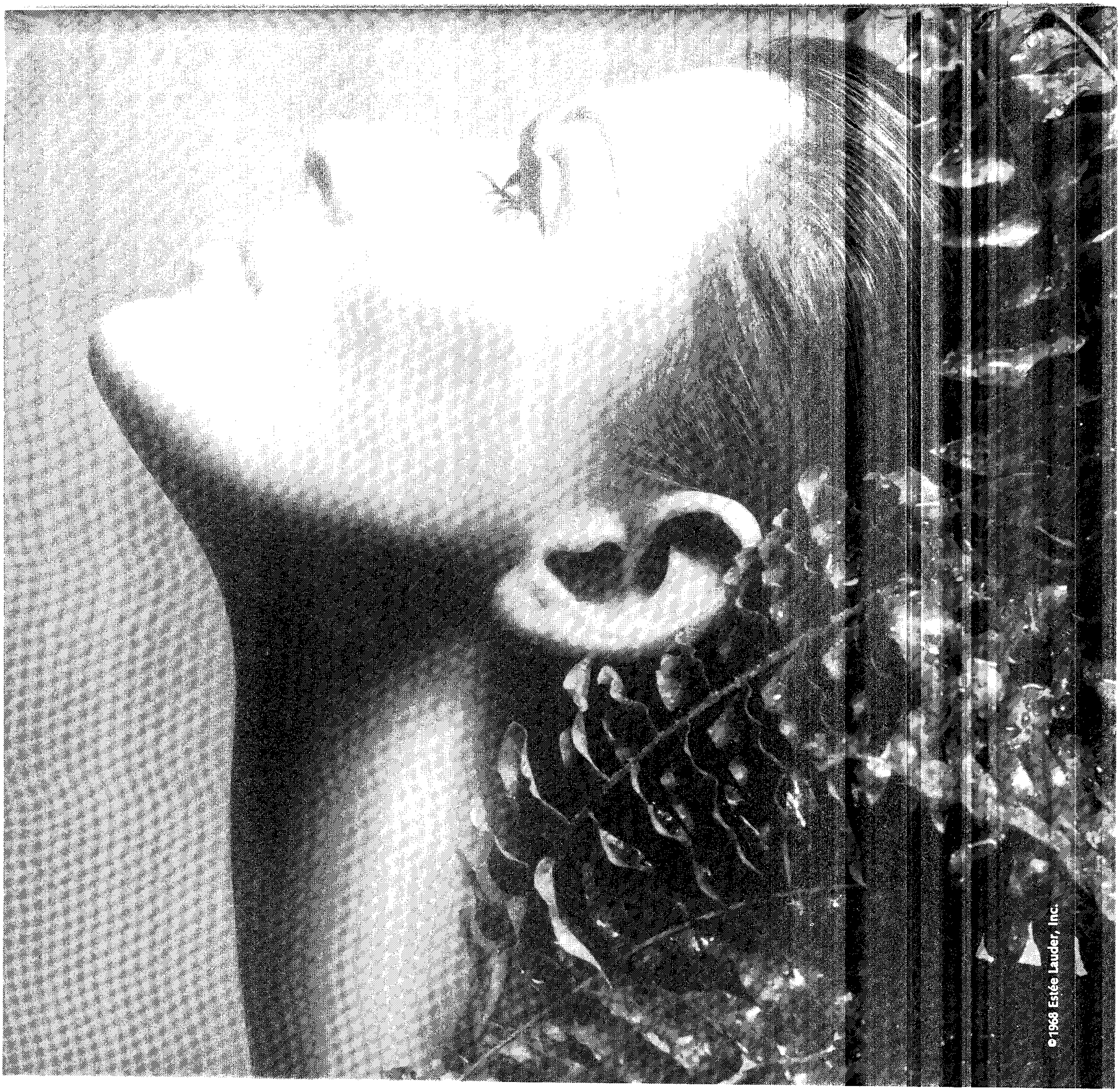

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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score by Jim Wise, suitable book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters, as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. Neal Kenyon, who was both director and choreographer, has hit just the right note of foolishness in his bits of stage business and in his elaborate production numbers. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A musical version of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," ingenious in everything but its music, and worth seeing for Angela Lansbury as the dotty Countess Aurelia. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Get Thee to Canterbury—A musical adaptation of a handful of the Tales. Slapdash and silly, but with a couple of lively scenes. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Horseman, Pass By—An annoying show in which seven quite good actors recite, sing, and generally monkey around with the poetry of William Butler Yeats, unfortunately to its detriment. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Red, White, and Maddox—A boisterous, high-school-like assault, in loud music and broad wit, on the present incumbent of the gubernatorial chair of the proud state of Jawja. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, pleasant music and lyrics are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GEORGE M!:** An account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey plays him. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. Thelma Carpenter fills in for Miss Bailey on Wednesday afternoons. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Jane Morgan plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Final performances of **DON QUIXOTE** will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 13-14, at 8:15; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 1:15 and 7:15.)

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a five-week season that will run through Sunday, March 23—Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Lesson," and "Façade" (company première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30: "Moves," "Konservatoriet" (company première), and "Façade." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30: "Olympics," "The Lesson," "Fanfarita," and "A Light Fantastic." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Sea Shadow," and "Façade." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Neil Young, formerly of the Buffalo Springfield, sings and plays guitar. Starting Wednesday, Feb. 19, Dion—who shed his collaborators, the Belmonts, some time ago—will perform along with folk singers Bunky and Jake. Shows begin at about nine-thirty. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and occasionally significant. Through Sunday, Feb. 16, the music will come from a blues band called Bateau Vivre (Rimbaud, thou should'st be living at this hour) and a group of Juilliard students known as Hamilton Face. Shows at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's just about all that's happening. A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and a quintet comprised of Roy Eldridge, Richie Kamuca, Roland Hanna, Eddie Locke, and Buddy Catlett. On Tuesday, Feb. 18, Anita O'Day will begin a singing engagement, backed by the above musicians, sans Kamuca. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Yusef Lateef quartet. On Tuesday, Feb. 18, the Pharoah Sanders quintet will move in. Early-evening specials, from five to nine: Saturday, Feb. 15, the Richard Johnson quartet, and Sunday, Feb. 16, an ensemble led by drummer Warren Smith. Mondays, from nine to four, are one-night stands for sundry jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, the Junior Mance trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, the Hugh Masekela quartet takes turns with Esther Marrow, a young blues singer whose background includes stints with Ellington and Belafonte. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, the Jerry Butler quartet will alternate with Miss Marrow. (Shows from

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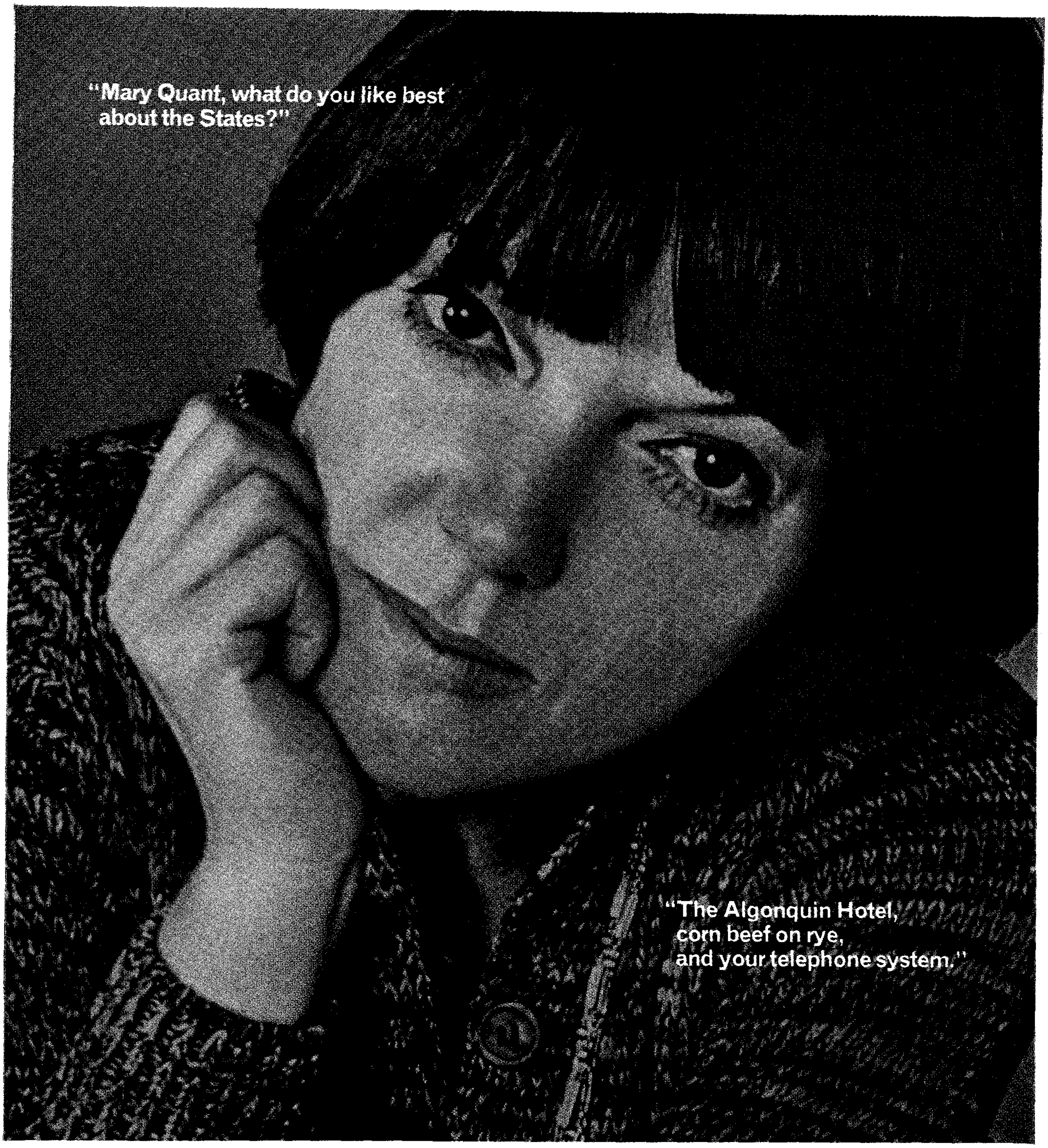
"Mary Quant, what do you like best about the States?"
"The Algonquin Hotel, corn beef on rye, and your telephone system."

Mary Quant, English fashion designer:

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.) Mondays, starting at eight-thirty, are mixed bags of soul and rock performers.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. Beginning at nine-thirty, Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 13-15, the Herbie Hancock sextet trades sets with George Benson's quintet. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sundays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band performs from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The loud sound of the Epitomé alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. On Tuesday, Feb. 18, the Fuzzy Bunnies will replace the E. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—With renovations under way, this formidably hip establishment will be open only on Fridays and Saturdays for a few weeks. On Feb. 14-15, Sirocco will provide the live music. On Feb. 21-22, the live ones will be Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys. Alcohol? No.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—High up (by day it's a restaurant called the Penthouse Club) and filled with sleek-looking people, this is a place to spend an hour or so either gazing at the view—which is superb—or merging with the shaking, strobe-lighted scene. Snacks. Dancing to records from ten to three or four every night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, saxophonist King Curtis leads a quartet. On Monday, Feb. 17, the Curtis group will give way to a five-piece outfit known as Ruby and the Romantics. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can dance (from seven to three or four) or patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other real establishments. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Pumpkins do. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Sympathy for the Devil," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): History is not repeating itself, for the kings and the captains who made it have departed; nowadays, the repeating is done by the gramophone that plays on while the house band is at leisure. The house band, though, is populated by Lester Lanin's first-stringers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Whirl without end, and a social one at that. The impetus is given by the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time in the Café Pierre, where, on the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The old household words, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Sort of beer-and-skittles. The worshipful company of plumpers for jazz-with-a-tradition assemble at eight-thirty for Bobby Hackett's first reveille. Maxine Sullivan, back from the banks of Loch Lomond, chirrups along with his band. The Hacketts are supplemented by Urbie Green's conglomerate, an excellent second choice, which begins at six-thirty. No noise Sunday nights. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Plain as day, this décor, but there is a floor the size of a six-day bike race (not permitted, along with anything resembling the equal-but-separate choreography of the discothèques), permanent dance music, and a modicum of sustenance. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty. A triad of bands, the leading (and most Latin) of which is Argueso's, disport themselves. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Women's rites, however capricious, are defended to the death, and to the rafters, by Joan Rivers, a practiced barrister. Ten is the usual starting time, but it's nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A meeting of minds and mimes, all of them Mediterranean—Greek, Israeli, Armenian. Avram Grobard is the moderator, George Mgrdichian is chief oudist, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, and a solemn female turns the *danse de ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the local mini-revue, can't quite make up its mind: when it's good, it's very, very good, and when it's bad, it's . . . Except on Sunday, it is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Quickly putting aside the cares of office (the front office, which likes bombs-bursting-in-air delivery), Caterina Valente goes back to being Latin and lovable in her chanting, and she and her brother, Silvio Francesco, toss in an American song-and-dance deal that is true-blue delight. Dinner and supper in the Royal Box are the show times. The musicianly Lee Evans band takes care of the dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Should Portugal revert to monarchy, here is its queen: Amalia Rodrigues, for whose form of Latin literature (the fado song) there are two Latin words—*dignitas* and *veritas*. Beforehand, there is a bacchanalian revel by a set of flamencans. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the off-beat Spanish hand-clap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song go on until all hours, and every night.

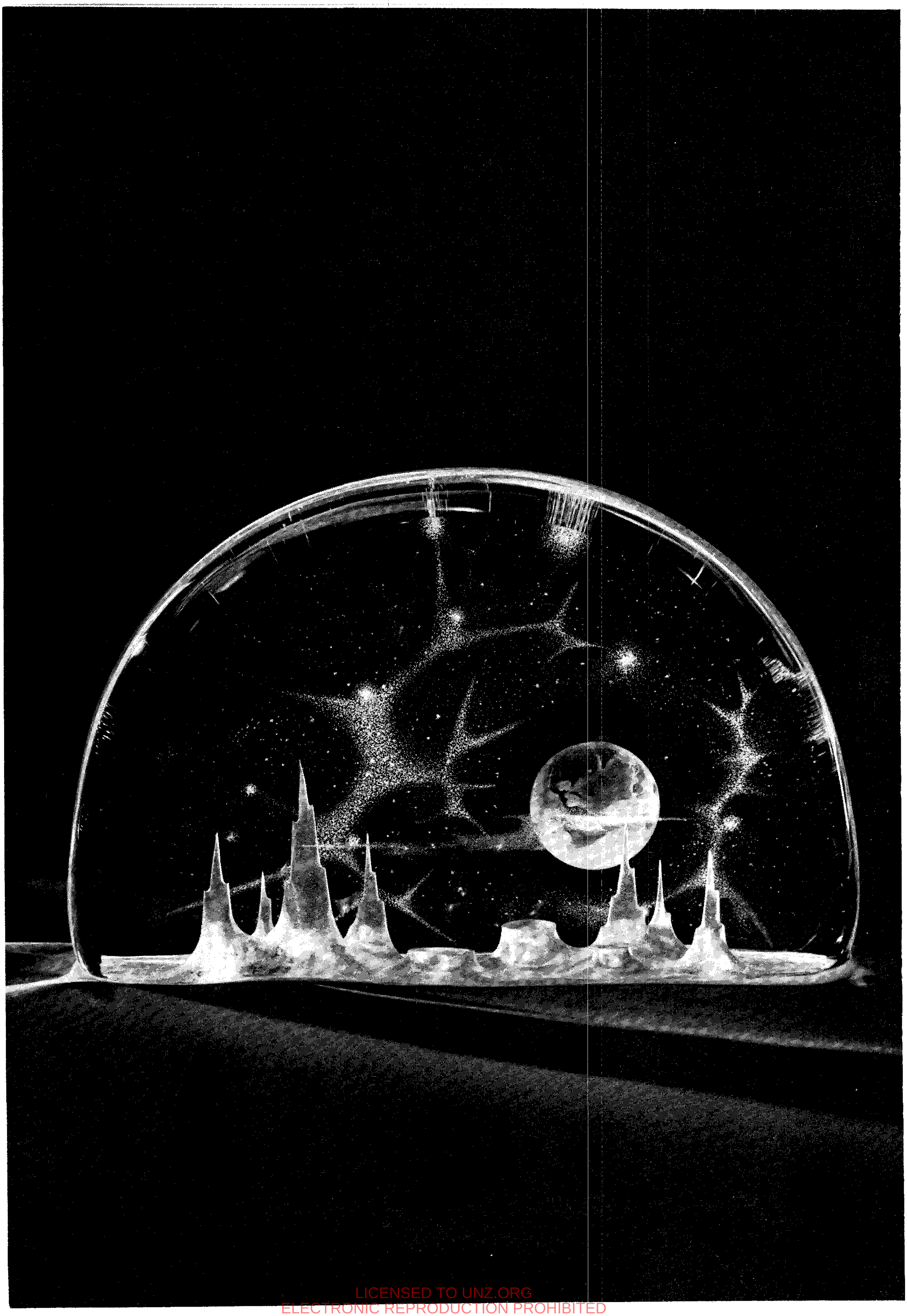
Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—When Leslie Uggams comes onstage, spring cannot be far behind, and far behind is where her way of singing leaves many another meadowlark. There's a Copa comic, too, but we've all learned how to roll with that sort of punch line. Every night, from dinner on. . . . ¶ It seems always to be larkiest just before dawn in the street-level lounge, though the night people and the night music begin as early as ten.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Grace Markay, who sang a while in the Persian Room last summer, is back again during dinner and supper. All the rest of the night belongs to the chiming bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz**—On Tuesday, Feb. 18, the Newport Jazz All-Stars (George Wein, Red Norvo, Barney Kessel, Ruby Braff, Don Lamond, and Larry Ridley) return to the scene of their triumph. Mousie Alexander's dance triad will be there, too. Dinner *si*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the perfect spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Carmen McRae's passionate pilgrimage through the world of high-style jazz singing makes dinner or supper on the comfortable Matterhorn a stop-look-and-listen affair. Joe Cabot's crew does the dance tunes.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Gino Tonetti, who owns playboy-of-the-Roman-world good looks and tenor, ends his dinner and supper sessions in the Maisonette on Saturday, Feb. 15. On Monday, Feb. 17, Daniele Dorice breezes in from her native Canada to sing on the same schedule. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort take up every bit of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Carol Lawrence, once she gets down off her prop stepladder, does a turn or two (for the better) on the dance floor of the Empire Room with her two young men, and a lot



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of songs, too. For the audience, it's a borderline case. At dinner during the week, dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. On Thursday, Feb. 20, she will be replaced by Robert Goulet, that emphatic baritone, who will do a dinner and a supper stint every night. Dance music in quantity, the best of it by a sort of Carnaby quartet called the ReVells. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one or one-thirty along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town country club with aplomb, éclat, and single and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From eight until early morn is the idea, and nobody works Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Great expectations are fulfilled, and in the order of their receipt, when Blossom Dearie gets to the piano of this *echt* coign and applies her baby-talk voice to the world's best lyrics. Never before around ten, and never at all on Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Sobriety that is nevertheless affectionate, society that is affluent. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West India's coral strand. The comber of the beach speaks fluent calypso. His beat is dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Chuck Wayne's threesome greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): "No experience necessary" is how the help-wanted ads read along Second Avenue, which explains the sort of co-workers who appear on the bill with Charles De Forest, who nevertheless keeps on singing the vinaigrette vignettes of big-town life he does so well. He lays off Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not upon a Grecian urn but upon a Steinway sits Rita Dimitri, the Athenian turned Parisian soubrette. Her dinner songs (repeated, Fridays and Saturdays, at midnight) are almost audience-participation, and she is indeed a hostess with the mostest. Polite dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): If two Hungarians meet over a glass of Tokay, they start a gypsy orchestra. Béla Babai's band flavors this scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): From his crow's-nest in the bar of this more than passing fair seascape, George Taylor, a night watchman of long standing, delivers song and piano from nine until two every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A practically continuous standing ovation—sometimes by the customers as well as the crew—to Italian opera that is well basted with *fettuccine* and Orvieto. Closed Mondays for soundproofing. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The time of night is always Greenwich Mean. Just the same, Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, has the jovial sound of late-evening Manhattan. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Tiber, Tiber, burning bright/Until very late at night—two, say. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. In the bar, a folksy piano disports itself from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is piano from five until a bit after midnight every evening. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): There's enough panoply in this refectory to point up the fact that the Ring George Feyer's piano has in mind is Viennese, not Wagnerian. His conversation, though, is today, and political. Eight-thirty to one-thirty, Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The *grande plaisance* known as the Casino-on-the-Park has the piano, quite well educated, of Bob Kail between six-thirty and one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FOUR SEASONS,** 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): The hall of the mountain kings and the grand panjandrums becomes a conservatory at ten, which is when Jimmy Lyons, a pianist with a long memory and a long imagination, sets to. His music goes on until one, and he takes Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): This tribute, presumably, to Italy's final king, is architecturally a Royal Nonesuch, but an entertaining one. A troubadour known as Franco Pagani plies guitar and tenor from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RAIMUND ABRAHAM—An experiment with sensations of space; through March 6. (Architectural League of New York, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

GEORGE AULT (1891-1948)—Thirty watercolors of Bermuda, Provincetown, and New Jersey; through March 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Wooden boxes and reliefs containing allusive objects; through March 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BRUDER—Landscapes and figures based on photographs taken by the artist; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM BUCK—Naïve watercolors of the slave trade on the coast of West Africa by a nineteenth-century sea captain; through March 11. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronzes of the female nude; through March 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract paintings by an artist frequently shown in New York during the past twenty years; through Feb. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Crushed-metal sculptures; through Feb. 28. (Castelli, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

ALLAN D'ARCANGELO—Variations on his highway motifs; through Thursday, Feb. 20. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BURHAN DOGANCAY—Paper imitations of walls; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYNNE DREXLER—Thickly painted oils and crayon drawings that achieve a tapestry-like tex-

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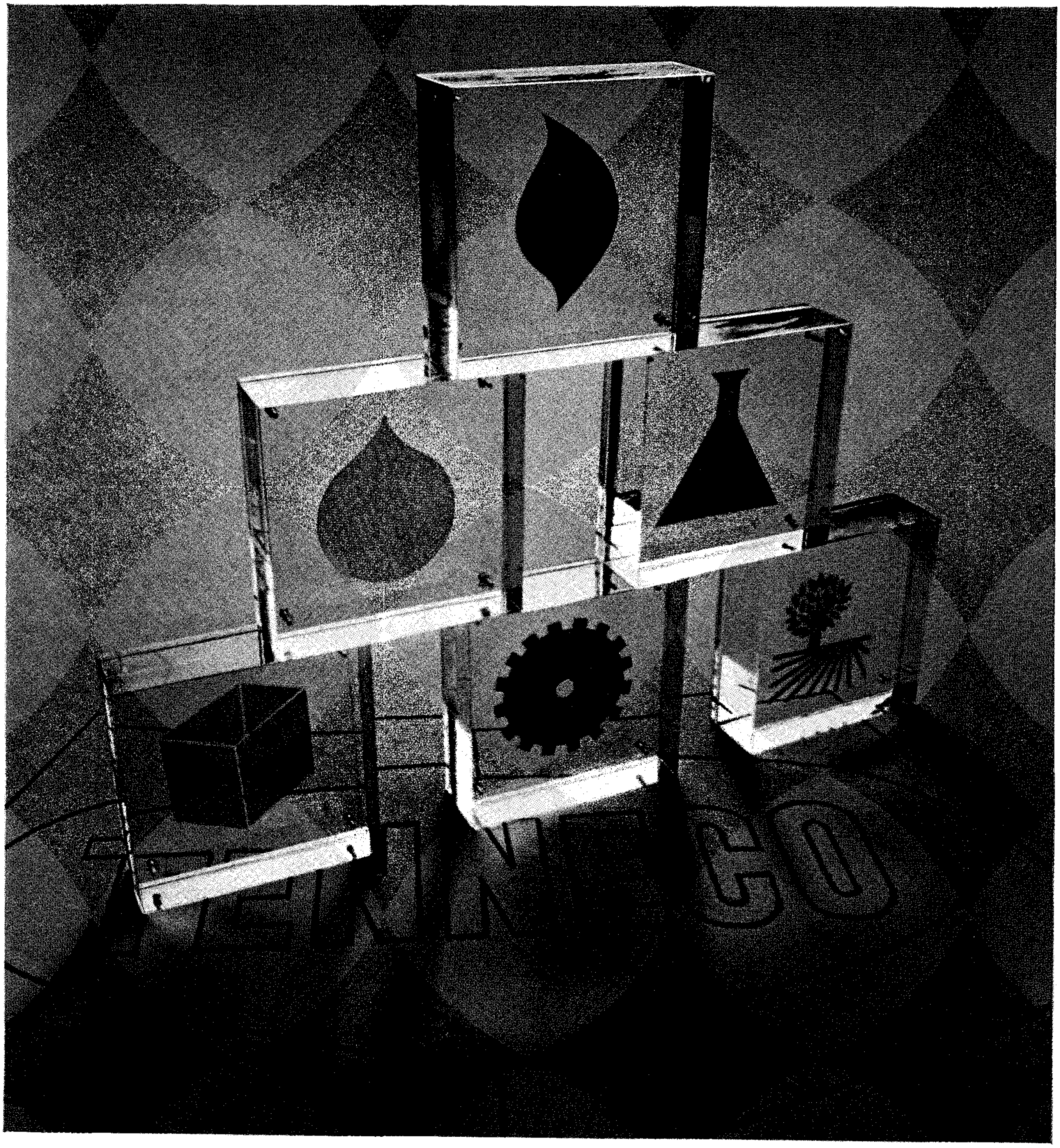

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ture; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Fangor—"Color" paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States; through Feb. 28. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Gee—Silk-screened paintings by a Briton who experiments in color; through Friday, Feb. 14. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

James Gill—A West Coast artist's figure paintings; through Thursday, Feb. 20. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Gross—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935)—Oil paintings by a noteworthy American Impressionist; through Friday, Feb. 21. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Budd Hopkins—Abstract Expressionist paintings with hard-edge elements; through Thursday, Feb. 20. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ralph Humphrey—Ten paintings in luminous colors with thin wavy lines; through Feb. 27. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jasper Johns—Two series of lithographs, one in color; through March 4. (Castelli-Whitney, 53 E. 19th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lester Johnson—Abstract Expressionist paintings that experiment with the dynamics of the human figure; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Indistinct grayish landscapes in oil and pastel; through Feb. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Kienbusch—Abstracted Maine landscapes done in the past three years; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Konrad Klapheck—Neat paintings of machines and parts of machines, with rather obvious symbolic titles, by a young German artist; through March 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Berto Lardera—Three architectural sculptures of cutout horizontal and vertical sheets of steel, plus smaller items, by a Spanish artist; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Rómulo Macció—Expressionist versions of the figure by an Argentine painter; through March 9. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Ronald Mallory—Plastic constructions containing moving mercury; through March 8. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Masaaki—Optical works; through Friday, Feb. 21. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—An exhibition of paintings by this American vanguardist of the first part of the twentieth century; through March 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

James McGarrell—Figure paintings with repeated images of the artist; through March 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Landscapes with figures, and some constructions with similar themes; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Beverly Pepper and Piero Dorazio—Stainless-steel architectural sculptures by the former, and paintings consisting of bands of color by the latter; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marilyn Perlman—Works incorporating Plexiglas, motion, Day-Glo paint, and black light; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings, 1967-68; through Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reginald Pollack—Figurative paintings, through March 8. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Henry Potthast—Landscapes, figures, and beach scenes by an American Impressionist; through Feb. 28. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

V. V. Rankine—Boxlike constructions of amber,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

white, and transparent plastic; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—Collages to accompany poems by Kenneth Koch; through March 1. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Frank Roth—Drawings and collages; through Feb. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes of Greece, California, and Maine; through March 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Ben Shahn—Drawings and lithographs; through March 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Robert Smithson—Rocks and earth collected at different sites, with photographs and maps showing how and where; through Feb. 26. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Takis—Works, some created at M.I.T., featuring effects of electromagnetism through motions, signals, and suspensions; through March 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bob Thompson—A retrospective of paintings by this black American who worked in Europe until his death three years ago at the age of twenty-nine; through March 6. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Anne Truitt—Ten new sculptures by a Minimalist; through Thursday, Feb. 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marilyn Weber—Abstract Expressionist paintings on the theme of the bull; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (De Mena, 453 E. 88th St. Weekdays, 1 to 7.)

Group Shows—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and watercolors by twentieth-century artists, among them Matta, de Chirico, Dubuffet, and Matisse; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of Mexican folk art—papier-mâché figures, wooden carvings, pottery, toys, costumes, and ceremonial and festival objects—collected in villages remote from big cities; through March 8. . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and drawings by seven black artists; through Feb. 27. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.) . . . **RUBIN**, 49 W. 57th St.: A new gallery shows works by such well-publicized artists as Arman, Caro, Louis, Noland, Olitski, Sander, and Frank Stella; through Feb. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, Klimt, and other German Expressionists; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **SCULPTORS GUILD**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Works by five new members of the Guild; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Rickey, Bertoia, Chryssa, Donati, Etrog, and others; through March 1. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Harlem on My Mind," the show that is causing all the noise. Photographs, slides, captions, voices, sound, and music, going back sixty years, from which Harlem emerges as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings, pastels, collages, and sculptures by Julio González, a pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through March 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-five European and American works from the collection of Peggy Guggenheim, an important patron of twentieth-century artists; through March 23. . . . ¶ A retrospective showing of the sculptures of David Smith; starting Friday, Feb. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The permanent collection will be the main show until an exhibit of paintings by Helen Frankenthaler opens on Thursday, Feb. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program of jazz, performed by Jimmy Giuffre, Sonny Rollins, Cecil Taylor, and the Carnegie String Quartet. Tickets, which are very scarce, will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, Feb. 12.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—American printmaking from 1670 to 1821; through March 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and engravings that focus on the endeavors in research, exhibition, and education made by the Museum in its hundred-year history. Contents of the recently located cornerstone are also unveiled. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and porcelains created from 1279 to 1368 A.D., when China was ruled by the Mongols; through March 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Drawings by artists who were active in Naples during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; through April 12. . . . ¶ Art from the collection of Jacques Kaplan, a fur stylist who is a familiar figure in the contemporary art world; through March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings by thirty-seven American artists, among them Ryder, Sargent, Homer, Hartley, Hopper, the Soyers, and Shahn; through March 16. . . . ¶ Numerous bronzes, some stone carvings, drawings, and watercolors, and one oil painting by the late Jacob Epstein, celebrated for his portrait busts; through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty works by European contemporaries, including Bacon, Bury, Fahlström, Kitaj, Magritte, Matta, Soulages, Tàpies, and Vasarely; through March 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Drawings by Al Hirschfeld, a draftsman well known for his theatre caricatures in the *Times;* through April 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An auspicious loan of a hundred and thirty-eight drawings (Italian, Flemish and Dutch, French, and Swedish) from the Nationalmuseum of Sweden; through March 1. . . . ¶ "The Poet's Hand," a display of autograph manuscripts (1440-1940) by English and American poets; through March 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An environmental show that is not only to be seen but that affects the spectators' senses of hearing, touch, and smell; through March 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Religious objects of New Guinea, including carved figures, masks, shields, ornaments, and musical instruments; through May 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings and sculptures by approximately thirty self-taught black artists of Haiti, accompanied by tapes of the country's music and language, slide projections of the land and the people, and

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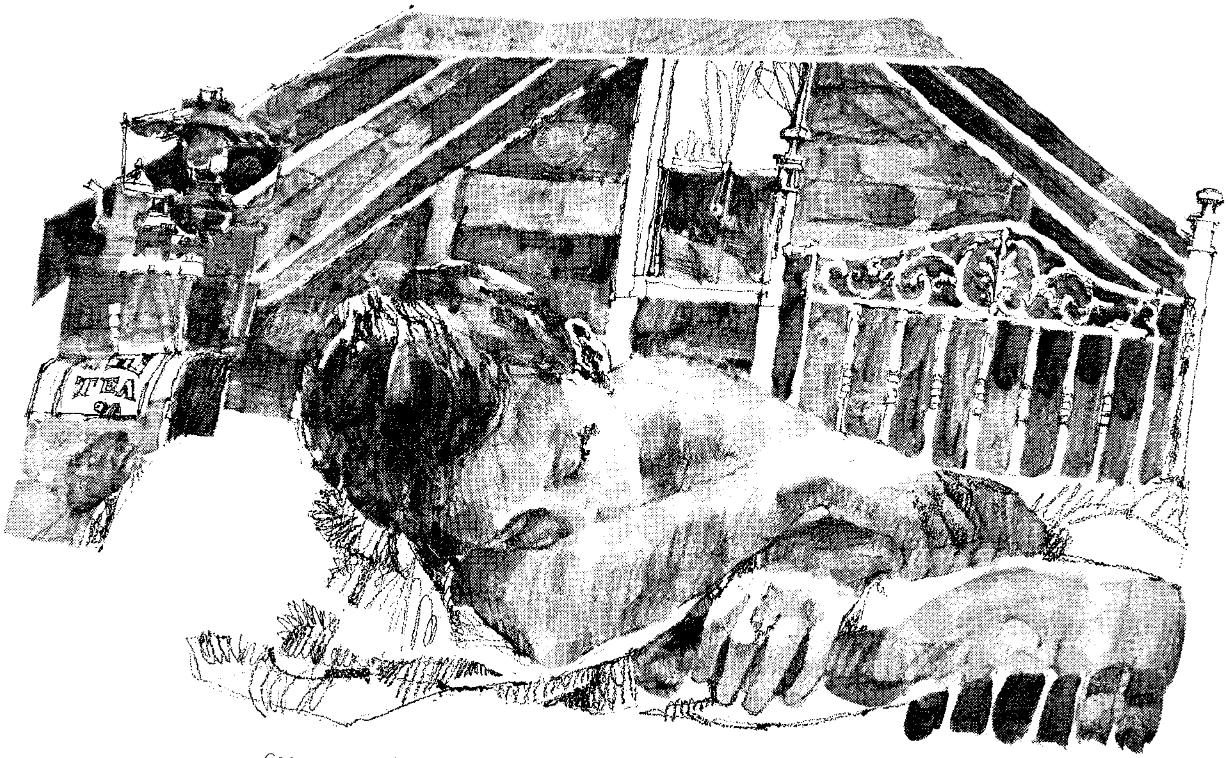

Can you remember a time, long ago — you were probably quite young and typically impressionable. It may have been that you were staying at some country place. Let us say it was summer, and time flowed slow and easy. Looking back, one of the sweetest memories is of sleeping in the attic listening to the rain on the roof. Every now and then the memory returns — the sound of the gentle summer rain, the quiet and the dark, the beautiful feeling of peace and security. The thought strikes you that a sense of well being is often heightened by contrast. You remember that *this was really at the heart of it.* There you were in your bed, dry, warm, comfortable and protected, and yet a foot or two above your head the steady drumming on the roof — the music which told of the wet, rainy night, never threatening discomfort, but on the contrary, lulling you finally to undisturbed sleep.

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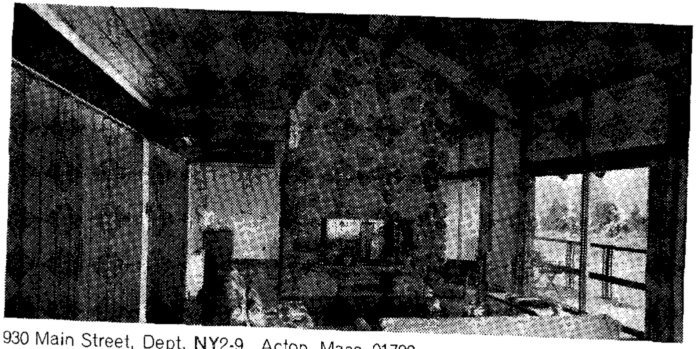

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 13, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, John Alexander, Giorgio Tozzi, Ernst Wiemann, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Karola Agai, Nicolai Gedda, Lorenzo Saccomani, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, William Dooley, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8: Act I of "Madame Butterfly" and the first scene from Act III of "Don Carlo," plus a concert of operatic excerpts. With Pilar Lorengar, Nedda Casei, Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Theodor Uppman, Sherrill Milnes, Cesare Siepi, John Macurdy, and others. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Tosca," with Gabriella Tucci, Sándor Kónya, William Dooley, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Régine Crespin, Josephine Veasey, Jon Vickers, Theo Adam, and Karl Ridderbusch. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Karola Agai, Nicolai Gedda, Renato Bruson, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30: "Das Rheingold," with Josephine Veasey, Lili Chookasian, Theo Adam, Gerhard Stolze, Zoltán Kelemen, Martti Talvela, Karl Ridderbusch, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Montserrat Caballé, Franco Corelli, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (A non-subscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 20—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7:45: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Placido Domingo, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Janet Winburn, Lino Savoldi, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Julian Patrick; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Timo Callio, Chester Ludgin, and William Murray. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Placido Domingo, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. A benefit performance; for tickets, call EL 5-3131. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Workshop—Performances of Wolf-Ferrari's "Secret of Suzanne" and scenes from Robert Ward's "The Crucible" and Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte" (all in English), conducted by Anton Coppola and staged by James Lucas. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, at 8. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Seiji Ozawa directing—Performances of Berlioz's Requiem on Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 14, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 17, at 7:30 (all with Leopold Simoneau, tenor, and the Collegiate Chorale); and a varied program on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 21, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 24, at 7:30 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano).

Moscow State Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Evgeni Svetlanov conducting—Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30: With Viktor Tretyakov, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3: An all-Tchaikovsky program, with Emil and Elena Gilels, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, at 8:30: Two programs with Van Cliburn, piano.

Washington National Symphony—Aaron Copland conducting and playing his own piano concerto, with Mrs. Martin Luther King, Jr., as narrator of his "Lincoln Portrait." (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Christoph Eschenbach, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting an all-Mahler program, with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, and Tom Krause, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Charles Castleman, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting Monteverdi's "Vespro della Beata Vergine 1610," with Benita Valente and Neva Pilgrim, sopranos; Charles Bressler, Robert White, and Hugues Cuénod, tenors; Ara Berberian, bass-baritone; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra—Leopold Sipe conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing an all-Mozart program, with Crail Conner, soprano, and other soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Concordia Choir—Paul J. Christiansen directing. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8:30).

Bach Aria Group—Nicholas Harsanyi directing the final concert of the season, with the Princeton Chamber Orchestra. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Pierre Fournier—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Smetana Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Thomas Simons—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 5:30.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Salzburg String Quartet—A program of rarely played works of the early nineteenth century. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Régine Crespin—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist, in the second of two recitals. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 8:45.)

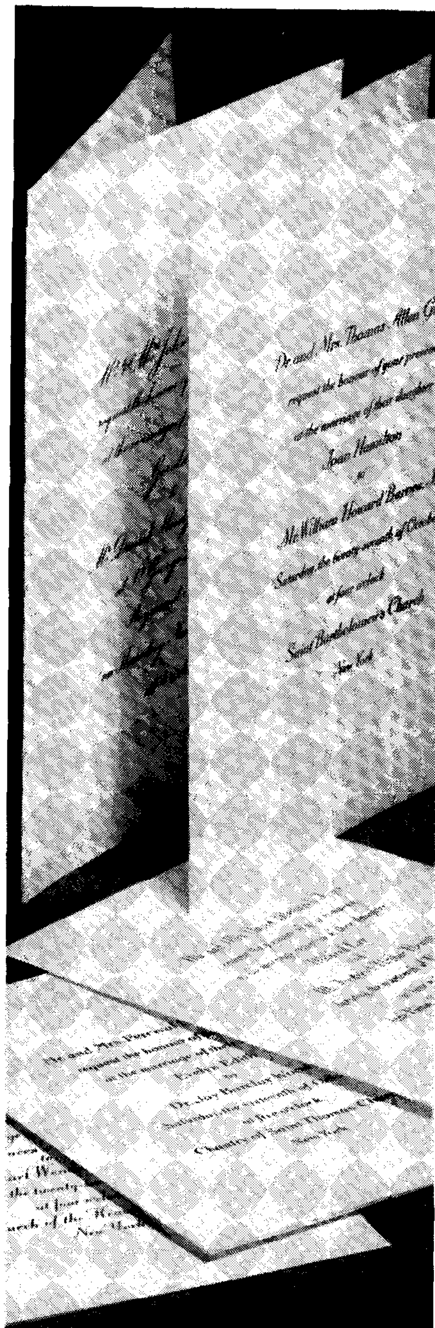
Geza Anda—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Boris Goldovsky and the Curtis String Quartet—The third in a series of five concerts of chamber music for piano and strings, with comment by Mr. Goldovsky. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Yehuda Hanani—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Fine Arts Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Borodin Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and La-



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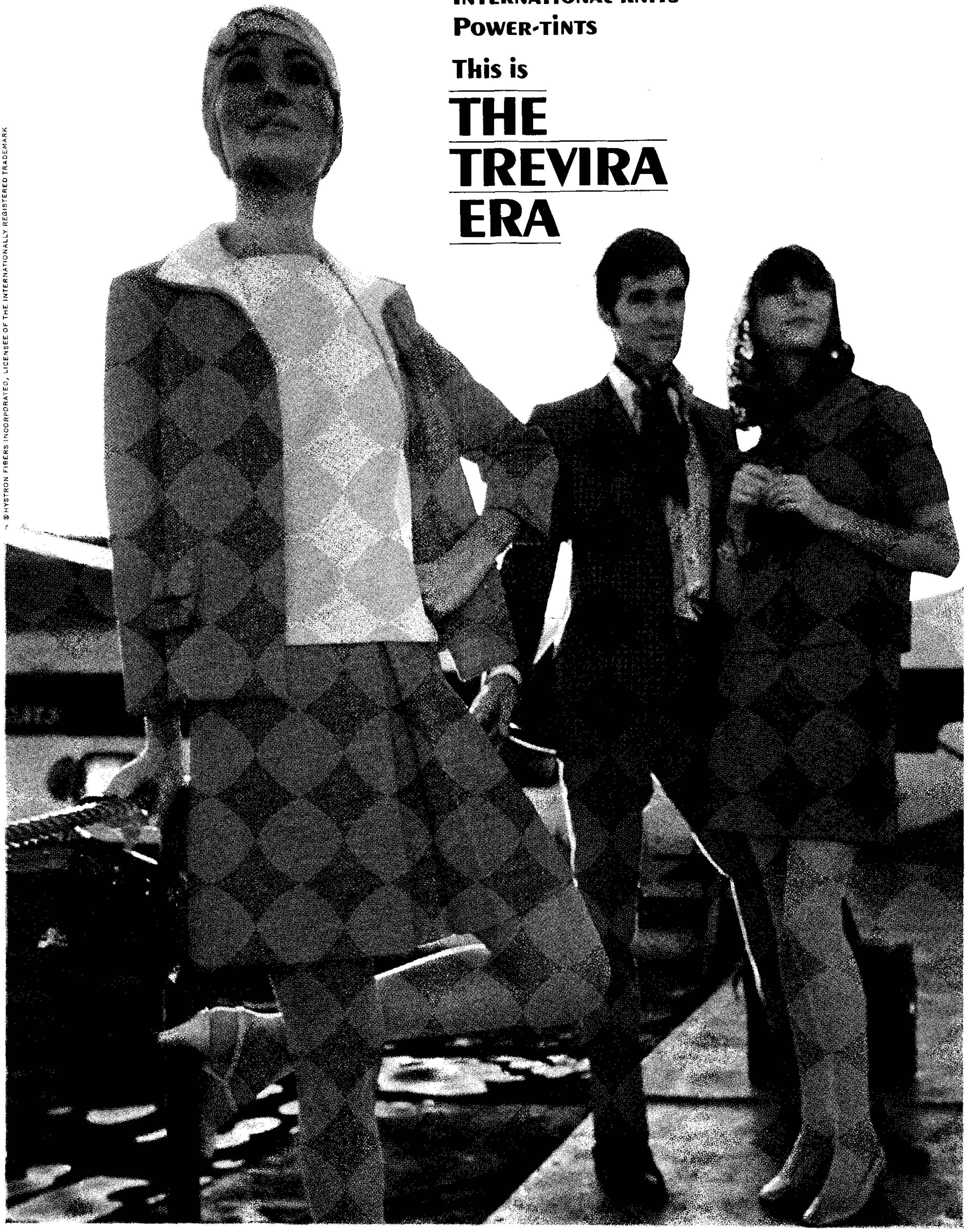

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Guardia Pl. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in a recital postponed from Nov. 16. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1301.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in a recital postponed from Dec. 7. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Note—Isidore Cohen, violin, and Albert Fuller, harpsichord, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 17, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jeff Beck Group, Winter, and Aorta—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, at 8 and 11:30.

Modern Jazz Quartet—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.

Mothers of Invention, Buddy Miles Express, and Chicago Transit Authority—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, at 8 and 11:30.

Gary Burton Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, Feb. 15: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 18: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22: Knicks vs. San Diego. (Games begin at 8:35.)

Boxing—Juarez DeLima vs. Benny Briscoe, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Feb. 14. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, Feb. 16, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Karate—All-American Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Thursday, March 6. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 22.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden Center—Friday, Feb. 14, at 7:15: Knights of Columbus. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 7: United States Olympic Invitational.

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 22-23, at 10.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 4.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Stravinsky program, with Lisl Weil, illustrator, and Myung Jean Keh, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 11 and 3.). . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY**: An abbreviated version of "The Barber of Seville," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES**: "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **B. GAY PUPPETS**: "The Monkey and the Snake," "The Three Wishes," and "People and Puppets." (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:30. Admission is free, but tickets must be obtained at the Information Desk after 1:30 on the day of the performance.). . . **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0201.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY FOUNDATION**: "Young Andy Jackson." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE**: "Alice Through the Looking Glass." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and mosaics by children in the public schools of Harlem, in a display entitled "Young Harlem Creates," arranged to coincide with the Metropolitan's special exhibit, "Harlem on My Mind." Through April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "To the Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Washington's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Flower Show—The Winter Garden Show, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Feb. 19, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Feb. 13, at 10:15 and 1:45: Oriental art, including early dynastic pottery and porcelain, Chinese paintings, and ivory carvings; from various collections. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14, at 1:45: French and American paperweights, from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 10:15: Press books, owned by Mrs. Lynval E. Davidson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 10:15 and 1:45: English and American paintings and drawings dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a number of owners.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Feb. 13 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935), with Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2 and 5:30: "A Man's Castle" (1933), with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 11:30: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935), with Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 3 and 5:30: "Platinum Blonde" (1931), with Jean Harlow and Loretta Young. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2 and 5:30: "She Married Her Boss" (1935), with Claudette Colbert and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933), with Barbara Stanwyck. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2: "San Francisco: 1967," produced by Don Shebib. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 5:30: A program of experimental films. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at noon: "Partie de Campagne" (1936), directed by Jean Renoir. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "The Idol Dancer" (1920), with Richard Barthelmess. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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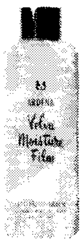

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MOTION PICTURES

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Barbarella—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this stale mess of an erotic comic-strip future that she seems to be a new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 19.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 18.)

Belle de Jour—The most handsome, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great filmmaker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Bullitt—A well-directed (by Peter Yates) but vacuous police melodrama, starring San Francisco and Steve McQueen. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050.)

Closely Watched Trains (1967)—A Czech tragicomedy, directed by Jiri Menzel, about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 14.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 18.)

Faces—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semidocumentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 18.)

Greetings—One of the least fastidious films ever to achieve theatrical distribution, this little comedy is part skin-flick and part college revue, and generally funny. Directed by Brian De Palma. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—An Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann his wife. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 14.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets, in a production that seems to be reaching out for Academy awards. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 16.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—Some good satirical dances and re-creations of traditional routines grace this lightweight, disorganized, yet charming tribute to burlesque. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Elliott Gould, Britt Ekland, and Joseph Wiseman, at his comic best. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through Feb. 18.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Pierrot le Fou—Jean-Luc Godard's picaresque narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Pretty Poison—A new young American director, Noel Black, makes his début with a fine, small thriller, written by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and quietly and splendidly played by Tony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

The Producers (1968)—Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn in a farce about Broadway. Written and directed by Mel Brooks. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 18.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Feb. 17-19.)

Rachel, Rachel—A beautiful, affectionate film, a lot more energizing than a bald statement of the plot sounds, about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher. Joanne Woodward plays her with piercing detail and humor. This is Paul Newman's first piece of direction in the cinema, and it is very good. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 19.)

Rashomon (1951)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Feb. 17.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Feb. 19.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Sea Gull—There are some fine pieces of performance strewn amidst the wreckage of Chekhov's play, misdirected by Sidney Lumet. With Vanessa Redgrave (who has great moments), James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and, regrettably, a miscast Simone Signoret. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Feb. 17.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's extraordinarily clear, extroverted, and masterly account of what people will do to survive the war of the future. With Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Simon of the Desert—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil as a woman (Silvia Pinal). He falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's divertissement on the folly of goodness. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Feb. 17-19.)

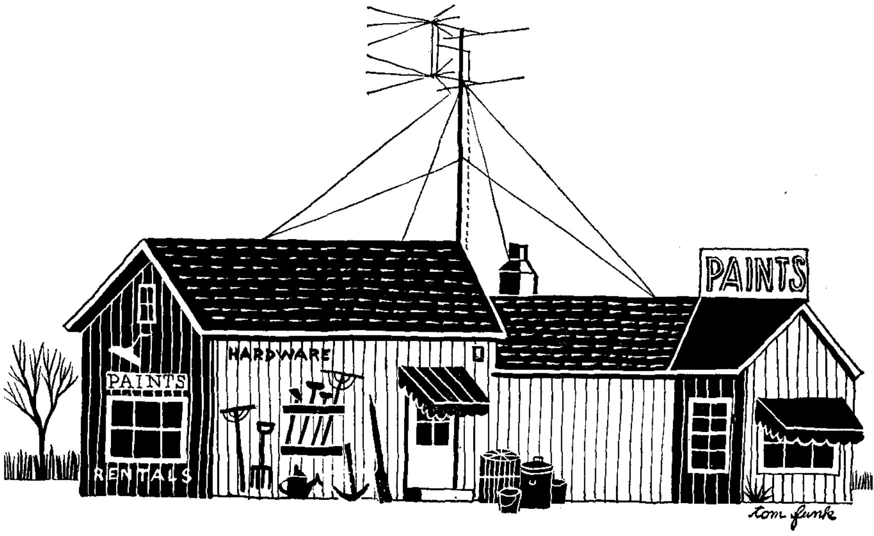
The Two of Us (1967)—An account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 18.)

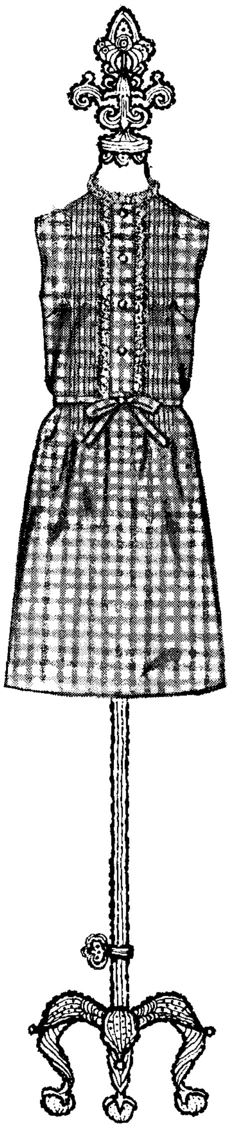
2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-two years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663. Part I: Feb. 19-25. Part II: starting Feb. 26. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most powerful—and most shocking—film is a surreal investigation of Whither Mankind. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

Yellow Submarine—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature, with ten songs by the Beatles. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)





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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 18: **THE TWO OF US** (in French); and **THE ENDLESS SUMMER.**
From Feb. 19 (tentative): "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WEEKEND (in French).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
PRETTY POISON.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 18: **BEDAZZLED**; and "The Magus," Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine.
From Feb. 19: **REPULSION**; and "Benjamin" (1968; in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
BULLITT.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Monterey Pop," a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"They Came to Rob Las Vegas," Gary Lockwood, Elke Sommer.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
SHAME (in Swedish).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE SEA GULL.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 18: "Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.
From Feb. 19: **WAR AND PEACE.**

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Feb. 16: "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.
From Feb. 17: "Very Happy Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Changes," Kent Lane.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Stalking Moon," Gregory Peck, Eva Marie Saint.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PIERROT LE FOU (in French).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
BULLITT.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Model Shop," Anouk Aimée, Gary Lockwood.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Feb. 16: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish); and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).
Feb. 17-19: **PURPLE NOON** and **THE SOFT SKIN** (both in French).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 18: **THE GRADUATE.**
From Feb. 19: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Three Sisters" (in Russian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through Feb. 18: "The Wrecking Crew," Dean Martin, Elke Sommer.
From Feb. 19: "The Brotherhood," Kirk Douglas, Alex Cord.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 16: "Martyrs of Love," a Czechoslovakian film.
From Feb. 17: **RASHOMON** (in Japanese); and **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
BULLITT.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Mayerling," Omar Sharif, Catherine Deneuve.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Song and the Silence," Annita Koutsouveli.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Feb. 15: "Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher," Felix Aylmer.
From Feb. 16: "Don't Look Now" (in French), Terry-Thomas, Bourvil.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Model Shop," Anouk Aimée, Gary Lockwood.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE IMMORTAL STORY; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Feb. 18: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.**
From Feb. 19: "Play Dirty," Michael Caine.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

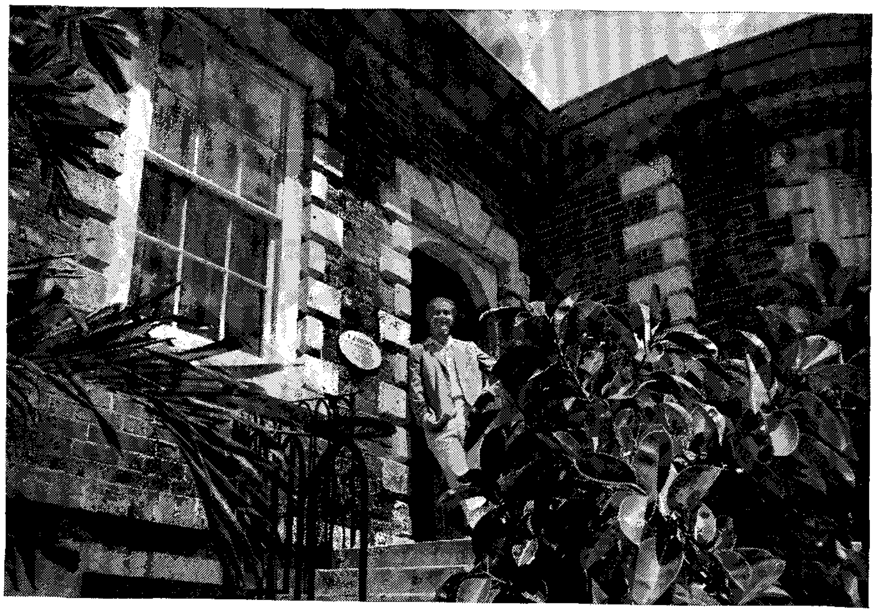
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 15: "Identification Marks: None" (in Polish).
From Feb. 16: "Les Créatures" (in French), an Agnès Varda film, with Catherine Deneuve.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 18: **THE PRODUCERS**; and "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname" (1968), Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.
From Feb. 19: **BARBARELLA**; and "Two for the Road" (1967), Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 13: "The President's Analyst" (1967), James Coburn; and "The Penthouse" (1967), Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.
From Feb. 14: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS,** a Czechoslovakian film; and **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Les Biches" (in French).

If you missed Mr. Cooper in Old San Juan,



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If you're wondering what in the world that little creature is to the right, it's a symbolic tree frog. In Puerto Rico it's called a "Coquí". In other places it's called other things. It's neat and tidy in its habits and comes as a brooch or a charm. (A charm because we've had so many requests for "Coquí" charms.) Actual size in 18 karat gold with ruby eyes, $75.

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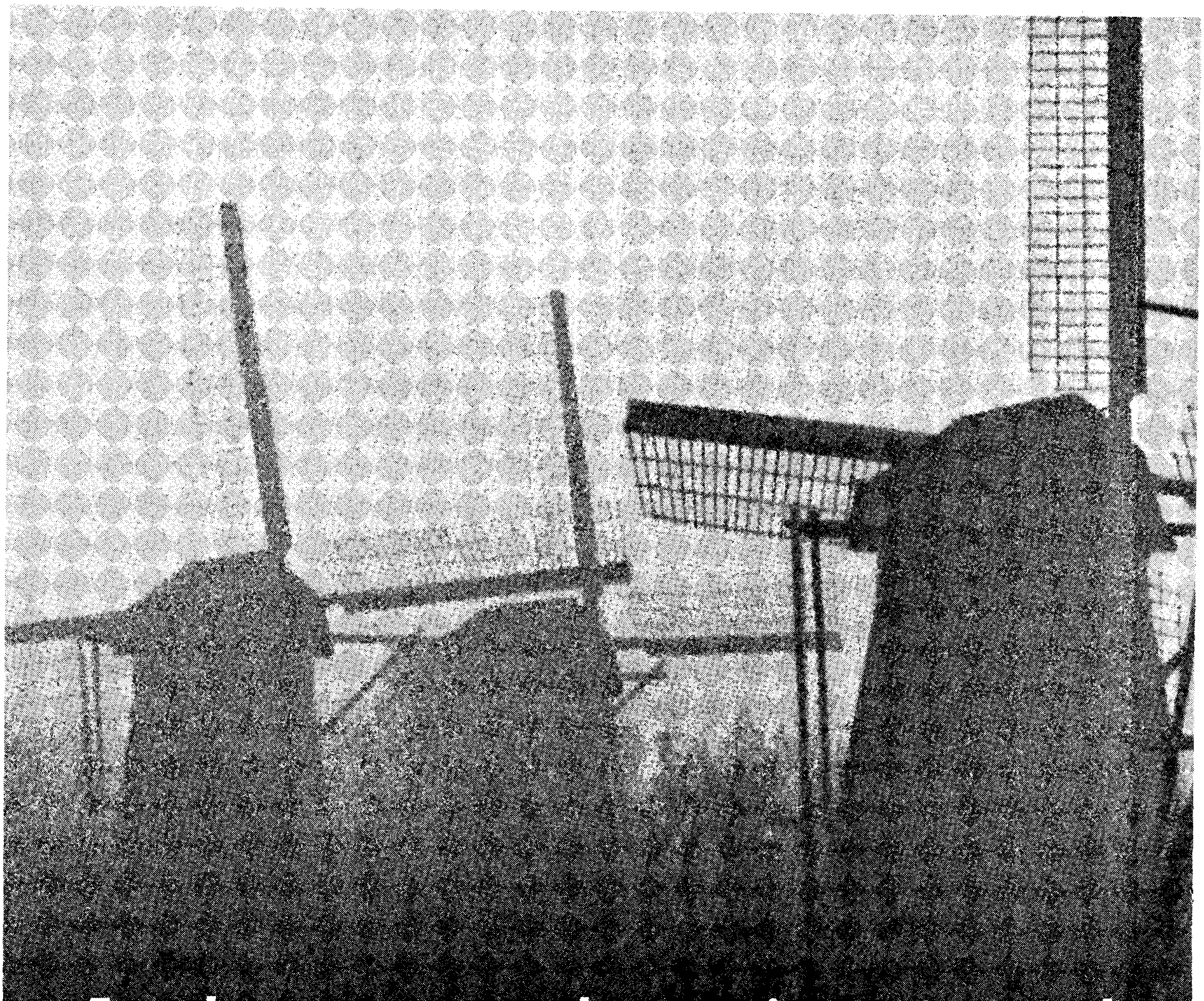

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THE NEW YORKER

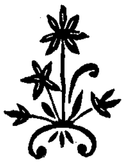
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

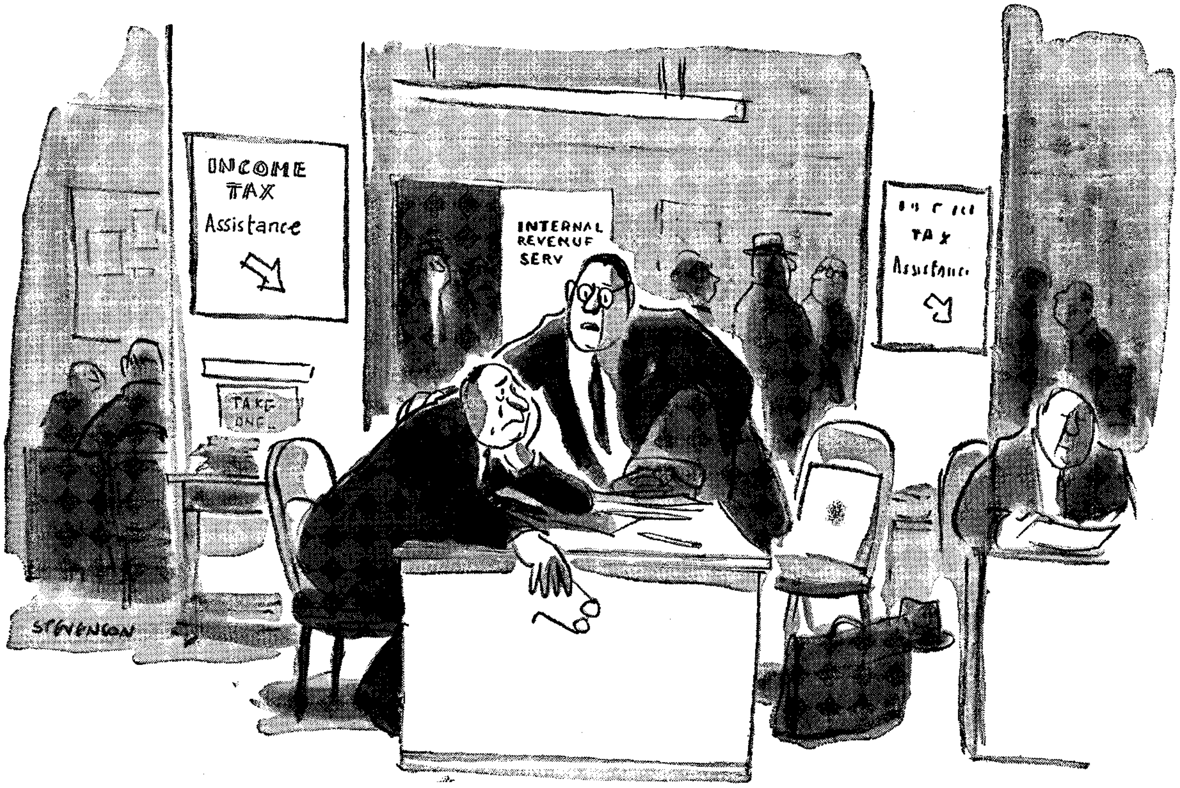
IF only it worked, the anti-ballistic-missile system, or ABM, would be the most triumphant development in military technology since the atomic bomb. It would make America a bombproof fortress, insuring that future world wars, like the past two, would be fought on someone else's territory. Unfortunately, however, almost no experts believe that it will work. And last week the Administration halted the Pentagon's enthusiastic rush to construct ABM sites, giving President Nixon time to decide whether he wants the ABM at all.

When Secretary of Defense McNamara announced the decision to go ahead with the Sentinel ABM system, he said that the ABM could not possibly defend us against the large Soviet striking force but would be useful against a far smaller Chinese attack. We can assume that the narration by the war-game computers goes something like this: The Chinese, maddened by hatred or frustration, launch a few dozen missiles against a United States whose certain retaliation will destroy most of China. The oncoming missiles are picked up by the Perimeter Acquisition Radar (PAR) when they are still more than a thousand miles away. A Spartan missile with a nuclear warhead is then launched. It is guided by the shorter-range Missile Site Radars (MSR) toward the hostile missile. When the interception is made, the Spartan explodes, destroying both itself and the attacker. If a Chinese missile slips past the Spartan, a shorter-range Sprint missile, situated near the PAR, will intercept it before it destroys the radar. The surest way to nullify such a defense is simply to overwhelm it. If more missiles are shot at, let us say, New York than there are Spartans or Sprints to defend the city, an H-bomb or two is certain to get through. And that is enough. Since the Russians already have a large and growing missile fleet, and can build more missiles cheaper and faster than we can defend ourselves against them, McNamara and President Johnson decided not to go ahead with an anti-Soviet system. Instead, the Sentinel was designed, to defend us against an attack by the Chinese in the years between the present, when they have no missiles, and that unpredictable but rapidly approaching time when they, like the Russians, will have enough to drown a defense. To defend ourselves against an irrational suicide attack by the Chinese might possibly be worth five or ten billion dollars if the Sentinel system did not have so many other defects and uncertainties.

The physicist Hans Bethe, among others, has pointed out that it is relatively simple to devise decoys and "penetration aids" to fool the radar and divert the intercepting missiles. Such devices are fairly cheap, are easy to design, and are well within the present reach of Chinese technology. Moreover, the recent Deputy Director of Defense Research and Engineering for Strategic and Space Systems, Dan Fink, has said, without being refuted, that the defensive radar itself could be partially blacked out by the radiation occurring when a Spartan or a Sprint explodes; to deal with this potential defect, it may be necessary to redesign the Sentinel system so that the radar operates at a different frequency. Even new design may not give complete protection against radiation blackout. Also, since the Sentinel detects enemy ICBMs while they are high above the atmosphere, it may be possible for the enemy to circumvent the Sentinel by firing nuclear warheads on a lower trajectory from a submarine or a ship. All these deficiencies, as well known to the Chinese as to us, make it highly unlikely that the Sentinel can defend us against an enemy that is serious about getting through. Nor can we test this highly complex system under simulated combat conditions, since to do so would require exploding nuclear warheads in the atmosphere and that would violate the test-ban treaty. Objections to the Sentinel, however, go well beyond an attack on the system's effectiveness. Despite our denials and our logic, Soviet military planners will undoubtedly assume that the Sentinel is designed for them and will press even harder to increase their stock of offensive weapons. We will then be under pressure to build more missiles of our own. Thus the nuclear-arms race will be given another upward push. And when it is all over we will still be able to blow each other up, just as we are now. Besides, the Sentinel system will require a loosening of a historic restraint—the principle that only the President can make the decision to fire a nuclear weapon. Between the moment the PAR sights a hostile missile and the moment a Spartan is fired to intercept it, only five or ten minutes can elapse. Since it is not realistic to require a Presidential or Cabinet-level decision in such a short period, the authority to fire will necessarily be delegated to a field commander, or to an automatic computer, which can digest and analyze data even faster than a general. Yet it was only five years ago that the country as a whole, and the Democratic Party in particular, was horrified by Senator Goldwater's suggestion that he might delegate nuclear authority to field commanders.



Another objection has arisen out of the Army's strange decision to place several Sentinel sites near big cities. Since even the shorter-range radar covers several hundred miles, a missile headed for Boston could be intercepted just as easily from a potato field a hundred miles away as from the nearby suburbs of Reading and North Andover, where the missiles will in fact be placed. Such placement makes the chosen cities top-priority targets for attack. Furthermore, there is a remote but finite chance that a Spartan or Sprint warhead might explode by accident, destroying everything within a distance of five or ten miles and caus-



"I'm sorry I said what I did. Why, if it weren't for dedicated public servants like you, our government would be in real trouble."

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ing heavy damage for a far greater distance. It has been argued that placing the Sprint missiles near a city offers the additional protection of a possible last-minute interception. (This contention does not apply to Spartans.) The argument seems more like a rationalization than a reason, since the basic purpose of the Sprint is not to defend cities but to protect the long-range PAR, and only the handful of cities that have PAR will also have Sprints. It is hard to believe that Boston, Seattle, and Detroit have been honored with a defense while almost every other American city—including Washington, D.C.—has been deprived of whatever protection the Sprints will give. Also, it has long been known that anything like Sprint protection can be nullified by exploding a large thermonuclear bomb upwind and beyond the reach of short-range defensive missiles, thus sending a cloud of radiation over a city supposedly defended by the missiles.

There is, however, one assumption that makes perfect sense of the choice of sites: that this is not an anti-Chinese system at all but the first step toward the large, more-than-forty-billion-dollar anti-Soviet system that was publicly rejected by Secretary McNamara and President Johnson. For the logic of such a system requires "point" defense around every major city (along with a large fallout-shelter program) to render it effective. Many of the most fervent advocates of ABM in the Senate have not concealed their conviction that the Sentinel makes sense only if the system is to be expanded, and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is known to share this belief. Secretary Laird hinted that this is the intention when he defended the Sentinel as a possible bargaining counter in talks with the Russians. Yet if, as our government has said, the Sentinel is worthless against the Soviet Union and has been designed only for China, it is hard to see why it would add to our strength in any United States-Soviet negotiations. Perhaps this is only an instance of last year's non sequitur's becoming this year's cliché.

The approval of ABM and the initial appropriations for its construction came in an election-year atmosphere, when many political figures were reluctant to challenge those who said the system was needed for the national security. Now the election is over. Land for sites has been taken and cleared. The citizens of the chosen cities have been stirred to awareness that they may soon have nuclear missiles in the neighborhood. As is noted elsewhere in these pages, there have already been meetings of protest in the Chicago and Boston areas. In the last week or two, more than a dozen Senators, of both parties, spoke against the ABM and asked the Administration to stop the preparation of sites pending a full review by Congress and the President. In response to these requests, to mounting public opinion, and to the inner doubts of the Executive branch, Secretary Laird last week announced that nothing more would be done until such a review had been completed. No one can predict the final decision. But one thing is clear. If the ABM goes forward, the military-industrial complex is headed toward a serious confrontation, and, perhaps, its first major defeat at the hands of public opinion. Indeed, it may already have lost.

Advanced

WE were invited the other day by some friends of ours at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts to experience an environment they had just installed in their building, on West Fifty-third Street. The Museum of Contemporary Crafts (a favorite of ours) is an Advanced Museum, and we should explain straight off that Advanced Museums do not tolerate the sort of absentminded gazing and uninvolved shuffling from glass case to glass case that one encounters elsewhere. Advanced Museums, these days, do not put on "shows," to be "seen," but, rather, install contrived environments (sometimes "total environments"), to be experienced, and we were told by our friends that this latest environment on West Fifty-third Street was an especially advanced one, having been designed to "awaken sensory perception" and to "encourage direct communication between the individual and the environment." We were told, also, that the whole thing was called "Feel It." The idea behind "Feel It" seemed to us to be wholly admirable (we have no intention of letting our sensory perceptions atrophy), and so we set off for Fifty-third Street.

What we experienced first was a pleasant talk with Mrs. Susan de Heinrich, who works at the Museum, and who told us that the environment was "fantastic," and that it brought to the surface all one's neuroses, "especially claustrophobia." We then went, with Mrs. de Heinrich, to the reception area (through which one enters the environment), which proved to be a purple cavernlike place presided over by a middle-aged man with a good New York accent whose job it was to supervise environment entry ("Follow the arrows, one step through, one step down," he said) and, incidentally, to supervise the depositing of the fifty cents it costs nonmembers to experience "Feel It." We thought we would stay in the reception area for a minute and find out a bit about the environment we were to enter. We learned from Mrs. de Heinrich that the principal element of the environment is "plastic rain"—two hundred and fifty *miles* of plastic rain, hung densely in strips from the ceiling. Contact with the plastic, she told us, is itself a sensory experience that tends to slightly disorient the people in the environment, who then experience more intensely the objects they encounter. To explain the broader purposes of the exercise, she gave us a document that said our way of life (as it is lived outside Advanced Museums) dulls our senses and inhibits our communication with each other. "'Feel It,'" the document said, "should be seen as a means of expression without limitations in space, with the human being's participation and movements as prerequisites, where experiences and knowledges directly and totally transfer to the participant." We decided to enter the environment.

We entered on the A7/B10 Pathway—an "artificial landscape" made of nylon fibres, glass, wood, and iron. The first thing we encountered on this pathway (aside from a great many plastic strips suspended from the ceiling) was a transparent-plastic floor, beneath which we could see three synthetic fish, three small synthetic lobsters, and two ordinary hens' eggs, presumably synthetic, too. Then there were some mirrors in the floor, and then we were completely in the maze, thrashing around in the two hundred and fifty miles of plastic strips. Mrs. de Heinrich was ahead of us, and managed to steer us toward some of the things we were meant to encounter. These included plexiglass tubes containing deformed crystal goblets, and then—more interesting—a divided sphere called "Il Maestro," which produced electronic music as one walked between the two halves of the sphere and broke light rays passing between them. After walking through "Il Maestro" several times, with pleasure, we found our way to more deformed crystal goblets, on a plastic platform. We were not alone in the plastic-rain environment, of course. Everyone sharing this contrived environment, we noticed, was terribly nice to everyone else, and a great many people seemed quite happy about the idea of the thing. One woman called to her companion that she had discovered a brick wall, which seemed to please her greatly, although, as she remarked, it wasn't listed.

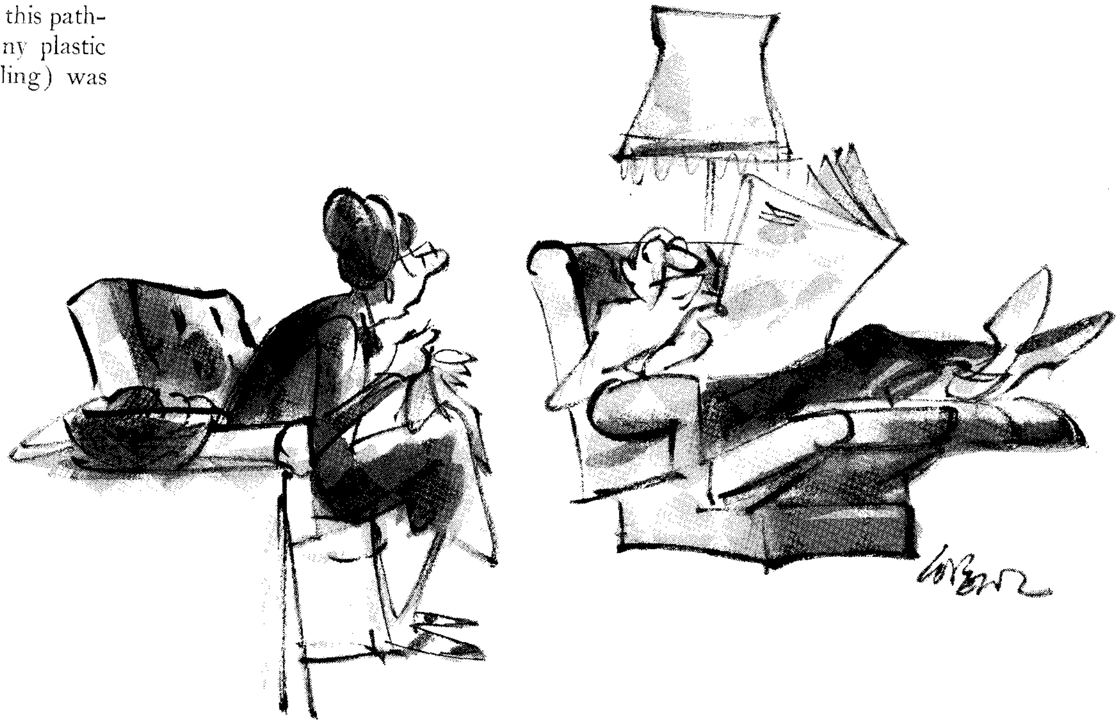
After emerging from "Feel It," we talked briefly with Gustaf Clason and Eric Sörling, two young Swedish architects, who had produced the exhibition. They were quiet and gentle men who said that they were gratified by the way people were reacting to what they had done. "They just have fun, and they don't feel dangerous about it," Mr. Sörling said, in a slight Swedish accent. Several times, he added, he had seen people go in one at a time and come out in pairs, and *that*, he said, gave him particular pleasure.

Laying Down Some Leather

ANY unfortunate people whose lives are so barren culturally that they don't know the Shim-Sham Shimmy from the Fishtail, the Shag from the Elephant Truck, the Machine Gun from the Boston Monkey, or even the Scarecrow Charleston from the Flying Charleston will have an opportunity to get straight on March 1st at Town Hall, when a pair of gifted and supple middle-aged dancers named Leon James and Al Minns will present a history of jazz dance, from the early Cakewalk through the Twist. These two men devastated the ignorant last January with a triumphant concert on the same theme—Town Hall sold out on that occasion—and they have now agreed to do it again.

We watched them rehearse one evening a couple of weeks ago on the stage of Town Hall. The auditorium was dark; they had not brought any records, and they accompanied themselves by snapping their fingers; they laughed a lot, made comments, and kidded each other—and they cut splendid and fantastic patterns across the stage, peppering the darkness with the astonishing percussion of their steps.

"This is called Break a Leg," said Leon James, leaping into the air in the middle of an old-time buck. "They didn't use taps on their shoes in the early days," he continued, landing lightly. "They had an extra piece of leather—hinged—attached to the sole." James, a lean, mild, and amused man, was wearing black loafers, thick spectacles, a brown cap, and an orange turtleneck. He demonstrated most of the rubbery-legged dances, like the Camel Walk, and Minns—stocky, cheerful, and outgoing, wearing a blue turtleneck—performed the more strenuous



"Harry, is it the Middle East, the Far East, or the Near East that's set to explode?"

and violent steps. (James is fifty-five years old and Minns is forty-nine.) They sailed through the Jig-Walk, the Blues (or Shake Dance), the Black Bottom, and a variety of Charlestons.

When James and Minns sat down for a mid-concert breather, we talked with them, and found out that they had both sprung from the great Savoy Ballroom of the nineteen-thirties. In the nineteen-fifties, they had started doing concerts of jazz dance with Dr. Marshall Stearns, the late jazz historian. Stearns' book "Jazz Dance—The Story of American Vernacular Dance," written with Jean Stearns, has just been published; it's a thorough and lively history, with a number of photographs ("U.S. Thompson demonstrating the finish of the Georgia Hunch, 1923"), recollections, and diagrams of steps, such as the Buzzard Glide, the Scronch, and Shoot the Pistols. With Stearns narrating, James and Minns appeared at jazz festivals and at colleges around the country.

Minns, who now works in a factory in Farmingdale, Long Island, was born in Newport News, Virginia, and grew up in Harlem. "My father played the twelve-string guitar, and when I was six he'd take me along to rent parties, and I'd sing and dance," he said. "You didn't have to know anybody to go to a rent party. They'd print up cards: 'Party at Susie's—Come On and Get Up Tight,' which meant the opposite of what it means today. Like 'Get hot'—now they say 'cool.' You paid twenty-five cents at the door, they'd have a piano and guitar, and you just danced and had a good time. Whiskey was a quarter, and was probably made on the premises, and there was food. Later on, I went to the Savoy, because my friends were going there."

James, who looks much younger than he is, has been a tutor at Columbia and currently works for the Neighborhood Youth Corps. He was born in New York. "My parents thought that if you study too much, you crack up, so when I was a teen-ager they urged me to go dancing," he said. "I went to the Alhambra Ballroom every weekend and stood in front of the bandstand. Since I didn't know how to dance, I just made motions, all by myself. The girls said, 'He's a snob,' but I was just shy and lonely. I did all these odd steps—sliding up and down, and spins, and knocking my knees together. They called me Rubber Legs and Knock-Knock, which later became Clock-Clock. Pretty soon, three or four girls came over and said, 'We like your style,' and they asked me to dance with them. Then I started going to the Savoy, and I got pretty good."

The Savoy Ballroom (always pronounced Sa-*voy*), on Lenox Avenue at 140th Street, was torn down in 1958, but for over thirty years it was a landmark of singular social and musical significance. It was the home, in the thirties, of the Lindy Hop. This was "a syncopated two-step or box step—accenting the offbeat," according to Stearns' book, which continues "After these basic steps, however, [there is a] breakaway . . . the creative part . . . a frame into which almost any movement can be inserted, before the dancers return to each other." What were known as "air steps"—hurling one's partner over one's head, between one's legs, etc.—became as important as the "floor steps." Both men remember the Ballroom with great fondness.

"The Savoy was on three levels," Minns said. "The cloakroom was in the basement. You went through glass doors on the street level, and inside there was pinkish light. Two marble staircases went up to a single entrance on the second floor. Above the door was a huge mural: a mulatto girl, a colored girl in a blue evening dress, and a colored fellow dressed something like a sheik—all in dancing positions."

"There were maybe ten or twelve bouncers, all very nice, gentle, and soft-spoken," James said. "But they were usually ex-prizefighters."

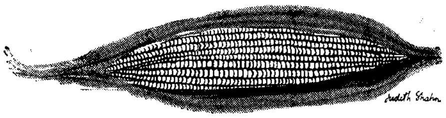
"I once saw one of them take four big college boys—they must have been football players—who were annoying a hostess, and this one guy tossed all four of them down the marble stairs," said Minns. "The Ballroom was a block long. One-third of the space was filled with tables and chairs, and then there were booths along the windows. The ceiling was low, and draped."

"It had moving stars and moons," said James.

"They served wine, beer, and soda," said Minns. "There were two bandstands, two bands, and never any pause in the music. As one band was leaving, the second band would pick up the beat. They had hostesses in long gowns."

"Utterly beautiful," James put in.

"Café au lait, most of them, and they were from Sugar Hill," Minns continued. "Very haughty. They wouldn't talk to the average person. You had to be introduced. They didn't like to do the Lindy, either—only the Peabody or the Westchester. The dance floor was made of three layers—springs, cork, and wood. It was bouncy. You'd stand in front of the bandstand and not move, but your body would go up and down like this." He demonstrated.



James said, "The Savoy was the one spot in America that Europeans wanted to go to."

"No tour was complete without a visit," Minns added. "And the *bands!* I remember one night in summer when they had Count Basie, Chick Webb, *and* Benny Goodman. The windows were open, and so many people jammed the streets outside to listen that they blocked off Lenox Avenue from a Hundred and Thirty-ninth Street to a Hundred and Forty-first."

James nodded. "There was quite a caste system at the Savoy," he said. "As rigid as any society. You had to work your way up."

"To the right of one bandstand was a spot about ten feet square, called the Cats' Corner, and it had an invisible rope around it," Minns said. "At the time I first saw Leon, I wasn't even *in* the caste system; I was a scrub."

"I was a king," James admitted, grinning.

"The king would dance in that spot, and then it would be left empty," Minns said. "They'd say, 'He left the floor too hot to follow on.' "

"*Nobody* came on that floor after a king had been carrying on," said James. "This particular night, I went up to the Savoy around midnight—"

"I saw this man come in wearing a champagne silk shirt, a champagne silk necktie, jodhpurs, and boots, and he was slapping a whip against his boots. I thought he was ridiculous," said Minns.

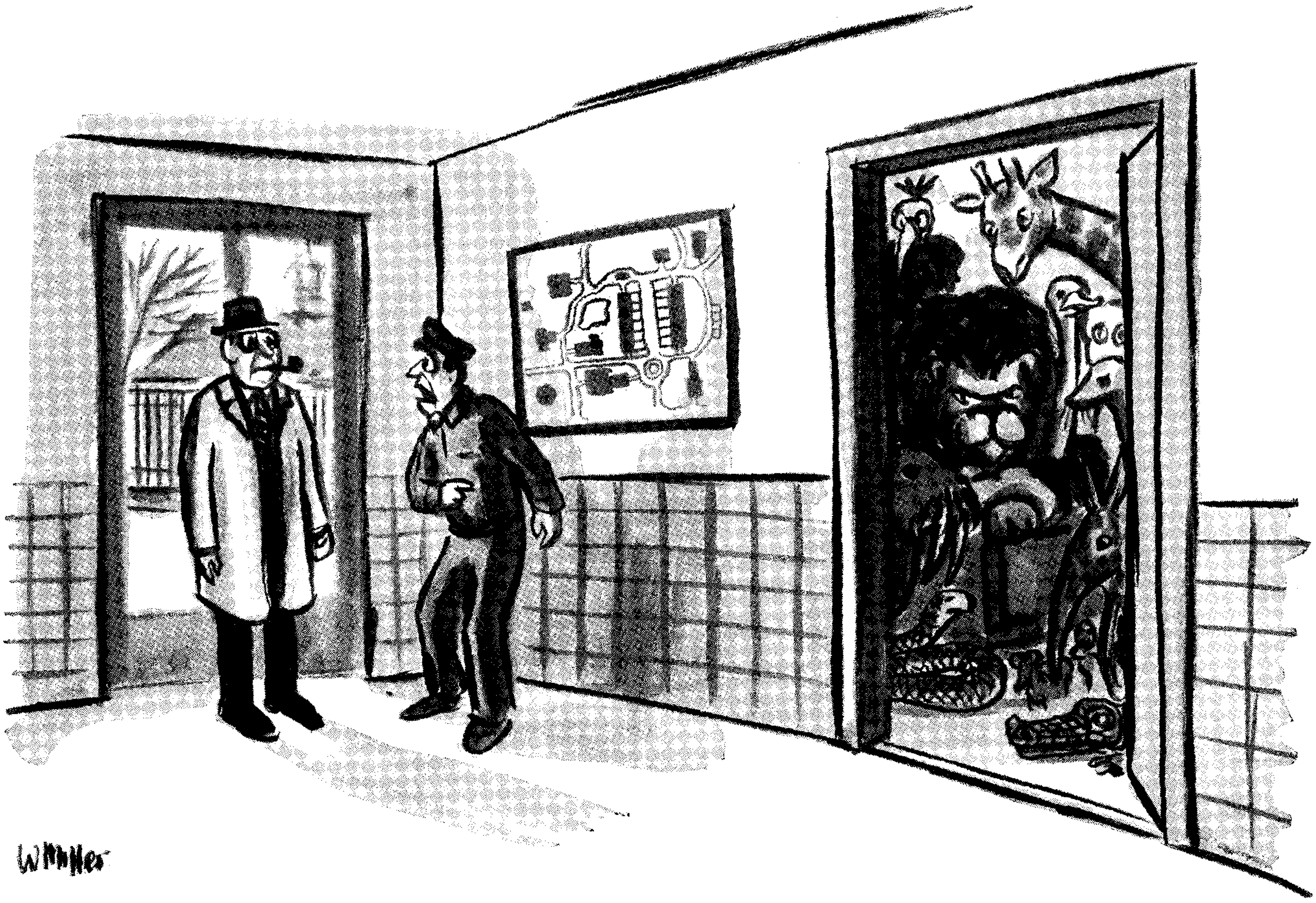
"I thought I was magnificent," James said, laughing. " 'Cool' is the word. Well, I deigned to dance."

Minns said, "I didn't know that rule about nobody dancing after the king, so I thought, Why waste the space? And I danced."

"It was really foolhardy," James said. "Nobody could believe it. The other dancers were about to do him in, but I said, 'Hold back.' I felt my position was unassailable. I thought, He must be a nut; obviously, he knows the rules, but he doesn't *care*."

"When I finished, I went over and said, 'Gee, Mr. Leon, I hope someday I can be as good as you,' " Minns said.

James said, "It was a double put-on. I said, 'Keep practicing.' "



"Lord, I thought you'd never get here! They've taken over your office!"

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"And we didn't trust each other for years," said Minns.

James recalled how potential Lindy Hoppers were spotted and developed at the Savoy. "Herbert White, called Whitey, was a bouncer at the Ballroom," James said. "He wasn't a dancer, but he had an imaginative eye. He took charge of the best dancers and supervised them."

"If you were a good dancer, he'd put you with a girl, and you could go in free and, at night, dance to the best bands in the country," Minns said. "We'd get to the Savoy at four, right after school, and Whitey would make us do one chorus for five hours, tearing it apart. Then we'd rush home, have dinner, and rush back to the Savoy. The girls wore saddle shoes, wide skirts, and sweaters; the boys wore sneakers. We'd start out with a necktie, and bring a dry coat to go home in. We danced eight or nine hours a day. I loved it. You spent your time not just rehearsing but helping each other perfect a style. Whitey would watch and tell you what would enhance your dance. No two fellows kicked out alike; no two girls twisted the same."

"At one time, Whitey had seventy-two Lindy Hoppers, and he'd get us work," said James. "When the *Daily News* held the first Harvest Moon Ball, we were told by Whitey we weren't going to win anything, because we were black, and also because they had a lot of rules, such as you couldn't break away from your partner, but Whitey said, 'Maybe someone will see you and hire you,' so we entered. We broke all the rules, and we kept telling the band 'Pick it up! Pick it up!' and we did the Freeze for an encore—we'd dance and then all of a sudden stop."

"This was all something the public had not seen," Minns added. "Strictly ethnic."

"And my partner and I won first prize," James said. "I got a big diamond ring, and a week's work at Loew's State."

James toured Europe, Minns toured South America, and both men performed with various Lindy units and danced in "The Hot Mikado," with Bill Robinson. In recent years, however, there hasn't been much call for dancers with their special knowledge and ability. Jazz ballets, James and Minns feel, are usually more ballet than jazz. "You can't find any strong jazz-ballet dancers today," Minns said. "Kids who are trained in ballet are too effete. They just don't lay down any leather."

Although James and Minns have non-dancing jobs now, they maintain contact with old friends from the Savoy days.

"There's a place in the Bronx called the Savoy Manor Ballroom, and they hold the Harvest Moon Ball preliminaries up there each year, and they still do the Lindy," Minns said.

"We all get together at the Ball, and it's Old Home Week," James said. "A lot of them don't look a day older than they did, and they still dance just as well. Some of them are still back in the thirties—women with thin eyebrows, men with pleated trousers. They never changed, and now they're back in style!"

The two men laughed, stood up, and climbed back onto the stage. The finger-snapping started again, and their feet began to tap, and they tore into the Lindy, and followed it with such steps as the Susie-Q, Pecking, Trucking, Hitch-Hiking, and then the Shorty George, and the Big Apple. "This is called Spank the Baby!" Minns cried, and then James said "Here's Shake Your Duster!" and a moment later Minns said "This is Fall off the Log!" as they danced across the empty stage.

SCRAM GETS GREEN LIGHT; SPIRO AGNEW TO RISE AT MARSHGRASS

(ANOTHER HOPELESS GLANCE AHEAD AND ALOFT)

LAST week, after a preliminary report on the recent hypersonic-boom tests above Gerber's Corners, Missouri, indicated that there would be no significant public objection to hypersonic-aircraft (HSA) flights over densely populated urban areas, the Federal Aviation Administration announced that development of the HSA Scram, a commercial jet capable of carrying 1,985 passengers—nearly ninety times the number of the Vienna Boys Choir—at speeds up to 13,750 miles per hour, would begin now to move forward at a sharply stepped-up pace. This news was widely hailed in American aviation and military circles, where it had been feared that further delays in the HSA program would put the Scram hopelessly behind such coming entrants in the international hypersonic race as France's Orgueil (1,500 passengers; 16,000 m.p.h.), Britain's Waterloo II (2,250 passengers; 9,000 m.p.h.), the Soviet Union's Yurkstk (a rumored 9,000 passengers, including standees; 15,000 m.p.h.), and the highly secret Chinese superjet, Red Sky at Morning, which is said to be modelled after a paper airplane designed and folded by Chairman Mao himself. The key Gerber's Corners Report (GERCREP), prepared for the F.A.A. by the Air Force, whose F-189 Thunderclap fighters made the overflight tests, states that 52.3% of the random sample of Gerber's Corners adults interviewed during the six-month test period now believe that "hypersonic boom does not exceed the level of everyday background din inevitable in contemporary urban living." Specifically, when GERCREP interviewees were asked to define their feelings about sonic boom on a multiple-choice questionnaire form, the majority of the answers fell within the noise-area defined by "B: No worse than the Grateful Dead," on the one hand, and "F: Sort of like having an 80-mm. howitzer shell explode in the garage," on the other. GERCREP concludes on this note of hope: "The American family, displaying typical resilience and grit, is to a large degree resigned to hypersonic boom."

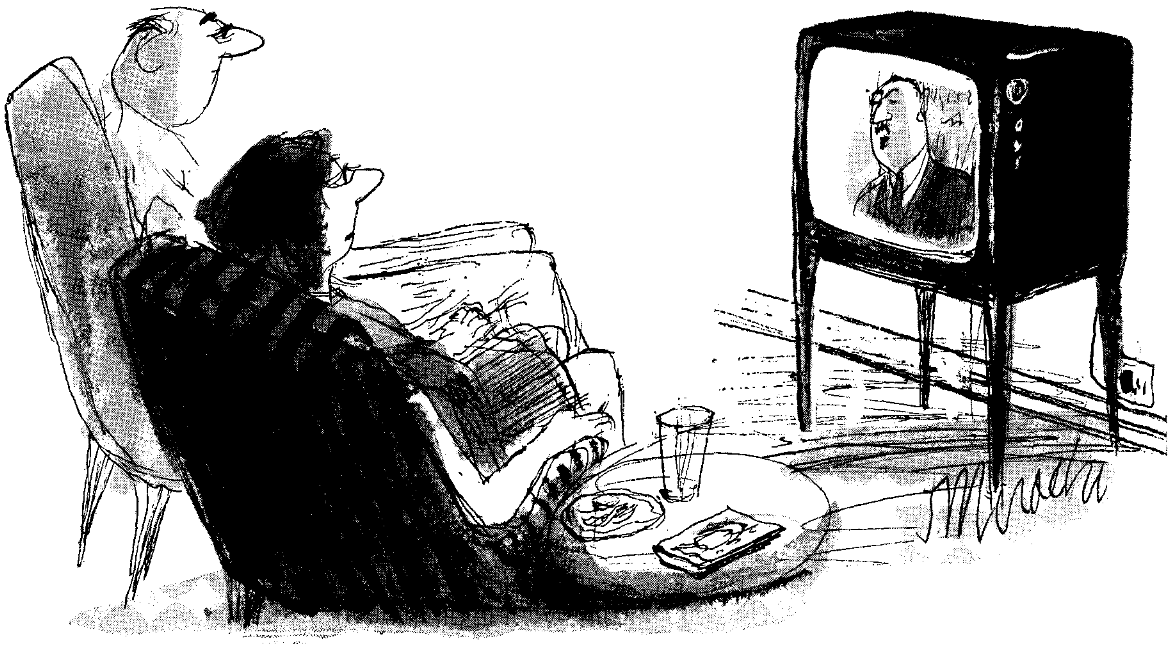
The Gerber's Corners findings came as a surprise to some residents in Kansas, Missouri, and Illinois, where there had been considerable initial public opposition to the overflights when the tests began last June, especially after one boom from a low-flying Thunderclap not only shattered virtually every greenhouse, windowpane, and highball glass within a 250-mile radius of Gerber's Corners but also, in nearby St. Louis, was believed responsible for the tragic collapse of the famed Gateway Arch, the Cardinals' sudden slump into seventh place, and the souring of seven million barrels of Budweiser beer. "Both the F.A.A. and the Air Force sincerely regret any inconvenience that hypersonic boom may have caused the citizens of Gerber's Corners and surrounding communities," Major General Claude G. Thrummond, Jr., the F.A.A.'s director of Hypersonic Transport Development, stated in a Fourth of July speech to the Gerber's Corners Jaycees. "On the other hand," he added, "a few pieces of broken glass and a highly coincidental handful of heart attacks among the already infirm seem a small price to pay for the giant aeronautical leap forward that commercial hypersonic aircraft will represent for the United States."

General Thrummond went on to point out that glass—a Chinese invention, significantly enough—is, after all, an old-fashioned and outmoded material, and stated, "It is time technology on the ground caught up with technology in the air." He urged the rapid replacement of window glass throughout the nation with translucent, heavy-duty plastics made to withstand Jet Age stresses. "Essentially," General Thrummond said in conclusion, "the question of hypersonic boom boils down to whether Americans are selfishly going to stand in the path of aeronautic progress merely because of six or seven minutes of acute aural discomfort per day, or whether they're going to grow up and realize that there is no place in a fast-paced, technologically oriented society for whiners and complainers!"

General Thrummond's strong speech apparently had its effect, for as the overflights continued throughout the summer and early autumn, opinion samplers reported less and less overt opposition to the tests; indeed, by November they began to notice that not many Gerber's Corners residents even bothered to answer their telephones, the ringing of their doorbells, or repeated loud rappings on their doors and makeshift plywood windows. Conclusion: Hypersonic boom, along with most other noises, was no longer a matter of deep concern to local citizens. The actual opposition dwindled at last to the final 47.7% minority—a crank group made up mainly of nervous watchmakers, collectors of Venetian stemware, and assorted left-wing oddballs.

"Hell, after a while

it got so we hardly noticed the boom a-tall," was the cheerful statement of Gerber's Corners' Mayor R. Oscar Bellflower this week. Mayor Bellflower met with reporters in his room at the Mayo Clinic, where he is undergoing treatment for a mysterious form of Ménière's syndrome that struck him down early last July. "I mean, it didn't hardly bother us in the end," said Bellflower, clinging with both hands to the head of his bed. "Business went down for a while at first, but then it came back. And some Gerber's Corners businesses—plate-glass retailers, liquor stores, hearing-aid dealers—are doing *real* fine. Just goes to show you can't knock progress!"



"But first this message. Any and all acts of violence in the following program are not to be construed as an advocacy of violence by this station."

IN the same week that the F.A.A. gave the full go-ahead to the fifty-seven-billion-dollar HSA Scram jet-development project, ground was broken at Marshgrass, Delaware, for the building of the world's first jetport capable of handling the new plane. Longer than three football fields, weighing eleven tons more than the Yale Bowl, and setting down at speeds in excess of two thousand miles per hour, the giant Scram will require a landing strip approximately forty-four miles in length. On hand for the ground-breaking ceremonies at Marshgrass was Foster T. Honeyball, the Secretary of Air, who officially named the new airfield Spiro T. Agnew International Jetport. Honeyball told the gala assemblage that Spiro T. Agnew, which will cost twelve billion dollars and require thirty-eight months to build, represents "an engineering feat for the ages" and "a safe nest for Man the eagle, Man the cloud-strider." He stated that blueprints call for the immediate grading, levelling, and paving over with eight-foot-thick concrete-based tarmac of 1,514 square miles of north and central Delaware, or over 73% of the total area of the state.

When in operation, Spiro T. Agnew will handle all commercial jet flights coming into or departing from New York and other major cities of the region, thus supplanting, among others, the hopelessly outdated and overcrowded J.F.K., LaGuardia, and Newark facilities, all of which are soon to be turned into drive-in movie theatres. According to Secretary Honeyball, a Scram jet passenger from London to New York will be in flight for a mere twelve minutes; after landing, he will be whisked by modern, air-conditioned Carey motor coach up the New Jersey Turnpike, through the Lincoln Tunnel, and into midtown Manhattan in less than three hours and twenty minutes—depending, of course, upon en-route traffic and weather conditions. Since Spiro T. Agnew will serve not only New York but Philadelphia and Washington as well, the Secretary of Air pointed out that aviation had at last achieved one of its original "impossible dreams"—the reduction of flying time between three of the country's major cities to absolute zero.

"Today we mark the opening of a dramatic new chapter in the history of world aviation," proclaimed Secretary Honeyball in the eloquent conclusion to his address. "Today we begin the Hypersonic Age, when travel to and from the far places of the globe will be as quick, as unsurprising, as downright commonplace as your daily trip from home to office. We stand at the threshold of the era when the entire world—Lapland, the Gobi Desert, Catalina Island—will be but a few minutes away from this airport, of the day when we can all make it once around the world and back to the baggage-collection room in an hour and forty minutes flat!"

—THOMAS MEEHAN

* * *

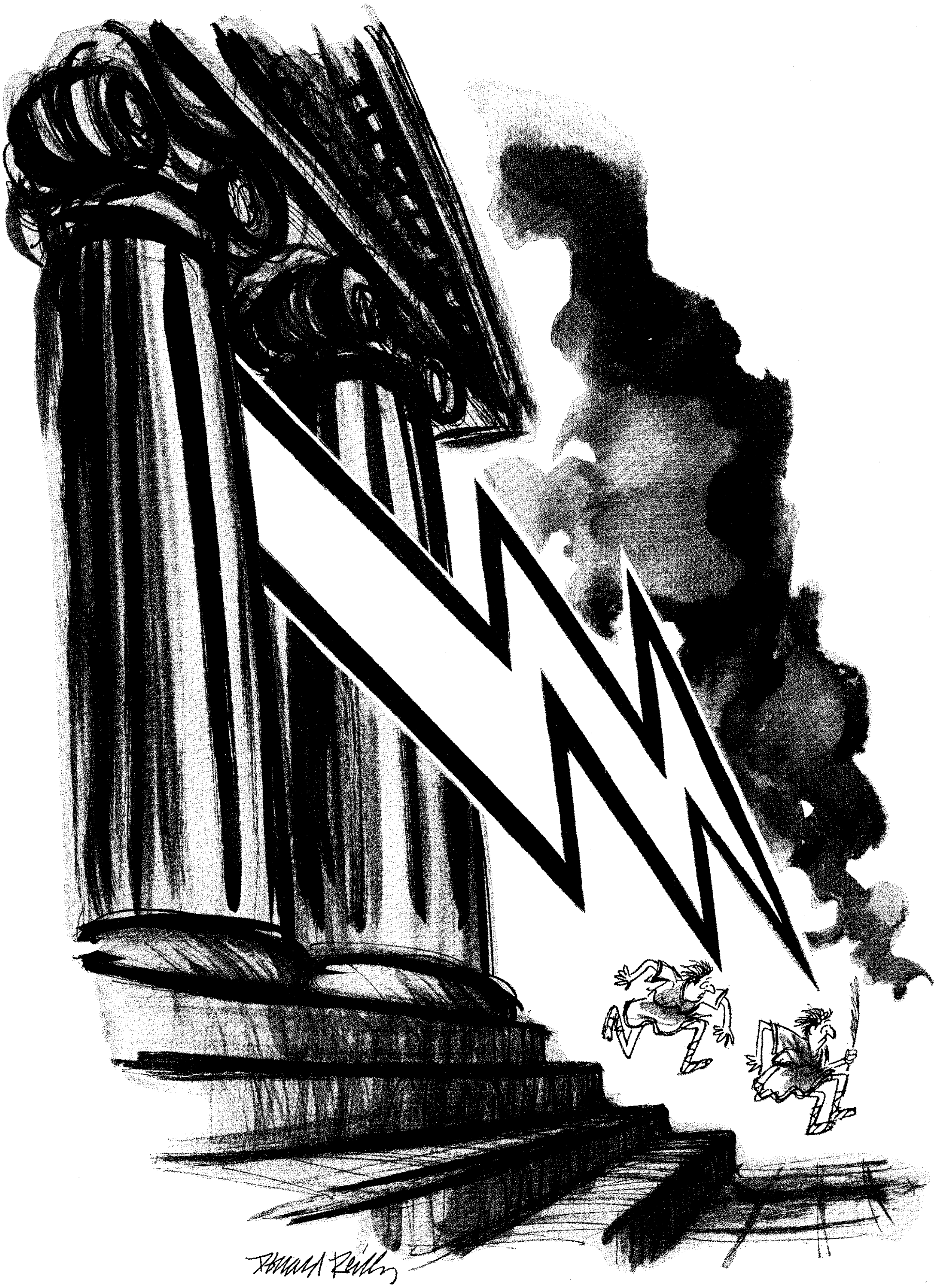
THE DANCE

The ghost of another comes to visit and we hold
communion while the light shines.
While the light shines, what else can we do?
And who doesn't have one foot in the grave?

I notice how the trees seem shaggy with leaves
and the steam of insects engulfs them.
The light falls like an anchor through the branches.
And which of us is not being pulled down constantly?

My mind floats in the purple air of my skull.
I see myself dancing. I smile at everybody.
Slowly I dance out of the burning house of my head.
And who isn't borne again and again into heaven?

—MARK STRAND



"I *warned* you not to try streamlining the ritual!"

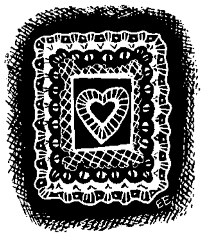
THE BIG SMOKE

THOUGH I had always wanted to be an opium addict, I can't claim that as the reason I went to China. The opium ambition dates back to that obscure period of childhood when I wanted to be a lot of other things, too—the greatest expert on ghosts, the world's best ice skater, the champion lion tamer, you know the kind of thing. But by the time I went to China I was grown up, and all those dreams were forgotten. It was early in 1935, and my sister Helen was touring with me, in Japan. Helen kept saying that she would go home to California, where her husband was waiting, as soon as she'd seen Japan, but as the time for her departure drew near she grew reluctant and looked around for a good excuse to prolong the tour. As she pointed out to me, China was awfully close by and we knew that an old friend was living in Shanghai. It would be such a waste to let the chance slip. Why shouldn't we go over and take just one look, for a weekend? I was quite amenable, especially as, for my part, I didn't have to go back to America. My intention was to move on south in leisurely fashion, after Helen had gone home, and land someday in the Belgian Congo, where I planned to find a job. All this wasn't going to have to be done with speed, because I still had enough money to live on for a while. My sister accepted these plans as natural, for she knew that a man had thrown me over. Officially, as it were, I was going to the Congo to forget that my heart was broken; it was the proper thing to do in the circumstances. My attitude toward her was equally easygoing. If she didn't want to go home just yet, I felt, it was none of my business. So when she suggested China I said, "Sure, why not?"

We went. We loved Shanghai. Helen shut up her conscience for another two months, staying on and cramming in a tremendous variety of activities—parties, temples, curio shops, having dresses made to order overnight, a trip to Peiping, embassy receptions, races. I didn't try to keep up with her. It had become clear to me from the first day in China that I was going to stay forever, so I had plenty of time. Without a struggle, I shelved the Congo and hired a language teacher, and before Helen left I had found a job teaching English at a Chinese college. It was quite a while before I recollected that old ambition to be an opium smoker.

As a newcomer, I couldn't have known that a lot of the drug was being used here, there, and everywhere in town. I had no way of recognizing the smell, though it pervaded the poorer districts. I assumed that the odor, something like burning caramel or those herbal cigarettes smoked by asthmatics, was just part of the mysterious effluvia produced in Chinese cookhouses. Walking happily through side streets and alleys, pausing here and there to let a rickshaw or a cart trundle by, I would sniff and move on, unaware that someone close at hand was indulging in what the books called that vile, accursed drug. Naturally I never saw a culprit, since even in permissive Shanghai opium smoking was supposed to be illegal.

It was through a Chinese friend, Pan Heh-ven, that I learned at last what the smell denoted. I had been at a dinner party in a restaurant with him, and had met a number of his friends who were poets and teachers. Parties at restaurants in China used to end when the last dish and the rice were cold and the guests had drunk their farewell cup of tea at a clean table. That night, though, the group still had a lot to say after that—they always did—and we stood around on the pavement outside carrying on a discussion of modern literature that had started at table. We were in that part of town called the Chinese city, across Soochow Creek, outside the boundaries of the foreign concessions. It was hot. A crumpled old paper made a scraping little sound like autumn leaves along the gutter, and the skirts of the men's long gowns stirred in the same wind. During dinner, they had spoken English out of courtesy, but now, in their excitement, they had long since switched to the Chinese language, and I stood there waiting for somebody to remember me and help me find a taxi, until Heh-ven said, "Oh, excuse us for forgetting our foreign guest. We are all going now to my house. Will you come?"



Of course I would. I'd been curious about his domestic life, which he seldom mentioned. So we all moved off and walked to the house—an old one of Victorian style, with more grounds than I was used to seeing around city houses in America. I say Victorian, but that was only from the outside, where gables and a roughcast front made it look like the kind of building I knew. Indoors was very different. It was bare, as one could see at a glance because the doors stood open between rooms—no carpets, no wallpaper, very little furniture. Such chairs and sofas and tables as stood around the bare floor seemed as impersonal as lost articles in a vacant shop. Yet the house wasn't deserted. A few people were there in the rooms—a man who lounged, as if defiantly, on the unyielding curve of a sofa, four or five children scampering and giggling in whispers, an old woman in the blue blouse and trousers of a servant, and a young woman in a plain dark dress.

This last, it appeared, was Heh-ven's wife, and at least some of the children were theirs. I was embarrassed because the whole household gawked at me; one small boy who looked like a miniature Heh-ven said something that made the others giggle louder. Heh-ven spoke briefly to his family and told us to follow him upstairs, where we emerged on a cozier scene. Here the rooms were papered, and though everything still seemed stark to my Western eyes, there was more furniture around. We trooped into a bedroom where two hard, flat couches had been pushed together, heads against a wall and a heap of small pillows on each. In the center of the square expanse of white sheet that covered them was a tray that held several unfamiliar objects—a little silver oil lamp with a shade like an inverted glass tumbler, small boxes, and a number of other small things I didn't recognize. I sat on a stiff, spindly chair, and the men disposed themselves here and there in the room, very much at home as they chattered away, picked up books and riffled through them, and paid no attention to what was going on on the double couch. I found the proceedings there very odd, however, and stared in fascination.

Heh-ven had lain down on his left side, alongside the tray and facing it. He lit the lamp. One of his friends, a plump little man named Hua-ching, lay on his right side on the other side of the tray, facing Heh-ven, each with head and shoulders propped on the pillows. Heh-ven never stopped conversing, but his hands were busy and his eyes were fixed on what he was doing—knitting, I thought at first, wondering why nobody had ever mentioned that this craft was practiced by Chinese men. Then I saw that what I had taken for yarn between the two needles he manipulated was actually a

"*E pluribus unum!*"

• •

"*Habeas corpus!*"

• •

kind of gummy stuff, dark and thick. As he rotated the needle ends about each other, the stuff behaved like taffy in the act of setting; it changed color, too, slowly evolving from its earlier dark brown to tan. At a certain moment, just as it seemed about to stiffen, he wrapped the whole wad around one needle end and picked up a pottery object about as big around as a teacup. It looked rather like a cup, except that it was closed across the top, with a rimmed hole in the middle of this fixed lid. Heh-ven plunged the wadded needle into this hole, withdrew it, leaving the wad sticking up from the hole, and modelled the rapidly hardening stuff so that it sat on the cup like a tiny volcano. He then picked up a piece of polished bamboo that had a large hole near one end, edged with a band of chased silver. Into this he fixed the cup, put the opposite end of the bamboo into his mouth, held the cup with the tiny cone suspended above the lamp flame, and inhaled deeply. The stuff bubbled and evaporated as he did so, until nothing of it was left. A blue smoke rose from his mouth, and the air was suddenly full of that smell I had encountered in the streets of Shanghai. Truth lit up in my mind.

"You're smoking opium!" I cried. Everybody jumped, for they had forgotten I was there.

Heh-ven said, "Yes, of course I am. Haven't you ever seen it done before?"

"No. I'm *so* interested."

"Would you like to try it?"

"Oh, yes."

Nobody protested, or acted shocked or anything. In fact, nobody but Hua-ching paid any attention. At Heh-ven's request, he smoked a pipe to demonstrate how it was done, then relaxed against the pillows for a few minutes. "If you get up immediately, you are dizzy," explained Heh-ven. I observed his technique carefully and, by the time I took my place on the couch, had a reasonable notion of how it was done. You sucked in as deeply as possible, and held the smoke there as long as you could before exhaling. Remembering that I'd never been able to inhale cigarette smoke, I was worried that the world of the opium addict might be closed to me. In daydreams, as in night dreams, one doesn't take into account the real self and the failings of the flesh. The romantic is always being confronted by this dilemma, but that night I was spared it. When I breathed in I felt *almost* sick, but my throat didn't close, and after a moment I was fine. I couldn't dispose of the tiny volcano all in one mighty pull, as the others had done, but for a beginner I didn't do badly—not at all. Absorbed in the triumph of not coughing, I failed to take notice of the first effects, and even started to stand up, but Heh-ven told me not to. "Just stay quiet and let's talk," he suggested.

We all talked—about books, and books, and Chinese politics. That I knew nothing about politics didn't put me off in the least. I listened with keen interest to everything the others had to say in English, and when they branched off into Chinese I didn't mind. It left me to my thoughts. I wouldn't have minded anything. The world was fascinating and benevolent as I lay there against the cushions, watching Heh-ven rolling pipes for himself. Pipes—that's what they called the little cones as well as the tube, I suppose because it is easier to say than pipefuls. Anyway, the word "pipeful" is not really accurate, either. Only once, when Hua-ching asked me how I was, did I recollect the full significance of the situation. Good heavens, I was smok*ing opium! It was hard to believe, especially as I didn't seem to be any different.*

"I don't feel a thing," I told him. "I mean, I'm enjoying myself with all of you, of course, but I don't feel any different. Perhaps opium has no effect on me?"

Heh-ven pulled at the tiny beard he wore and smiled slightly. He said, "Look at your watch." I cried out in surprise; it was three o'clock in the morning.

"Well, there it is," Heh-ven said. "And you have stayed in one position for several hours, you know—you haven't moved your arms or your head. That's opium. We call it Ta Yen, the Big Smoke."

"But it was only one pipe I had. And look at you, you've smoked four or five, but you're still all right."

"That's opium, too," said Heh-ven cryptically.

LATER that morning, in my own bed, I tried to remember if I'd had drug-sodden dreams, but as far as I could recall there hadn't been dreams at all, which was disappointing. I didn't feel any craving, either. I simply wasn't an addict. I almost decided that the whole thing was just a carefully nurtured myth. Still, I gave it another chance a few days later, and again a third time, and so on. To make a surprisingly long story short, a year of earnest endeavor went by. It's impossible now to pinpoint the moment in time when I could honestly claim to be an addict, but I do remember the evening when Heh-ven's wife, Pei-yu, said I was. I had arrived at their house about six in the evening, when most of the family was in the smoking room. It was a nice domestic scene, the children playing on the floor, Pei-yu sitting on the edge of the couch really knitting, with wool, and Heh-ven lying on his side in the familiar position, idly stocking up opium pellets to save time later, now and then rolling a wad on his second finger to test the texture. A good pellet should be of just the right color, and not too dry, but not too sticky, either. These refinements added a lot to one's pleasure. I suppose people who are fussy about their tea have the same impulse.

I was feeling awful that evening. I had a cold and I'd been up too late the night before. I was also in a tearing rage with Heh-ven. By this time, I was publishing a Chinese-English magazine at a press he owned in the Chinese city—or, rather, I was trying to publish it, and Heh-ven was maddeningly un-businesslike about the printing. That day, I'd waited at home in vain for hours because he had faithfully promised that some proofs would be delivered before three o'clock. When I marched in on the peaceful scene in the smoking room, only a fit of sneezing prevented my delivering him a stinging scolding. At the sound of the sneezes, Pei-yu looked up at me sharply. Then *she* started scolding Heh-ven. I hadn't learned any of the Shanghai dialect—it was Mandarin I was studying—but the spirit of her speech was clear enough.

"Pei-yu says you are an addict and it's my fault," interpreted Heh-ven cheerfully.

I felt rather flattered, but my feelings about Heh-ven's lack of performance on the press made me sound surly as I replied, "Why should she say that?" I lay down in the accustomed place as I spoke, and reached for the pipe.

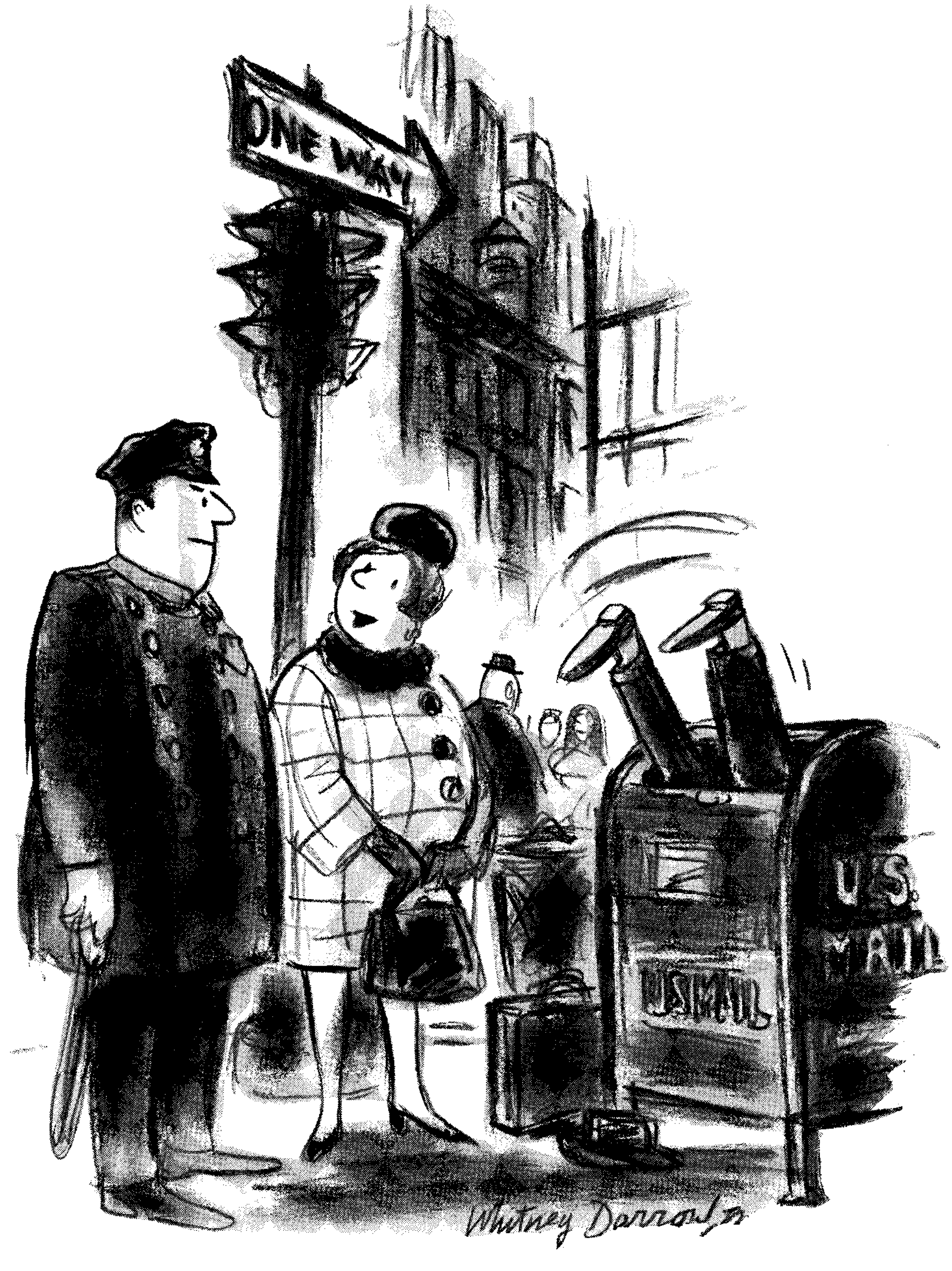
"Because your eyes and nose are running."

"So? Is that a symptom?" I looked at Pei-yu, who nodded hard. I inhaled a pipe and continued, "But that isn't why my nose is running. I've got the most awful cold."

"Oh yes, opium smokers always have colds." Heh-ven prepared another pipe. "When you don't get the Big Smoke, you weep. Still, in your case, I think my wife is mistaken. You are not yet an addict. Even *I* am not an addict, really—not very much addicted, though I smoke more than you. People like us, who have so much to do, are not the type to become addicted."

No, I reflected, Pei-yu was certainly exaggerating to a ridiculous degree. Of course I could do without it. I liked it, of course—I liked it. I had learned what was so pleasant about opium. Gone were the old romantic notions of wild drug orgies and heavily flavored dreams, but I didn't regret them, because the truth was much better. To lie in a quiet room talking and smoking—or, to put things in their proper order, smoking and talking—was delightfully restful and pleasant. I wasn't addicted, I told myself, but you had to have a bit of a habit to appreciate the thing. One used a good deal of time smoking, but, after all, one had a good deal of time. The night clubs, the cocktail and dinner parties beloved of foreign residents in Shanghai would have palled on me even if I'd kept up drink for drink with my companions. Now I hardly ever bothered to go to these gatherings. Opium put me off drinking, and people who didn't smoke seemed more and more remote, whereas smokers always seemed to have tastes and ideas compatible with mine. We would read aloud to each other a good deal—poetry, mostly. Reading and music and painting were enough to keep us happy. We didn't care for eating or drinking or voluptuous pleasures. . . . I seem to fall into a kind of *fin-de-siècle* language when I talk about opium, probably because it was rather a *fin-de-siècle* life I led when I was smoking it, and in a social as well as a literary sense. The modern, Westernized Chinese of Shanghai frowned on smoking—not on moral grounds but because it was considered so lamentably old-fashioned. My friends, in their traditional long gowns, were deliberately, self-consciously reactionary, and opium was a part of this attitude, whereas modern people preferred to stun themselves with whiskey or brandy. Opium was decadent. Opium was for grandfathers.

We used to read Cocteau's book on opium and discuss it. Hua-ching loved the drawings that represent the feelings of a man under cure, in which the pipe grows progressively larger and the man smaller. Then the pipe proliferates—his limbs turn into pipes—until at last he is built up completely of pipes. During such talks, Heh-ven sometimes spoke of himself frankly as an addict but at other times he still said he wasn't. I never knew what sort of statement he was going to make on the subject. "My asthma caused it, you know," he said once. "My father is asthmatic, so he smokes. I, too, am asthmatic, and so



"He forgot to add the Zip Code."

PLAINSONG FOR EVERYONE WHO WAS KILLED YESTERDAY

You haven't missed anything yet:
One dawn, one breakfast, and a little weather,
The clamor of birds whose names
You didn't know, perhaps some housework,
Homework, or a quick sale.
The trees are still the same color
And the Mayor is still the mayor, and we're not
Having anything unusual for lunch.
No one has kissed her yet
Or slept with him. Our humdrum lives
Have gone on humming and drumming
Through one more morning.

But, for a while, we must consider
What you might have wished
To do or look like. So far,
Thinking of you, no one has forgotten
Anything he wanted to remember.
Your death is fresh as a prize
Vegetable—familiar but amazing,
Admirable but not yet useful—
And you're in a class
By yourself. We don't know
Quite what to make of you.

You've noticed you don't die
All at once. Some people, like me,
Still offer you our songs
Because we don't know any better
And because you might believe
At last whatever we sing
About you, since no one else is dreaming
Of singing: *Remember that time*
When you were wrong? Well, you were right.
And here's more comfort. All fires burn out
As quickly as they burn. They're over
Before we know it, like accidents.

You may feel you were interrupted
Rudely, cut off in the middle
Of something crucial,
And you may even be right
Today, but tomorrow
No one will think so.
Today consists of millions
Of newsless current events
Like the millions of sticks and stones
From here to the horizon. What are you
Going to miss? The calendar
Is our only program.

Next week or next year
Is soon enough to consider
Those brief occasions you might rather
Not have lost—the strange ones
You might go so far
As to say you could have died for:
Love, for example, or all
The other inflammations of the cerebral
Cortex, the astounding, irreversible
Moments you kept promising yourself
To honor, which are as far away
Now as they ever were.

—David Wagoner

• •

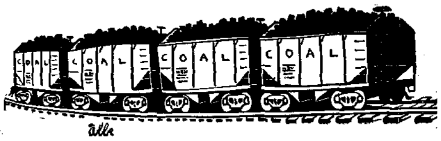
is Pei-yu. Now and then, when hers is very bad, she will take a pipe, because it is a good medicine for that disease."

One day, after he had been even more contradictory than was his custom, I drew up a table of the smoker's creed:

1. I will never be an addict.
2. I can't become addicted. I am one of those people who take it or let it alone.
3. I'm not badly addicted.
4. It's a matter of will power, and I can stop any time.

ANY time. Time. That was something that had lost its grip on me. It was amazing how watches varied their rate of running, sometimes galloping, at other times standing still. To keep up with my job, I had to look at my watch often; it had a trick of running away when I didn't notice, causing me to forget dates or arrive at appointments incredibly late. I appeared sleepy. I know this from what outsiders told me about myself—"You need sleep," they would say—but I never *felt* sleepy, exactly; inside, my mind was unusually clear, and I could spend a whole night talking without feeling the need of rest. This was because I was an addict. I admitted it now, and was pleased that I could feel detached. We opium smokers, I reflected, *are* detached, and that is one of our advantages. We aren't troubled with unpleasant emotions. The alcoholic indulges in great bouts of weeping sentiment, but the smoker doesn't. You never find a smoker blubbering and blabbing his secrets to the opium seller. We are proud and reserved. Other people might think us drowsy and dull; we know better. The first reaction to a good long pull at the pipe is a stimulating one. I would be full of ideas, and as I lay there I would make plans for all sorts of activity. Drowsiness of a sort came on later, but even then, inside my head, behind my drooping eyes, my mind seethed with exciting thoughts.

Still, I couldn't ignore the disadvantages. If I had, I would have been unworthy of the adjective "detached." Being an addict was awfully inconvenient. I couldn't stay away from my opium tray, or Heh-ven's, without beginning to feel homesick. I would think of the lamp in the shaded room, the coziness, the peace and comfort with great longing. Then my nose would start to run and I was afraid somebody from outside would have the sense to understand what was the matter with me. When I say afraid, that is what I mean—for some reason, there was dread in the idea of being spotted. This was strange. True, smoking was against the law in Shanghai, but only mild penalties were likely to have been visited on me. Still, I was afraid. I think it may have been a physical symptom, like the running nose.



All of these little points we discussed at great length, lying around the tray. Hua-ching had a theory that addiction lay not so much in the smoking itself as in the time pattern one got used to. "If you vary your smoking every day, you have far less strong a habit," he assured us earnestly. "The great mistake is to do it at the same hour day after day. I'm careful to vary my smoking times. You see, it's all in the head."

Jan, a Polish friend who sometimes joined us, disputed this. "It's the drug itself," he said. "If it's all in the head, why do I feel it in my body?" The argument tailed off in a welter of defi-

"Look, dear, I've tried to be less of a non-person and more of a mother. As if that weren't enough, now you want relevance."

nitions. A smoker loves semantics. However, I resolved one day to test myself and see who was master, opium or me, and I accepted an invitation to spend the weekend on a houseboat upriver with an English group. In the country, among foreigners, it would be impossible to get opium.

Well, it wasn't as bad as I'd expected. I was bored, and I couldn't keep my mind on the bridge they insisted that I play, but then I never can. I had an awful cold, and didn't sleep much. My stomach was upset and my legs hurt. Still, it wasn't so bad. I didn't want to lie down and scream—it could be borne. On the way home, my cold got rapidly worse—but why not? People do catch cold. The only really bad thing was the terror I felt of being lost, astray, naked, shivering in a world that seemed imminently brutal. . . . Half an hour after I got back, I was at Heh-ven's, the cronies listening to my blow-by-blow report, expressing, according to their characters, admiration, skepticism, or envy. I was glad that none of them failed to understand my impulse to flee the habit. Every one of them, it seemed, had had such moments, but not everyone was as stubborn as I.

"You could have given her pills," said Hua-ching reproachfully to Heh-ven. I asked what he meant, and he said that addicts who had to leave the orbit of the lamp for a while usually took along little pellets of opium to swallow when things got bad. A pellet wasn't the same thing as smoking, but it alleviated some of the discomfort.

Heh-ven said, "I didn't give them on purpose. She wanted to see what it was like, and the pills would have spoiled the full effect. Besides, they are somewhat poisonous. Still, if she wants them, next time she can have them."

Snuggling luxuriously on a pillow, I said, "There won't be a next time."

SOME weeks later, I got sick. I must have smoked too much. In a relatively mild case of overindulgence, one merely gets nightmares, but this wasn't mild. I vomited on the way home from Heh-ven's, and went on doing it when I got in, until the houseboy called the doctor. This doctor was an American who had worked for years in the community, but I didn't know him well. Of course, I had no intention of telling him what might be wrong, and I was silent as he felt my pulse and looked at my tongue and took my temperature. Finally, he delivered judgment. "Jaundice. Haven't you noticed that you're yellow?"

"No."

"Well, you are—yellow as an orange," he said. "How many pipes do you smoke in a day?"

I was startled, but if he could play it calm, so could I. "Oh, ten, eleven, something like that," I said airily, and he nodded and wrote out a prescription, and left. No lecture, no phone call to the police, nothing. I ought to have appreciated his forbearance, but I was angry, and said to Heh-ven next day, "He doesn't know as much as he thinks he does. People don't count pipes—one man's pipe might make two of another's." The truth was that I resented the doctor's having stuck his foot in the door of my exclusive domain.

All in all, if I'd been asked how I was faring I would have said I was getting on fine. I had no desire to change the way I was living. Except for the doctor, foreign outsiders didn't seem to guess about me; they must have thought I looked sallow, and certainly they would have put me down as absentminded, but nobody guessed. The Chinese, of course, were different, because they'd seen it all before. I annoyed one or two people, but I managed to pass, especially when the war between China and Japan flared up just outside the foreign-occupied part of the city. Shells fell all around our little island of safety, and sometimes missed their mark and bounced inside it. It is no wonder that the American doctor didn't take any steps about me—he had a lot of other things to occupy his mind. The war didn't bother me too much. I soon got used to the idea of it. Opium went up in price—that was all that mattered.

But the war cut me off definitely

from the old world, and so, little by little, I stopped caring who knew or didn't know. People who came calling, even when they weren't smokers, were shown straight into the room where I smoked. I now behaved very much like Heh-ven; there was even an oily smudge on my left forefinger, like the one on his, that wouldn't easily wash off. It came from testing opium pellets as they cooled. Heh-ven, amused by the smudge, used to call the attention of friends to it. “Look,” he would say, “have you ever before seen a white girl with that mark on her finger?”

I wasn't the only foreign opium smoker in Shanghai. Apart from Jan, there were several others I knew. One was connected with the French diplomatic service. He and his wife had picked up their habit in Indo-China. It was through them that I met Bobby—a German refugee, a doctor who had built up enough of a practice in Shanghai to live on it. He wasn't an addict—I don't think I ever saw him touch a pipe—but he seemed to spend a lot of time with addicts. Sometimes I wondered why he dropped in at Heh-ven's so often. I rather wished he wouldn't, because he was dull. Still, it didn't matter much whether outsiders were dull or bright, and as he happened to call on me one afternoon when I had received a shattering letter, I confided in him.

“It's about this silly magazine I've been publishing,” I said. “They want to expand its circulation—the people who own it, that is—and they say I've got to go to Chungking to talk to them.”

“And you can't go, of course,” said Bobby.

“I can, too,” I lifted myself up on my elbow and spoke indignantly. “Certainly I can go. What do you mean, I can't? Only, it's a bother.” I lay down again and started rolling a pellet fast. My mind buzzed with all the things that would have to be done—arranging about my house, getting a permit to travel. And I'd have to go through Hong Kong, taking a boat down there and then flying inland. It was tiring just to think about it, and here was Bobby talking again.

“Listen to me. Listen carefully. You can't do it—*you* can't.”

This time he managed to worry me. “Why not?”

“Because of the opium. Your habit,” said Bobby.

I laughed. “Oh, that's what it is, is it? No, that'll be all right.” The pellet was ready, shaped into a cone, and I smoked it, then said, “I can stop whenever I want to. You don't know me well, but I assure you I can stop any time.”

“How recently have you tried?” he demanded, and paused. I didn't reply because I was trying to reckon it. He went on, “It's been some time, I'm sure. I've known you myself for a year, and you've never stopped during that period. I think you'll find you can't do it, young lady.”

“You're wrong,” I said violently. “I tell you, you're all wrong—you don't know me.”

“And in the interior it's not so funny if you're caught using it, you know. If you're caught, you know what happens.” He sliced a stiff hand across his throat. He meant that the Kuomintang had put a new law into effect; people they caught smoking were to be decapitated. But surely that couldn't happen to *me*.

I looked at him with new uncertainty and said, “What will I do?”

“You'll be all right, because I can help you,” said Bobby, all of a sudden brisk and cheerful. “You can be cured quite easily. Have you heard of hypnosis?”

I said that of course I'd heard of it, and even witnessed it. “There was a medical student at school who put people to sleep—just made them stare at a light bulb and told them they were sleepy.”

Bobby made a call on my telephone, talking in German. He hung up and said, “We start tomorrow morning. I have a bed for you at my little hospital—a private ward, no less. Get up early if you can and do what you usually do in the morning—smoke if you like, I have no objections—but be there at nine o'clock. I'll write down the directions for the taxi-driver.” He did so. Then, at the door, he added, “Heh-ven will try to talk you out of it, you know. Don't let him.”

I said, “Oh no, Bobby, he wouldn't do that. This is my own affair, and he'd never interfere.”

“Just don't let him, that's all. Don't forget a suitcase with your night things. You'll probably bring some opium pills, but if you do I'll find them, so save yourself the trouble.”

Before I became an addict, I used to think that a confirmed smoker would be frantically afraid of the idea of breaking off. Actually, it isn't like that—or wasn't with me. At a certain stage, a smoker is cheerfully ready to accept almost any suggestion, including the one of breaking off. Stop smoking? Why, of course, he will say—what a good idea! Let's start tomorrow. After a couple of pipes, I was very pleased about it, and rang up Heh-ven to tell him. He, too, was pleased, but couldn't see why I was in such a hurry.

“Oh, wonderful!” he said. “But *why* tomorrow? If you wait, we can do it together. It's always easier with somebody else. Wait, and I'll ask Bobby to fix me up, too.”

“I'd like to, Heh-ven, but he's got everything arranged for me at the hospital, and I can hardly change things around now. And, as he said, I haven't got much time—only a couple of weeks before I have to go to Chungking. It'll be easier when your turn comes.”

The high sweetness in his voice when he replied was significant, I knew, of anger. “Of course, since you are so happy to take the advice of a man you hardly know . . .”

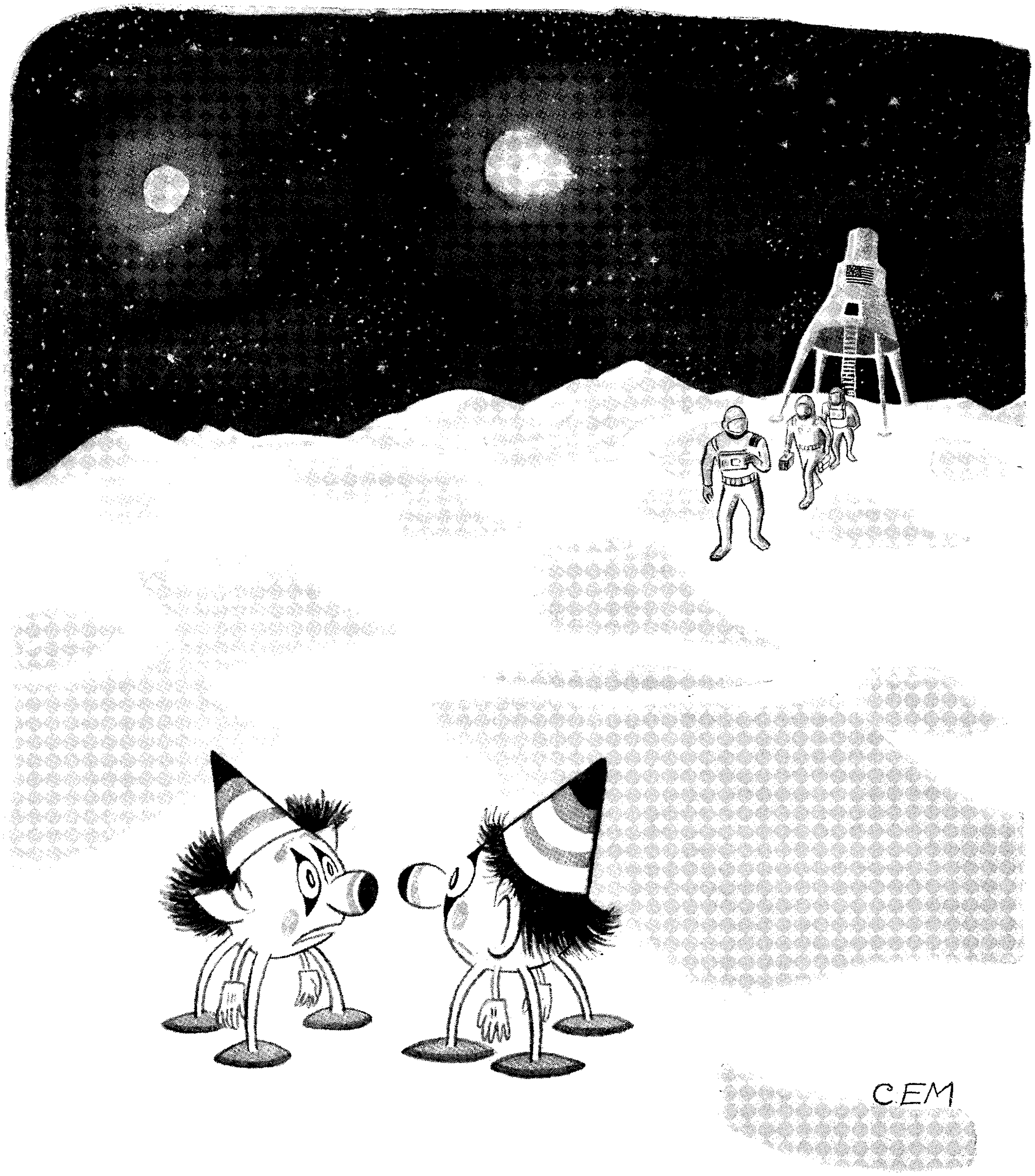
It was a struggle, but I hadn't given in by the time I hung up. Full of opium or not, I knew all too well what would happen if I consented to wait for Heh-ven for anything at all—a tea party or a cure. He'd put it off and put it off until it was forgotten. I shrugged, and had another pipe, and next morning I almost overslept, but didn't. The old man who took care of the house carried my bag out to the taxi, talking to himself, and stood there as I climbed in, a worried look on his face. He didn't trust anything about the project. “I come see you soon,” he promised.

I HAD never heard of Bobby's hospital. We drove a long way through the shops and hovels that ringed the foreign town, so that I half expected we would enter the Japanese lines, but before we got that far we found it—a building about as big as most middle-class Shanghai houses and only a little shabbier. Over the entrance hung a dirty white flag with a red cross on it. Bobby was at the door, his teeth gleaming in a relieved smile, his spectacles flashing in the morning sun. Clearly, he hadn't been quite sure I would turn up, and he asked how Heh-ven had taken the news.

“He wants you to fix him up, too—someday,” I told him.

“Whenever he's ready. Come in here. The nurse will look after your suitcase.”

I followed him to a flimsily walled office filled with, among other things, filing cases, a heavy old desk, and one overstuffed chair, in which he told me to sit. He gave me a pill, and a tin cup of water to help it down. I stared



"There's no doubt about our having a superior intelligence, but I have a feeling it isn't going to be obvious to them."

• •

around curiously. There were cardboard boxes piled against the walls, and an instrument cabinet. A patch of sunlight lay on the floor matting. The room was very hot. Sweat rolled down Bobby's face. Though smokers have little sense of smell, I could distinguish a reek of disinfectant. I asked what kind of cases the hospital cared for, and Bobby said it took in everything. He spoke absently, pacing up and down, waiting for the pill to work on me.

I said, "I don't see why you need to use a pill. The medical student just used a light bulb."

"Oh, I could do that, too, but it takes too long," Bobby retorted. "In the future, I want to cure whole roomfuls of addicts all at once, hypnotizing them in groups, and how far do you think I'd get if I tried to put each one under by making him stare at a light? No, barbiturates are quicker. Aren't you sleepy yet?"

"No. Why roomfuls of addicts?"

He explained. There were far too many for one man to cope with unless he employed such methods. In fact, he said, my case was being used to that end. If it worked—and it was going to work, it was bound to work, he assured me—he wanted me to exert all the influence

I might have to persuade the authorities involved to hire him as a kind of National Grand Curer-in-Chief of opium addiction. He talked warmly and hopefully of these plans, until, as through a glass brightly, I saw a schoolroom full of white-clad Chinese, row on row, all exactly alike, with their faces lifted toward Bobby on a very high dais. He was saying . . . was . . .

"Will you permit me, while you are under, to make a little psychoanalysis also?" He really was saying it, and to me, not to the white-clad Chinese.

I stirred, and forced my tongue to answer. "Yes, if you'll promise to tell me all about it afterward. Do you promise?"

"Yes, yes." He was pacing again, and said it impatiently, over his shoulder. "You are now getting sleepy. You will sleep. In a few minutes . . ."

It was less than a few minutes, however, before I felt fully awake again, and sat up, saying in triumph, "Your pill didn't work."

Bobby, still pacing, was now rubbing his hands, saying over and over, as if to himself, "Very interesting, ve-ry interesting."

Suddenly the room had become dark again. I said, "It didn't work," and now I felt disappointed. All those preparations had been wasted. Bobby came to a halt in front of me.

"Do you know what time it is?" he asked. Once long ago, I dimly recollected, Heh-ven had asked the same question. But Bobby answered himself. "It's five o'clock in the afternoon, and you went under before ten this morning."

"But what's been going on?" I rubbed my forehead.

"You've been talking almost the whole time. I stopped for lunch."

I was staggered, but Bobby gave me no time to discuss the strangeness of the situation. He looked at me intently and said, "Do you feel any desire to smoke?"

I shook my head. It was true that the picture of the tray and the lighted lamp was no longer there in the middle of my mind. His question, in fact, surprised me. Why *should* I want to smoke?

"You have no wish, no thought of wanting it?" he insisted, and again I shook my head.

Bobby said, "Good. You will go to bed now, and eat something if you like. For tomorrow I've given orders that you're not to have visitors. That will be best for a little, but I'll be coming in later tonight to check up."

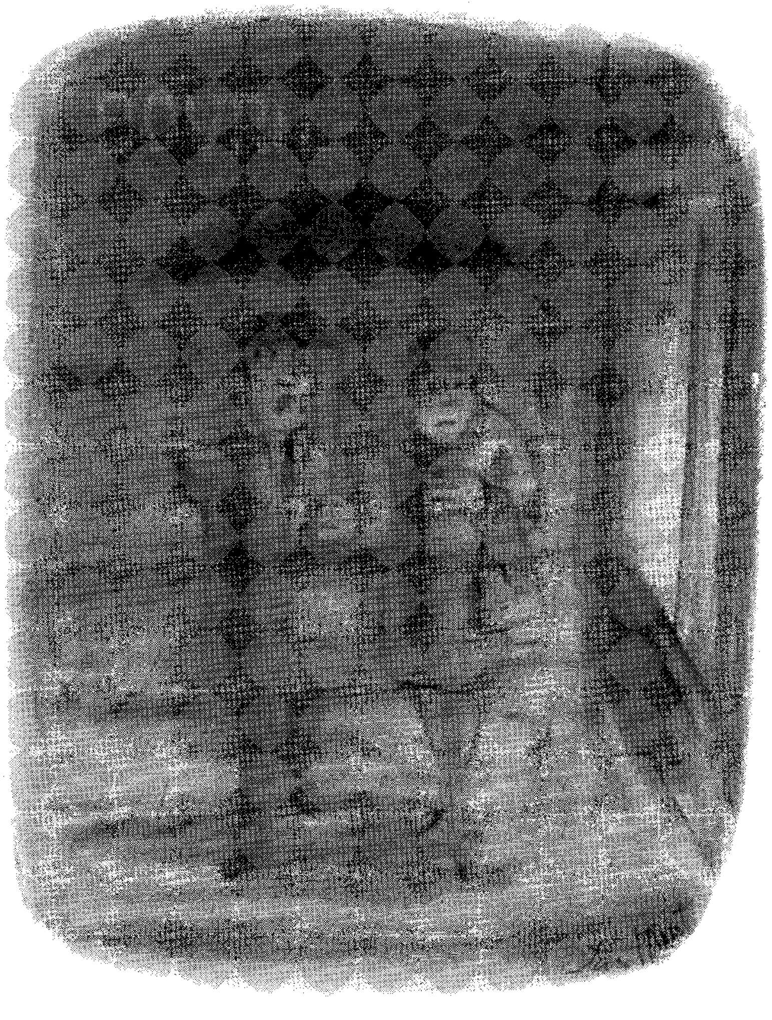
I started to stand, but paused as a sneeze overtook me. "I've caught cold," I declared. "Oh, Bobby—the analysis. What did you find out?"

"You are very interesting," he said enthusiastically. "Here is Nurse Wong to take care of you." He walked out.

Nurse Wong led me down the passage as fussily as a tug conveying a liner to its berth. She showed me into a first-floor room with an army cot in it, with whitewashed walls and a French window looking out on a wildly overgrown garden. The bed linen was worn and stained with rust. Nurse Wong had already unpacked my things and hung them on a couple of nails stuck in the wall. Of course, I thought drowsily after I got into bed, Chinese don't hang up their clothes but fold them away in boxes. . . . Later, a supper tray lay on my chest. I had no desire to eat the rice covered with brown goo, and after a while it was taken away. Bobby must have come in that night, but I don't remember him. There was no reason why I should have been so sleepy, I told myself when I woke up in the small hours. I wasn't any longer. I was uncomfortable, though I couldn't say just where the discomfort was. Throat? Arms? Legs? Stomach? It wandered about. The only place it seemed to settle for good was in the conscience. I felt very guilty about everything in the world, but it was not agony. It was supportable. Still, I was glad when the sun rose. Jan had once expressed the feeling of opium very well, I reminded myself; he had a bad leg, and after he'd smoked a pipe or two he'd said, "The pain is still there, but it no longer hurts." Well, I said to myself, that's what's happening. The pain has always been there, and now it hurts again. That is all. It is supportable. It is supportable.

One thing helped a lot. Never through the week that was worst did I have the thought that I would feel a lot better if only I could get to a pipe. That was where the hypnotism came in, I realized. Knowing it, however, didn't spoil the effect. It worked. I wasn't locked in my room, and there was no guard at the front door. If I'd wanted to, I could have dressed and walked out and gone home, or to Heh-ven's, but I didn't want to. Of all my urges, that one was missing. I counted the days after which Bobby said I would feel better. I fidgeted and yawned and sneezed, and my eyes wept torrents, and my watch simply refused to run, but I never tried to get out of the hospital.

For a while, whenever Bobby came and I tried to talk, my voice quivered and I wept.



"*This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle . . .*"

"Just nerves. I can't manage words," I sobbed, but he said I was getting on fine. He added that he realized I really wanted to stop smoking, because I hadn't brought in any pills. He said he knew that because he'd searched my things while I was hypnotized. The night after he said that, I had cramps. Cramps are a well-known withdrawal symptom. They might make themselves felt anywhere in the addict's body, but most people get them in the arms—they feel as if all the bones have broken. I had mine in the legs, all the way up to the hips, and at four in the morning I figured out that this was because I'd had to wear braces on my legs as a baby. I had never been able to remember the braces, but now, I said to myself, my legs were remembering. Then, as if I'd pleased the gods with this decision, I actually fell asleep for a full hour. It was probably the worst night of all.

Bobby let a few friends in to see me after that. I could go out into the overgrown garden with them and walk a little, taking shaky steps to the creek where ducks swam, and then we would drink tea under a tree. They helped the time pass, which was good, because without distraction it dragged terribly. "The mortal boredom of the smoker who is cured!" wrote Cocteau. Most vivid of all, though, was the way I felt about the bed. Night after night, I had to lie on it without sleeping, until I detested it with a bitter, personal spite. I hated the very smell of the mattress. I don't suppose it was really bad, being kapok and nothing else, but for the first time in some years my numbed nose was working, and any scent would have had an unpleasant effect on newly sensitive nerves. To me the mattress stank, and it was lumpy, besides. I knew every lump. I resolved to settle that bed's hash as soon as I was my own master. One morning, I asked Bobby what it would cost to replace it.

"Oh, I don't know. Twenty dollars, I suppose. Why?" he said.

"I want to buy this one when I'm through with it, and burn it in the garden. I hate it."

"If you still want to by then, you may," he said solemnly. "Heh-ven telephoned me today." He paused, looking at me with a cautious expression. "It is not the first time he has tried to reach you," he added, "but I didn't tell you before. Now I think I can trust you to see him. He's coming this afternoon. In fact, he's here now."

"Good." I must have sounded indifferent, because that was the way I felt. I'd almost forgotten Heh-ven. When he walked in, though, I remembered how well I knew him, and how many hours we'd spent smoking together. His eyes looked cloudy, I observed, and his teeth were dirty.

"Ciao, Arlene. I adored the ragout, and I couldn't agree more with you about Biafra."

He said, "I'm taking you out."

Bobby said swiftly, "Only for a drive, remember," and looked hard at him.

Heh-ven laughed, and held up his hand reassuringly. "Certainly I'll bring her back. I do not want your patient, Doctor."

"You are not going to smoke," said Bobby, "and you are not taking her anywhere where she can smoke. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly clear," said Heh-ven.

We walked out the front door—which I hadn't gone out of for a week—and into his car, and drove away. He was faithful to his promise. We went to a tearoom and sat there and looked at each other, and he said, "You look all right. How are you?"

"I'm all right," I said, "but Cocteau was telling the truth—you know, about the boredom. Still, I'm glad I did it." I was warming up, though Heh-ven still sounded and looked like a stranger.

"I tried, while you were out there," he admitted, "and I couldn't. It didn't last more than about thirty-six hours. I missed the lamp most of all. I find the lamp very nice."

"Well, that's easy," I answered. "Just light it and lie there." We both giggled. It was the first time I'd been able to make a joke about opium. Then he took me back to the hospital. His eyes when he said goodbye were wet, because he needed his tray. I felt smug.

The afternoon I was formally discharged, three days before I was to go to Chungking, Bobby said, "Well, goodbye. You're free. You're all right now. You can go anywhere you like. I don't want any pay, but remember—if you get the chance to convince some higher-up, tell him my method is effective. You'll do that, won't you? I would like to have that job."

I promised, and thanked him, and we shook hands. My bag was packed, and a car waited outside, but I hesitated. "There's one more thing," I said. "The analysis, remember? I've asked you more than once, but you haven't told me what you found out the day you did it."

All Bobby said was "Oh, yes, that. Very interesting."

What's more, I forgot all about burning the mattress. —EMILY HAHN

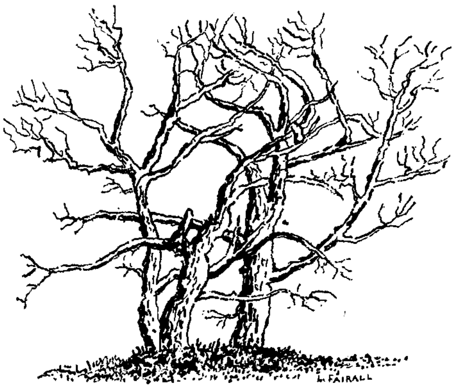
ANNALS OF JURISPRUDENCE

THE WHITMORE CONFESSIONS

II—WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING

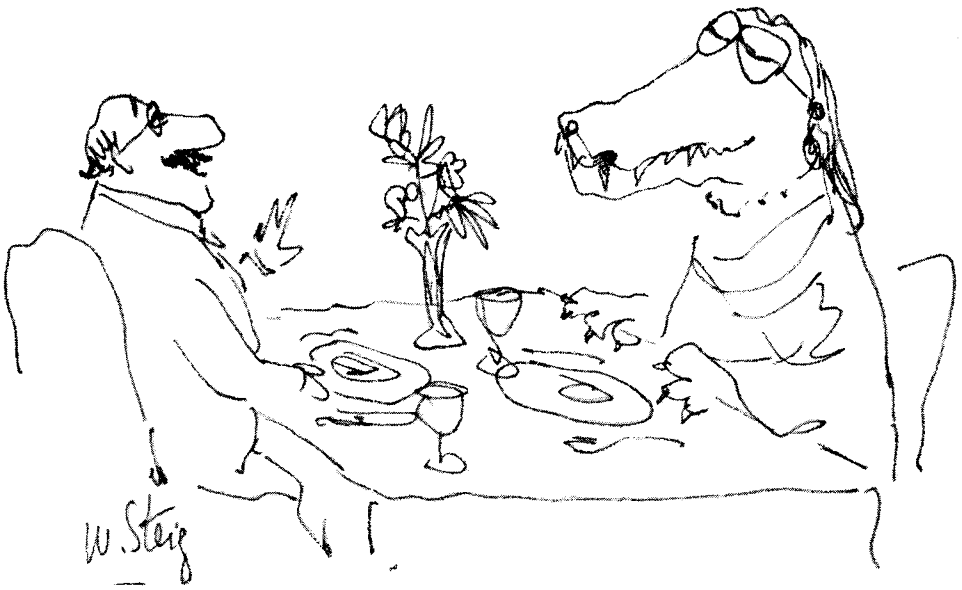
THERE is a theoretical presumption in American jurisprudence that an arrested suspect is innocent until proved guilty. There is also, however, a presumption in most people's minds that the police usually know what they're talking about, and New Yorkers reacted with a natural sense of relief, on the last weekend of April, 1964, to press reports that the notorious "career-girl murders" of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert had at last been solved. In England, it would have been considered contempt of court for a newspaper to publish anything more than the name of the suspect (George Whitmore, Jr.), his age (nineteen), his purported address (191 Amboy Street, in the Brownsville slum section of Brooklyn), and the circumstances of his arrest (Whitmore offered no resistance when picked up by police on the streets of Brownsville on the morning of April 24th). But newspapers in the United States set standards for the world in serving what they call "the public's right to know," and it was apparently in recognition of this right that no less an official than the chief of all New York City's detectives, Lawrence J. McKearney, called reporters to a press conference at 4 A.M. on Saturday, April 25th, to announce that a confession had brought to a successful conclusion nearly eight months of intensive police investigation into the murders of Miss Wylie and Miss Hoffert, in Manhattan, on August 28, 1963. Clamoring newsmen were told that Patrolman Frank Isola, recognizing Whitmore as a man he had chased unsuccessfully the day before from the scene of an attempted rape in Brownsville, had arrested him shortly after 7 A.M. Friday; that Whitmore had been identified by the victim, and had confessed to that crime; that he had then been questioned about a murder committed in Brownsville ten days earlier and had confessed to that one, too; and, finally, that after a picture of Janice Wylie was found in his wallet he had given detectives an incredibly detailed and conclusive confession of the brutal Wylie-Hoffert murders.

In the eyes of New York City's crime reporters, and therefore of its citizens, the Chief of Detectives' proclamation that the case was solved—together with commendation of the detectives who had worked on the case by the justice who committed the suspect to jail without bail later on Saturday morning—all but drowned out the claim of Whitmore's lawyer, appointed by the court, that the confessions were fraudulent and had been extorted by beatings and threats. Radio and television broadcasts carried the story of the solving of the Wylie-Hoffert murders all day Saturday. The *Daily News*, which had been able to replate its final Saturday-morning edition for the story, followed up on Sunday with one headlined "HOW COP SOLVED WYLIE KILLING." (The "cop" was Edward J. Bulger, the detective who had questioned Whitmore on the picture found in his wallet.) Even the *Times* saw fit to put the story of the confession on page 1 that Sunday, with a one-column picture showing the suspect, a light-skinned Negro, in handcuffs. The *Times* did, however, manage to work into its account an appraisal obtained by the Associated Press from Janice Wylie's uncle, the writer Philip Wylie, in Honolulu: "It sounds to me like a guy who got scared into a confession or wanted to make a name for himself." The *Herald Tribune* ran a full page of coverage, headlined "CONFESSION AND DENIAL IN MURDER OF 2 CAREER GIRLS," but containing much more confession than denial, though there was another story based on interviews with Whitmore's friends and relatives, who described him as having a gentle nature and, more important, extraordinarily poor eyesight, which made some of the activities ascribed to him seem quite remarkable. By far the most strident tone was adopted by the *Journal-American*, which ran two stories on Sunday, headlined "HOW POLICE BROKE WYLIE CASE: STEP BY STEP ACCOUNT" and "THE WYLIE KILLER: BOY JEKYLL-HYDE." The second story, in addition to quoting Janice Wylie's father, Max, an advertising man—"I would not like to comment just now on a death penalty for this boy who confessed killing my daughter"—contained exclusive excerpts from Whitmore's statement to detectives (as distinguished from his later confession to an assistant district attorney, from which it differed in language, if not in content). Monday's *Journal-American* ran a followup story under the headline "WYLIE ANSWERS FIT," in which the writer asserted, "Police were astonished at the way the accused described the murder apartment. They marvelled at his memory and quick recall." Continuing in the same vein, the *Journal-American* went into some detail about how Patrolman Isola had supposedly been able to recognize Whitmore after coming to the rescue of Mrs. Elba Borrero, the woman Whitmore was accused of attempting to rape: "The flashlight in Patrolman Isola's hand probed the darkness and illuminated the face of the pimply-faced youth for a split second, but it was enough. That face was indelibly etched in the officer's mind."



Many months later, the prosecutors of George Whitmore were to protest that defense attorneys were "trying their case in the newspapers," but at the time of his arrest these journalistic endorsements of the prosecution's evidence against Whitmore were publicly challenged—as far as can be determined—only once. Arthur Kinoy and William M. Kunstler, two attorneys prominent in civil-liberties cases, wrote a letter to the *Times* in which they stated, "Not only have Whitmore's fundamental rights to counsel and a fair trial been seriously—and perhaps hopelessly—abridged by the police and the press, but it is extremely likely that the public will have to bear the cost of multiple trials and appeals as a direct result of their unfortunate approach."

The preparations for those trials were soon under way. In the afternoon papers on Monday, the first weekday after Whitmore's arrest, Aaron E. Koota, then the chief assistant district attorney of Brooklyn, was quoted as saying that a Kings County grand jury had already begun hearing evidence on the two crimes—the attempted rape of Mrs. Borrero and the murder of Mrs. Minnie Edmonds—that had taken place in Brooklyn. Koota took pains to stress, though, that there was no race between Manhattan and Brooklyn District Attorneys to prosecute Whitmore for the various crimes of violence to which he had confessed. In short order, there were some supplemental entries in this nonexistent race—detectives from Newark wanted to talk with Whitmore about the murder of a woman there, and investigators from Massachusetts said they wanted to ask him whether, by any chance, he might be the Boston strangler.



"You look lovely tonight, my dear."

ON April 28th, just four days after Whitmore's arrest, the Kings County grand jury, having heard four and a half hours of prosecution testimony, indicted George Whitmore for the murder of Minnie Edmonds. Assistant District Attorney Koota announced that the indictment was "one of the quickest ever obtained in a capital crime." By contrast, the Manhattan grand jury had yet to hear its first witness in the Wylie-Hoffert case. "We are not in a race with anybody," a questioner was told by a spokesman for District Attorney Frank S. Hogan. "We will present it to a grand jury just as soon as we are ready—not before." As it turned out, the Manhattan District Attorney's office began presenting its case the following day. In Brooklyn on that day, April 29th, Whitmore pleaded not guilty in the Edmonds case when he was arraigned before Justice Miles F. McDonald, and was again denied bail. Jerome Leftow, the young attorney who had been assigned to Whitmore by the court at his first hearing, the morning after his arrest, told reporters that the Whitmore family, who were unable to pay anything, had asked him to remain on the case, even though he had never handled a first-degree-murder case. And Sidney A. Lichtman, the prosecutor assigned to the case, disclosed that Whitmore had rejected, through Leftow, an invitation to appear before the Brooklyn grand jury and tell his version of the circumstances surrounding his repudiated confessions. Lichtman's remark implied that Whitmore was afraid to face the grand jury with his story, but actually defense attorneys rarely allow their clients, whether innocent or guilty, to testify before grand juries, which require nothing more than the presentation of a bare outline of the state's case. Rather than give prosecutors an advance look at defense evidence, criminal lawyers prefer to do their fighting in open court. The following week, at his arraignment in Manhattan, the fact that he had declined to appear before a grand jury on the Wylie-Hoffert murder charge drew no similar comment from anyone in the office of District Attorney Hogan.

At the Manhattan arraignment, before Justice Charles Marks, the question of who was to be Whitmore's counsel in the Wylie-Hoffert case became an issue. Under New York law, Whitmore, an indigent defendant accused of capital crimes, was entitled to the appointment of two experienced attorneys, who would split a retainer of two thousand dollars, to be paid by the state. If it had not been for the intervention of George Whitmore's mother, who attended this arraignment—as she did nearly every one of her son's court sessions—Justice Marks would have been obliged to name two such attorneys to supersede Leftow, whose appointment had been solely for the purpose of representing Whitmore at the first Brooklyn hearing. "We want to keep Mr. Leftow," Mrs. Whitmore told the court. "He knows the case, and he knows my son. We want him." Justice Marks agreed to this arrangement, and at the conclusion of the proceedings he said, "Because of the circumstances involved in the alleged crime, I direct that the defendant be taken to Bellevue Hospital for psychiatric examination and a report made to me by June 12th."

Justice Marks' deadline was one month and four days away, but George Whitmore actually remained at Bellevue more than five months. Manhattan prosecutors have persistently denied asking that Whitmore be kept at Bellevue in a sort of legal limbo while they went on trying to solve two of the murders for which he had been indicted, but, in any event, he was to spend more time there in a single stretch than any inmate committed for a pre-trial examination ever had before.

In Prison Ward N2-02, Whitmore joined about ninety other men, who were awaiting either determination of their mental capacity for standing trial or psychiatric recommendations for post-conviction probation reports. Between interviews and meals, the inmates had nothing much to do except loll around a large dormitory on the second floor of the psychiatry building, and at the suggestion of a psychiatrist Whitmore was given a supply of ruled tablet paper and a pencil, on which he began writing:

> The Story of George Whitmore
> —The way it really happen—
>
> To Begain—
>
> I am the kind of guy that like to have fun. I like all sports. But most of all I like swimming. I like to see others have fun also. I don't like to be hurt nor me hurt anyone, witch I never did.

Further on in this composition, parts of which were later printed by the *Post* and the *Times*, Whitmore told of his arrest and claimed that beatings by police had frightened him into making his three confessions: "If they would have told me my name Tom Dick or Harry, I would have said yes."

The essay concluded:

> I try not to worry about what is happening to me but it seem I can't.... Because who ever did these things is still out doing other things and laughing at me.... Today is May 26, 1964. Today is my [twentieth] birthday and I seem to

CROSS CITY EXPRESSWAY
VIABLE ALTERNATIVE
KOREN

> be spending it in a hospital. I have been seeing many dirtos [doctors] lately . . . All most 3 weeks in a hospital and not know what it being done for me. me. Many things I still don't understand.
>
> I never been threw anything like this befor. Iv hard of it and seen it on T. V. Never thought it be me. They are making a mistake. Why me. Iv never don anything rong. . . . Maybe what I am writing don't mean anything, But to me it's the truth and I wich the God I could prove it. I don't know how. I don't thank I couldn't kill anyone even if I tryed.

Apparently, just the act of writing down what later came to be called the "Whitmore Diaries" raised the prisoner's spirits somewhat. A week later, he took pencil in hand again and, with painstaking attention to his spelling, composed a letter to his father, with whom he had often quarrelled, at the family home, in Wildwood, New Jersey:

> I am still trying to make the best of everything, and hope you are doing the same. I have learned many things since I been here, things I hope Butch and Gerry [his brothers, Shellie and Gerald] never learned. You never realized things until it is too late, but now I am ready to come out and start building my future. Dad, to be frank, you were right about many things which I have learned. Say hello to everyone for me. I am praying every night, and also go to church on Sundays. . . . Sorry I don't have much to say. Hope to see you soon. Until then may God bless you.
>
> Your loving son
> George Whitmore

During his protracted psychiatric examination, Whitmore lost a fiancée—Beverly Payne, a seventeen-year-old girl, in whose apartment he had spent a good deal of his time in Brownsville, wrote that she had given up hope of his early release and was seeing someone else—but he gained a friend. This was John M. Lawrence, another inmate of the Bellevue prison ward, who became Whitmore's most vociferous defender. Lawrence, a slender man in his forties, is, by his own defiant admission, "a civil-liberties nut." Though not a lawyer, he is an intent student of the law, and in the estimation of at least one lawyer who has opposed him "he knows more about his own field than any attorney." To support himself and his causes, Lawrence occasionally takes a job as a legal researcher, accident investigator, or waiter. He insists upon acting as his own lawyer in court, and his headstrong behavior during an attempt to test New York State's so-called stop-and-frisk laws in the summer of 1964 had prompted a Criminal Court justice to commit him for a pre-trial psychiatric examination at Bellevue. (Lawrence is not alone in his opposition to the stop-and-frisk statutes; they have also been assailed by a number of civil-liberties organizations. But last June the Supreme Court held—by a vote of eight to one, with Justice William O. Douglas dissenting—that evidence uncovered in such searches could be admitted as trial evidence.) At Bellevue, Lawrence occupied himself by drawing up petitions for state and federal writs of habeas corpus, and developed a reputation as a jailhouse lawyer. It was in this capacity that he was approached by Whitmore, in the third month of a commitment that had been ordered to last no more than thirty-five days. "He just came up to me and began talking about these two murders," Lawrence recalled recently. "I didn't know what he was talking about at first, but he had these papers with him, and I said, 'Look, give me what you have, and when I get out I'll look into it.' "

Lawrence was soon declared mentally competent to stand trial, and when he left Bellevue he carried Whitmore's composition out with him. He found it persuasive enough to impel him to visit both Brownsville and Wildwood, and after carrying on some investigations in both places he became convinced that an injustice was being done. Indeed, Lawrence became so interested in Whitmore's cases that he neglected his own (and subsequently went to jail on the disorderly-conduct charge that stemmed from his attempt to test the stop-and-frisk laws) in order to serve as a kind of committee of one for the defense of George Whitmore. As such, he prodded Leftow to do something about the protracted commitment, sent Whitmore's mother money to visit him at the hospital, and got himself thrown out of the city rooms of several New York papers. Only a reporter at the New York *Post* bothered to file away the "Whitmore Diaries" for possible future use.

By the end of the summer of 1964, Lawrence was not the only one who was having doubts about the guilt

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of George Whitmore. A *World-Telegram & Sun* reporter, Selwyn Raab, who was disturbed by the long Bellevue commitment, offered investigative help, but Leftow was reluctant to accept because of the ethical problem involved in any sort of alliance with a newspaper. Besides, by this time Leftow had begun to question whether pressing for release from Bellevue would be in the long-term interests of his client. The Manhattan District Attorney may have obtained an indictment, but Leftow had heard from several sources that the investigation of the Wylie-Hoffert murders was continuing, along a number of lines. Forcing the hand of the prosecutors by demanding a speedy trial might be a tactical mistake.

Leftow could not know it, but the Manhattan District Attorney actually had no intention of prosecuting Whitmore on the Wylie-Hoffert indictment. For Hogan's investigators, the case had collapsed as soon as they determined conclusively that the picture found in Whitmore's wallet was not a picture of Janice Wylie. Ascertaining that much from the relatives of the dead girl was simple, but proving that a snapshot of an unknown girl could not have somehow been in the apartment of the murdered girls for Whitmore to steal, as he had confessed doing, was much more difficult. Detectives were sent across America—to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and communities in Massachusetts, Ohio, Texas, and Wisconsin—to interview friends and relatives of the dead girls, and also previous tenants of the apartment, who might have left the picture behind. No one recognized the girl in the snapshot. Even so, the only way to be sure that the picture had not been stolen from the murdered girls' apartment was to determine positively where it had come from. The photograph was blurred, but it did show, in addition to the girl whom Brooklyn detectives had taken to be Janice Wylie, the back of a 1956 Pontiac Chieftain convertible (unfortunately, the picture was cut off just above the license plate), another girl, in the background, and what appeared to be a park. Whitmore had told police at first that he had picked the picture off a dump in Wildwood and kept it to fool his friends there into thinking he had a white girl friend. When the Brooklyn detectives refused to believe him, he had retreated to a second story, maintaining that the picture was of a white girl whose father owned a stable near Wildwood. Detectives John Lynch, of the Twenty-third

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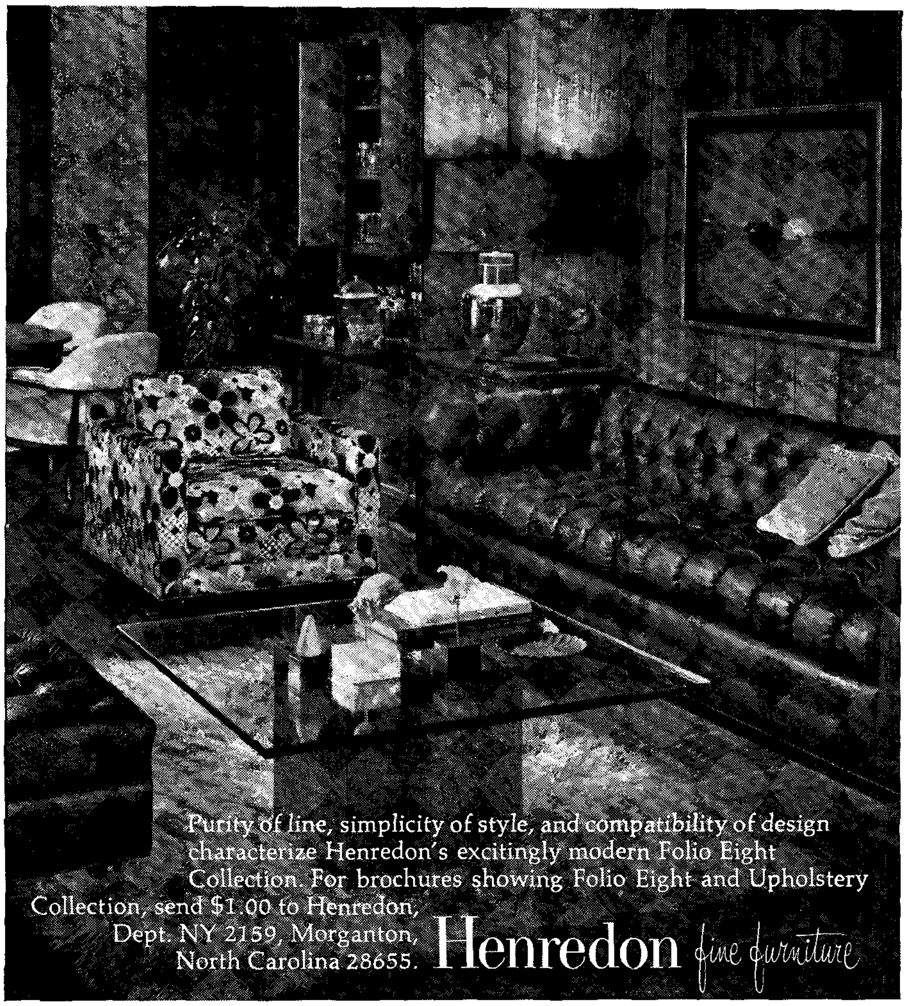
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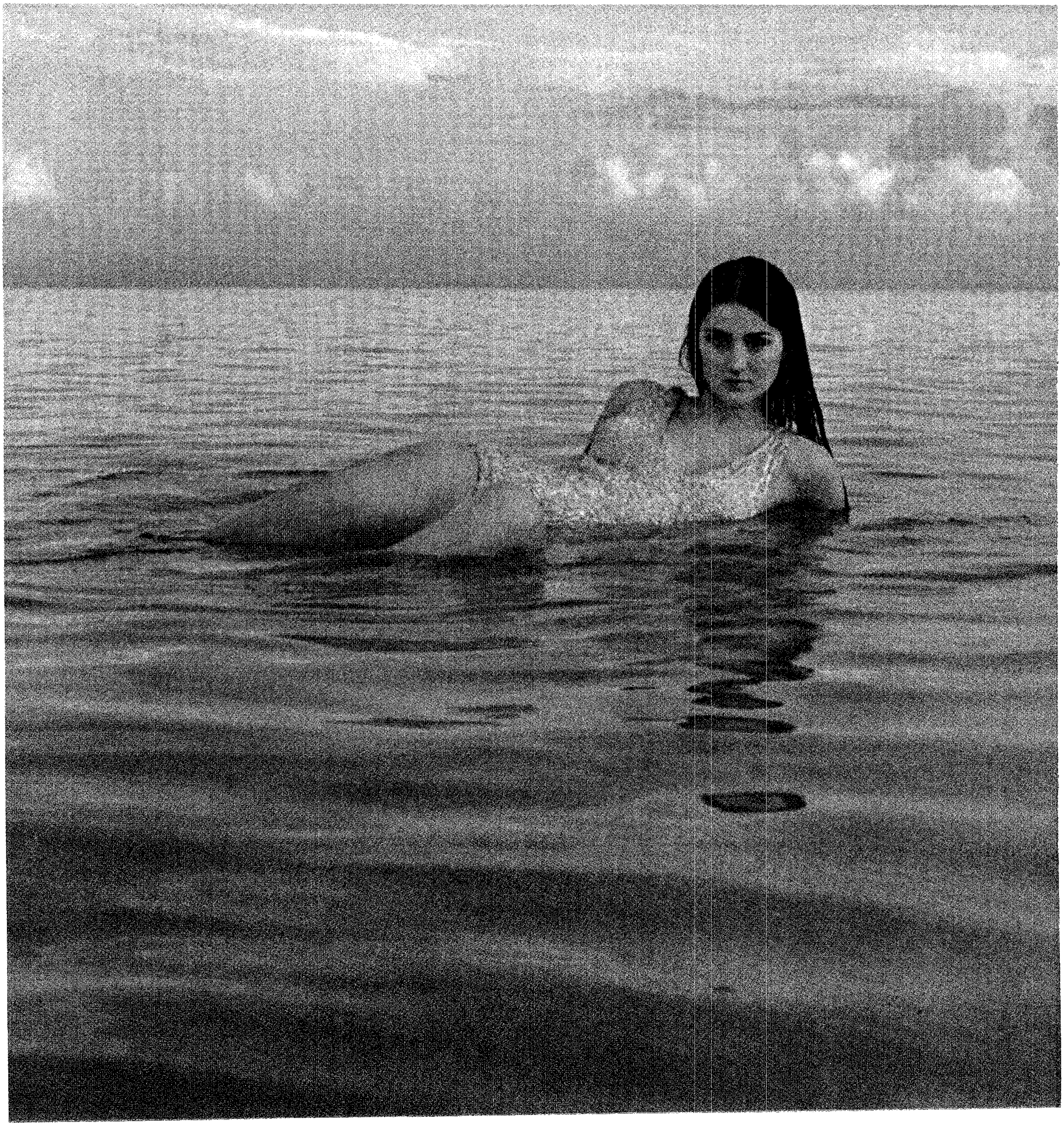

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Detective Squad, and Arthur Connelly, of the Manhattan North Homicide Squad, checked the owners of the few large stables to be found in the vicinity of Wildwood, with no results, and then turned their attention to a Negro girl named Louise Orr, whose phone number Whitmore had written on the back of the picture. Louise Orr was unable to identify the girl in the picture, but she did remember that Whitmore had spoken, many years before, of knowing a white girl whose father kept a few horses north of Wildwood. The owner of the horses was sure that the girl in the picture was not his daughter, who had married and left town, but he happened to recognize the locale of the picture; it was a picnic area a few miles away in Belleplain State Forest, a park northwest of Wildwood. Pinpointing the spot where the picture had been taken was still not enough to satisfy the prosecutors in Hogan's office, but eventually a local detective identified the girl in the picture as a Wildwood High School classmate of his, now Mrs. Arlene Franco. Mrs. Franco named the boy who had taken the picture, the second girl in the picture, and a second boy present when the picture was taken—on a double date on May 12, 1956. None of the four had ever been in the Manhattan apartment of the murdered girls, nor had they ever met any of its occupants. The only explanation they could offer for its presence in George Whitmore's wallet was that, as he had originally maintained, he had picked it up on the town dump.

The detectives' report on the picture caused hardly a ripple back in New York, where new leads were being followed up toward what looked like the first really likely suspect in the murders of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert. The new suspect had been named by Nathan Delaney, a thirty-five-year-old addict, twice convicted of felonies, who had been arrested on October 8th on a charge of killing a narcotics peddler. Delaney had a strong incentive to open up, for he faced a probable life sentence unless he could somehow persuade the District Attorney to plead for leniency. "You guys have the wrong man in the Wylie killing," Delaney told detectives, and he went on to say that on August 28, 1963, the day of the killing, a friend of his named Richard Robles, who was then twenty years old, and was also an addict, had come to his apartment at about noon, in clothes that were spattered with blood, and announced, "I just iced two girls."

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suspect than George Whitmore had ever been. For one thing, he lived only a few blocks away, and knew the building where the victims lived, at 57 East Eighty-eighth Street; in fact, detectives soon found that one of his chief sources of narcotics had once lived there. For another, although the typical addict criminal is rarely motivated to commit sex crimes or senseless violence such as distinguished the Wylie-Hoffert murders, Robles was no stranger to either. Three months before the killings, he had been paroled from Elmira Reformatory, where he had served thirty-eight months after confessing to about a hundred apartment burglaries on the East Side, including one in which a terrified Belgian woman, on her first day in the United States, had been assaulted and then shot and wounded. The problem for Hogan's office was that the testimony of a man like Delaney would hardly stand up in court. And at that point Delaney's testimony was the only evidence against Robles. Preparation of a case would require an extensive investigation, and such an investigation could be carried out more effectively if the suspect remained unaware that police were no longer concentrating on Whitmore.

So now, when the case against Whitmore on the Wylie-Hoffert indictment had all but disintegrated, there was reason for the Manhattan District Attorney to keep silent. But time was working against him. Whitmore's commitment to Bellevue was approaching its sixth month, and, over in Brooklyn, Assistant District Attorney Koota was growing impatient. Hogan did not choose to report everything he had learned (or even to pass along the unofficial finding of the Bellevue Hospital doctors, which was that Whitmore did not appear to be psychologically motivated toward crimes of the kind he was accused of), but he did try, obliquely, to warn his colleagues in Brooklyn. Assistant District Attorney Alexander Herman, chief of the Homicide Bureau in Hogan's office, was sent across the East River to make it plain that despite Whitmore's confession the Wylie-Hoffert investigation had turned in another direction. There was a corollary here that Herman did not choose to state and that Koota did not choose to take notice of: The Manhattan case rested on a confession, and if that once "solid" case had evaporated, then the Manhattan confession must be defective—and if the Manhattan confession was no good, a number of questions might be raised about the Brooklyn confessions, which were

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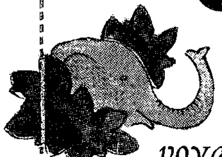

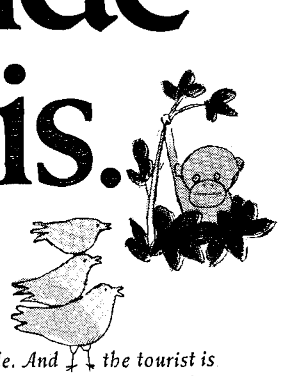

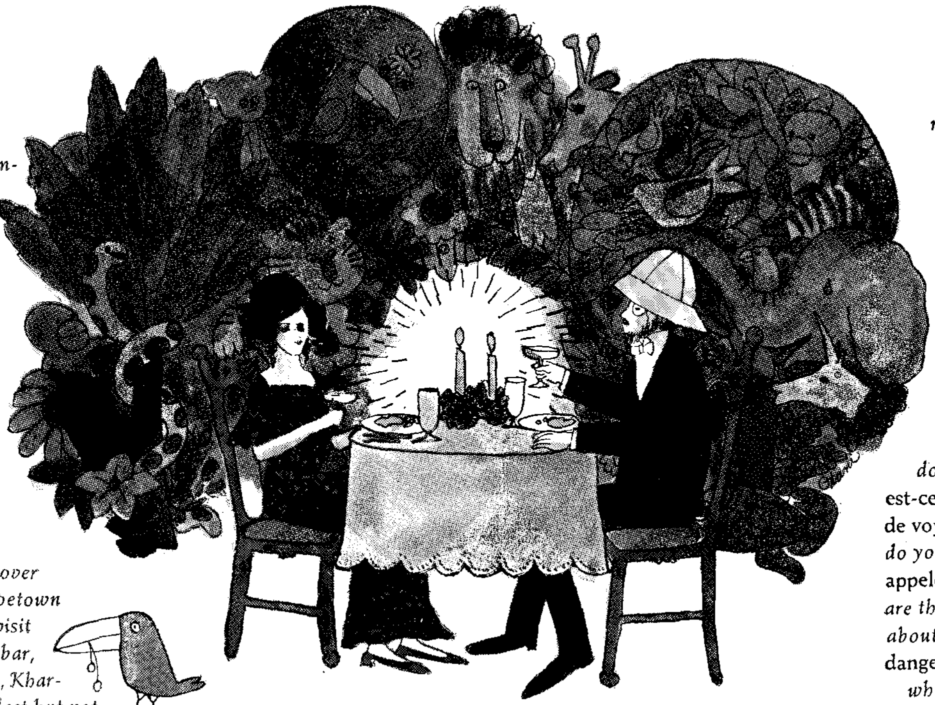

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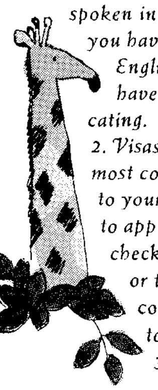

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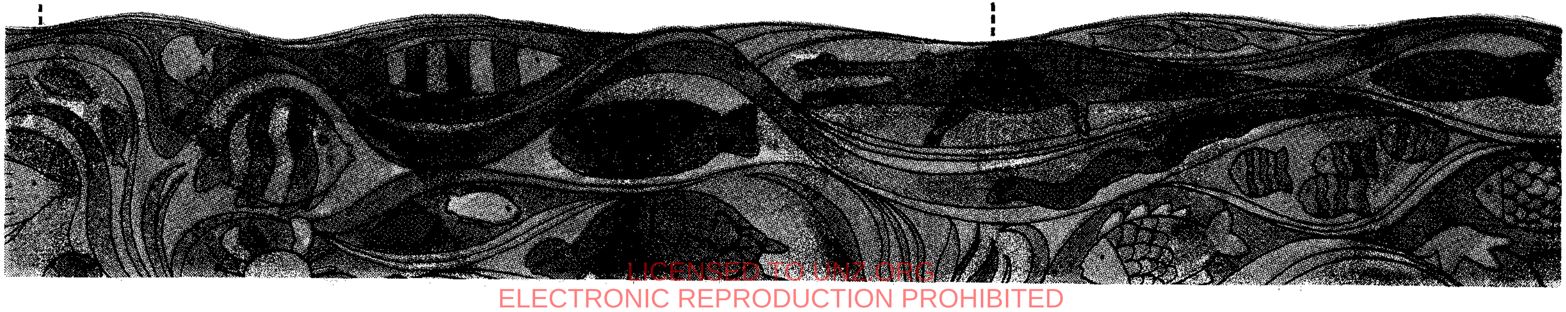

made at the same time and under the same circumstances.

FINALLY, on October 20, 1964, George Whitmore was released from Bellevue and returned to jail—to the Brooklyn House of Detention for Youth. The prisoner had been found mentally competent to stand trial, and so, on October 28th, Koota announced that he would go ahead with the Brooklyn indictments, and that the first case to be tried was the Borrero attack.

To some, the announcement seemed puzzling. If the Manhattan case was as solid as police and prosecution spokesmen were still maintaining, why was Whitmore to be tried first in Brooklyn? Chronologically, the Wylie-Hoffert murders preceded the Brooklyn cases by eight months. And even if it had been determined that the Brooklyn prosecutor had priority, why try the comparatively minor Borrero attack before the Edmonds murder? The Edmonds murder had taken place first, and a conviction—carrying with it either a life sentence or, at that time, a death penalty—would have made the Borrero prosecution superfluous. Leftow, Whitmore's attorney, thought he knew why the normal order of trials had been inverted. If Whitmore was convicted on the lesser charge, he would presumably take the stand in the murder trial to repeat his claim that the confession had been beaten out of him, and he would thus be open, on cross-examination, to the question "Have you ever been convicted of a crime?" Admission that he had, and that the crime was attempted rape, would go far to destroy his credibility in the minds of any members of the jury who had not already been swayed by the Wylie-Hoffert publicity. Leftow now asked pointedly—and publicly—whether this legal but questionable tactic had become necessary because the murder cases against Whitmore were falling apart. Leftow said he had heard reports that the girls in the so-called Wylie photograph had been located in Wildwood, but Hogan's spokesman, when questioned, continued to deny any weakness in the Wylie-Hoffert indictment. Nonetheless, Leftow pursued the point as far as a pre-trial conference, in which Brooklyn prosecutors said that they had no reason to doubt the case against Whitmore in Manhattan, and that anyhow it was irrelevant to the Brooklyn prosecution. They did offer Whitmore an opportunity to plead guilty in the Borrero case to the lesser charge of assault after Justice Miles

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McDonald, who had presided at the Brooklyn arraignment, pointed out that, even on Mrs. Borrero's testimony, the charge of attempted rape might not be easy to prove. But Whitmore turned down the offer of compromise. "How can I plead guilty to something I did not do?" he asked.

On November 1st, eight days before the Borrero trial was due to begin, the secret that District Attorney Hogan had been trying to keep leaked out. Without naming Robles, the *Daily News* accurately described the "second suspect" in the murders of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert, and reported that he had been admitted to a hospital for treatment of a narcotics overdose. Leftow rushed over to the Manhattan District Attorney's office, but it was a wasted trip. "They knew what I was there for," he said later. "I explained that I was being forced into a jury trial in Brooklyn and felt that the accused killer of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert couldn't get a fair trial. You couldn't find a jury that didn't know about it. I pleaded with them if they had any information on George's innocence to let me know about it, in the interest of justice. Instead, they let me talk, and they sat there and nodded, and the only thing they said was 'We know what we're doing.' "

Still formally under indictment for the Wylie-Hoffert murders, Whitmore was brought to trial for assault and attempted rape in the State Supreme Court in Brooklyn on Monday, November 9, 1964. When Whitmore was brought into the courtroom from a detention pen, it became apparent that institutional diets agreed with him. He was a little heavier, and the acne that had scarred his face six months before had been considerably reduced. The trial, before Acting Justice David L. Malbin, took six days after the selection of a jury. This presented some difficulties, since it was not easy to find in Brooklyn twelve qualified jurors and two alternates who could swear that they would not be influenced by prior opinions they might have formed about the guilt or innocence of George Whitmore. The Brooklyn courthouse reporters—and their papers—were confronted with a similar problem in regard to their own prior opinions on the subject. If Whitmore was guilty of the Wylie-Hoffert murders (and District Attorney Hogan had not publicly indicated otherwise), then this, his first trial, would be important. On the other hand, if the *News* was right and Whitmore had been cleared in the Wylie-Hoffert case, then the Borrero case

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would be no more important than any other minor felony case. The *News* itself was in a state of perplexity. Its "second suspect" had been released from the hospital after receiving treatment for the narcotics overdose and was walking the streets. The resulting coverage of the Borrero trial was a compromise. The testimony was reported, but only sketchily—which was a pity, because there were several surprises.

Chief of Detectives McKearney had said that Patrolman Isola, the officer who had prevented the attempted rape, had recognized Whitmore as the attacker and arrested him with the help of Detective Richard Aidala. But the prosecution's own testimony revealed that the patrolman had not seen the face of the man he drove away from Mrs. Borrero on April 23rd. (So much for the *Journal-American's* story that "the face of the pimply-faced youth . . . was indelibly etched in the officer's mind.") In fact, Isola testified that when he talked with Whitmore later in the morning he did not suspect that Whitmore himself might be the attacker, and the next day, when he pointed him out to Detective Aidala, it was only as a boy who had claimed to have seen—and could presumably recognize—Mrs. Borrero's assailant.

Another matter that was brought out in the testimony was the discrepancy between the description of the man sought in the alarm the police sent out by radio and teletype and the physical appearance of George Whitmore when he was arrested. The man sought was a Negro, from twenty to twenty-five years old, five feet nine inches tall, and weighing about a hundred and sixty-five pounds. Whitmore was nineteen, but he hardly looked it; he weighed, at most, a hundred and forty pounds; and he was five feet six inches tall. And the police alarm made no mention of the striking acne pockmarks that had covered Whitmore's face, although Mrs. Borrero swore she had reported them. Still another discrepancy may have reflected nothing more than a police effort to keep crime statistics down. Reports of crimes have on occasion been destroyed altogether, but more often they are simply downgraded. This, apparently, is what happened to Mrs. Borrero's complaint, which went out over the alarm system as an attempted pocketbook snatch.

Leftow also brought out the fact that Whitmore had been identified by Mrs. Borrero not in a "lineup" of men generally fitting his physical description but in a "showup," in which

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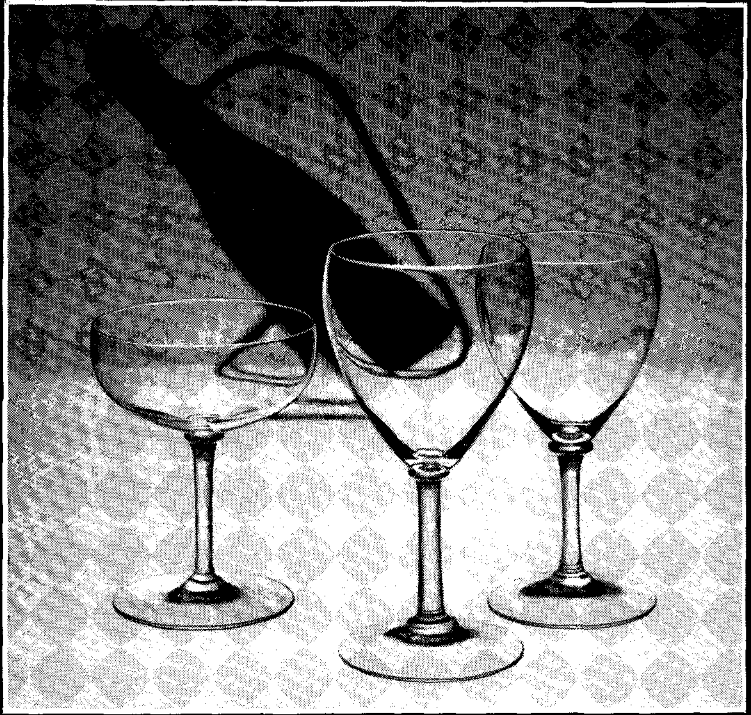

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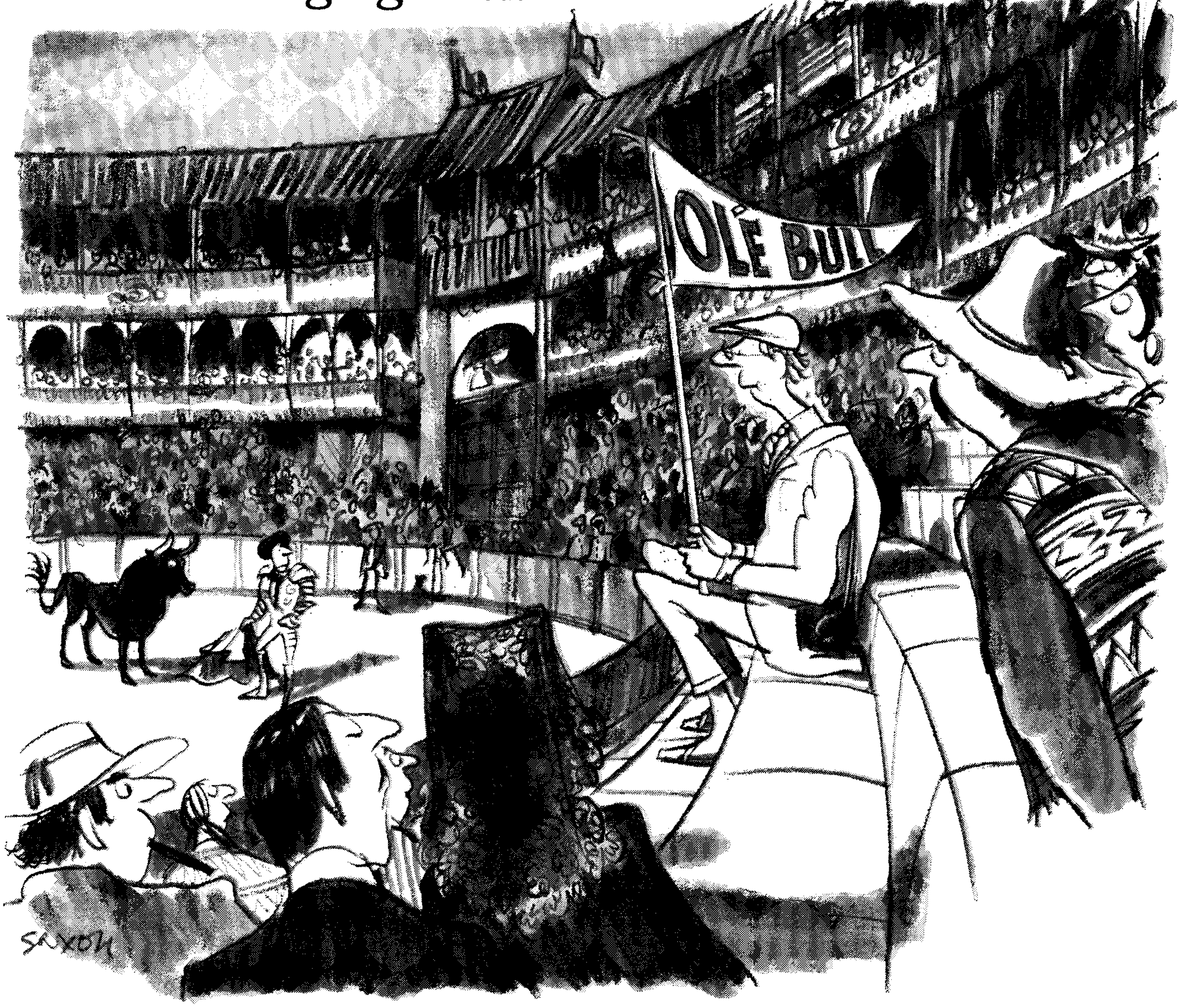

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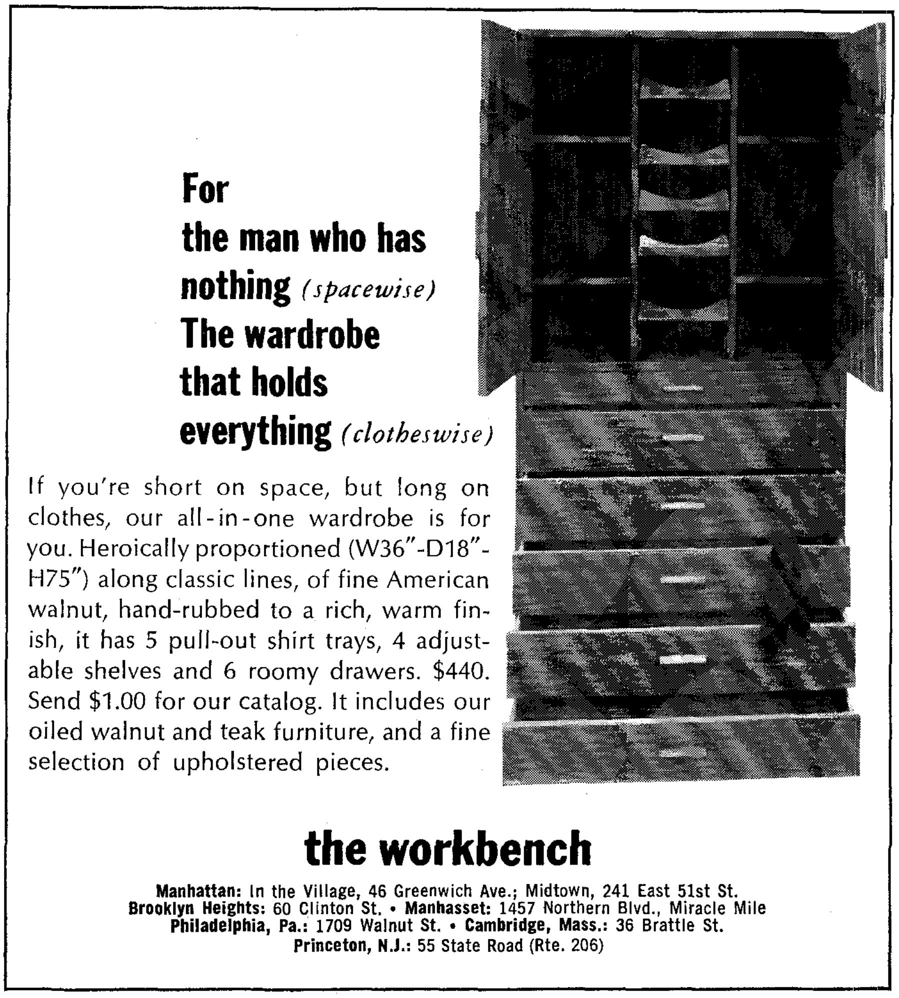

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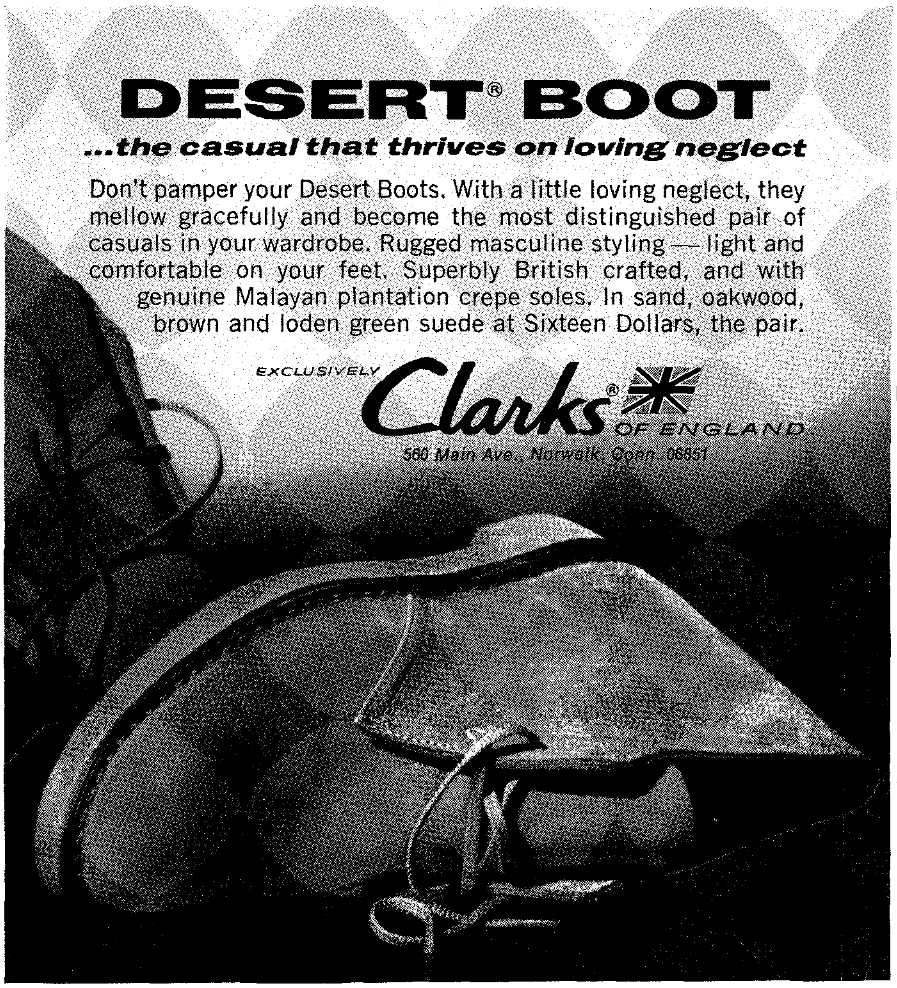

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he was the only suspect offered for her to identify. And Leftow made the further point that Mrs. Borrero had an interest in the prosecution of George Whitmore.

"You have nothing to lose whether this defendant is convicted or acquitted?" Mrs. Borrero was asked during cross-examination.

"Of course not," she replied. Then Leftow read off the names of two lawyers and continued:

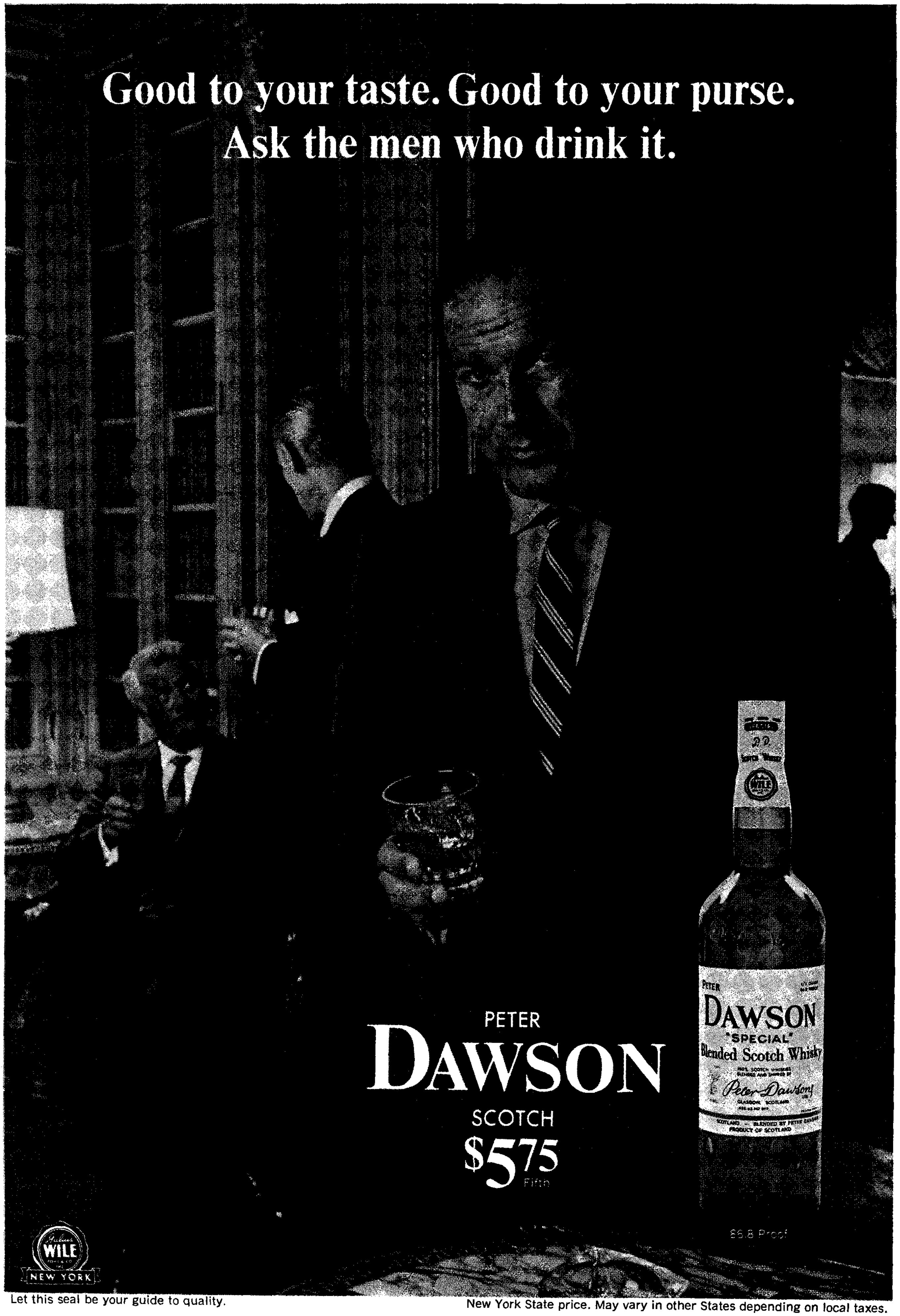
> Q.: Did there come a time when you spoke to these attorneys?
> A.: Yes.
> Q.: And, during the course of the discussion, was the name of George Whitmore brought up?
> A.: Do I have to answer that?

Attorney-client relationships are privileged in law, and, besides, Justice Malbin had emphatically warned both the prosecution and the defense that he would not permit any mention of either the Edmonds or the Wylie-Hoffert murders. Lichtman, the prosecutor, therefore objected to Leftow's question, and his objection was sustained, so the jury did not learn that Mrs. Borrero had been seeking a ten-thousand-dollar reward that *Newsweek* was offering for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer of Janice Wylie, who had been employed by the magazine. After a bench conference, however, Leftow was allowed to establish for the jury that Mrs. Borrero may have had some financial interest in Whitmore's conviction:

> Q.: Did the legal matter that you spoke to those lawyers about involve the collection of a reward pertaining to one George Whitmore?
> A.: Yes.

During the third day of testimony, on a Friday, Whitmore took the stand, to give his version of how his confession had been elicited. In a procedural hearing, out of the presence of the jury, he recalled meeting Detective Aidala and Patrolman Isola on Sutter Avenue in Brownsville:

> They said they wanted to take me down to the precinct for questioning. So I went, and when I got down there they asked me my name and address and where I lived and everything. And I was—they asked me do I know anything about a rape case, so I told them no. Five minutes after I got to the station house, I was called upon to say, "Lady, I am going to rape you. Lady, I am going to kill you." And a man came out from behind the door, and he shook his head yes. And then the lady came out from behind the door, and she just shook her head yes. And they put me back in the cell. And then they took her in a room



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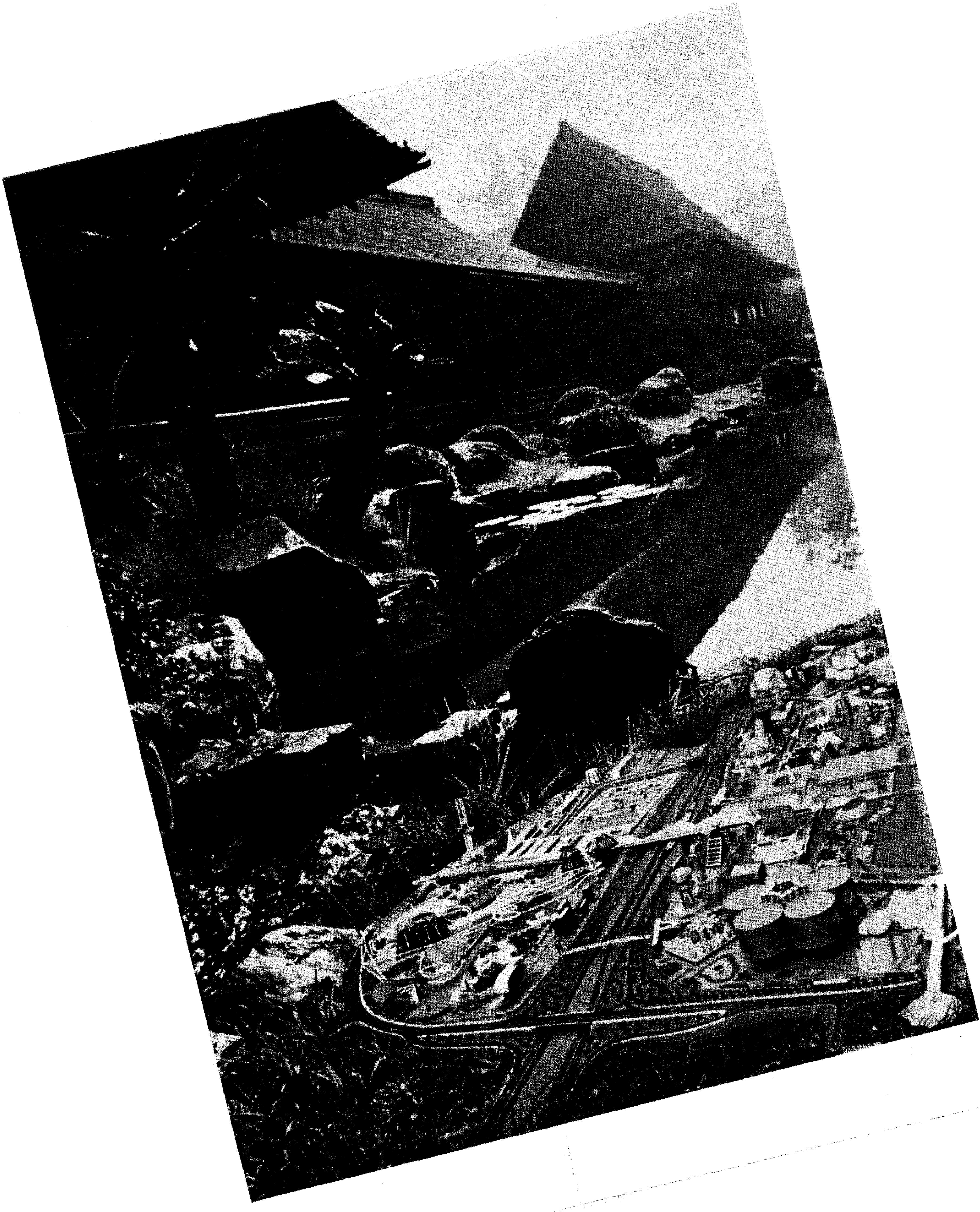

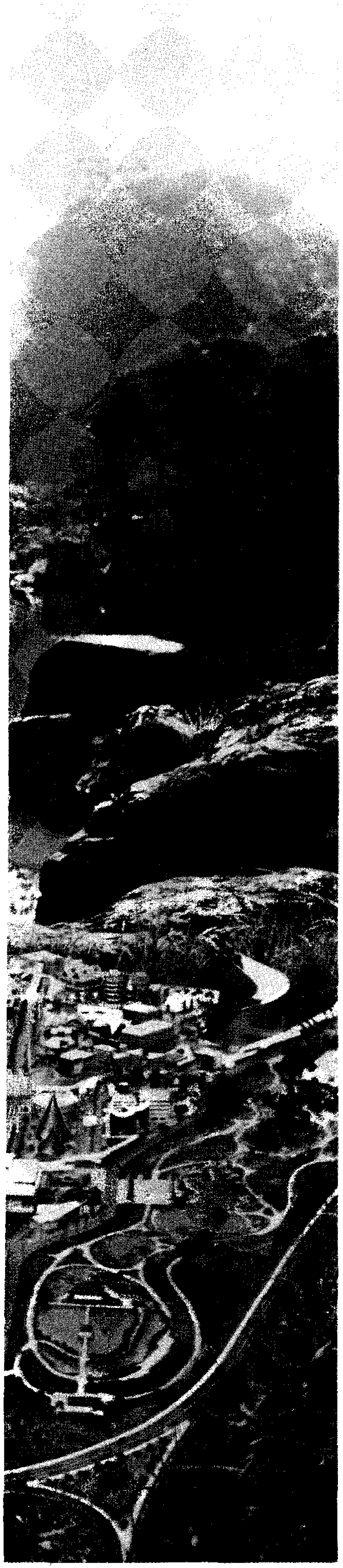

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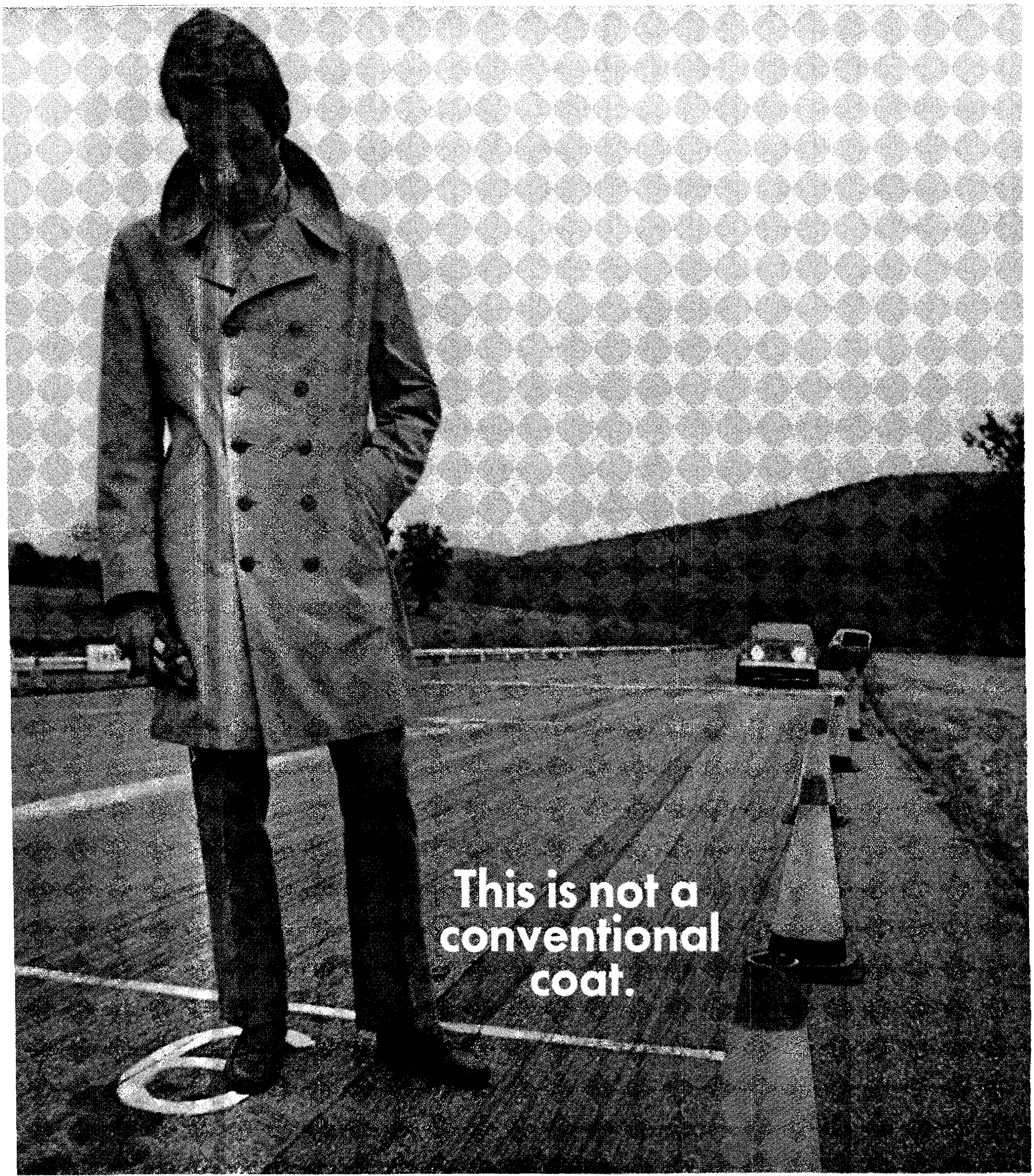
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directly across from the cell, and they closed the door, and they stayed in there for I don't know how long—fifteen minutes. Then, when she came out, they took her—I don't know where they took her, but then they put me in the room and they just told me that I did it, and I told them I did not. They called me a liar, and every time I told them I didn't do it, well, I got hit.

"Who hit you?" Justice Malbin asked, and Whitmore identified first Aidala and then Isola.

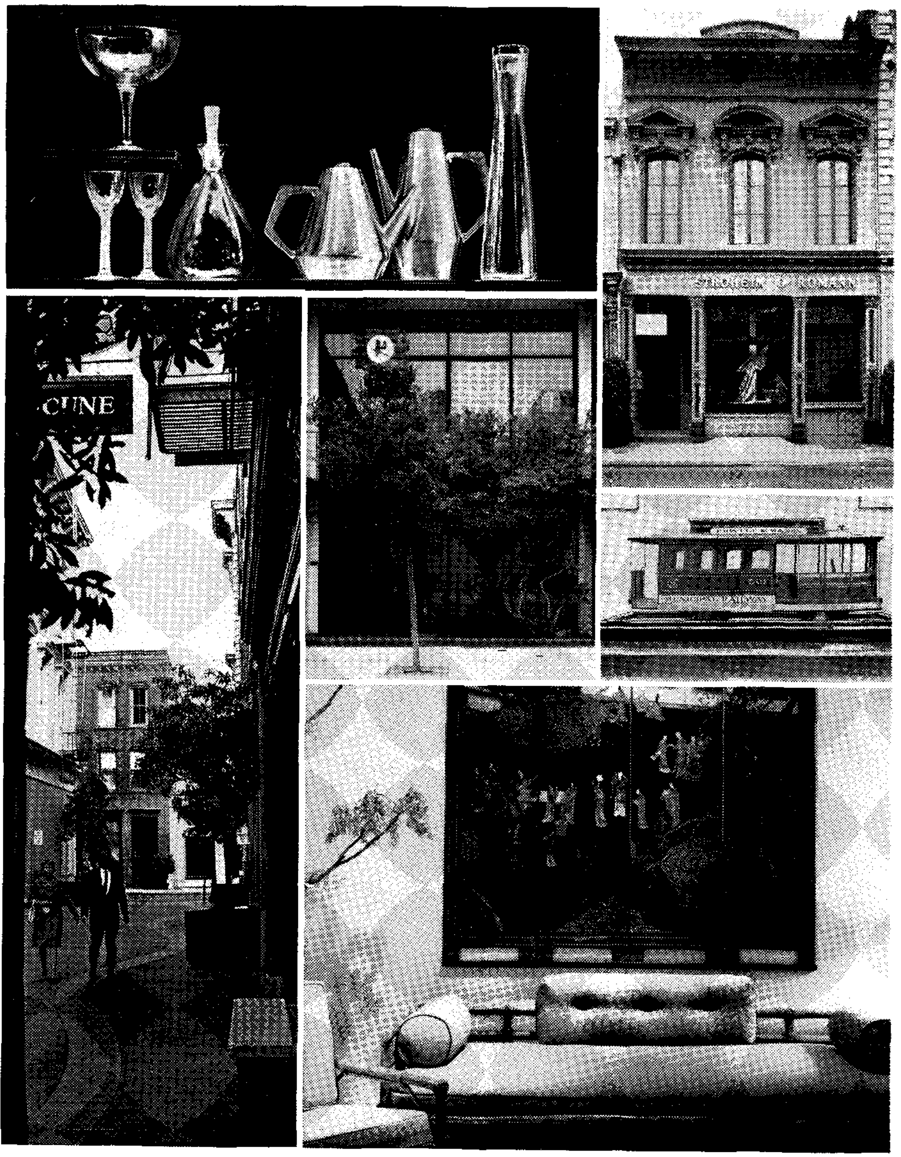
Q. (*by Leftow*): Where did they strike you, George?
A.: They had struck me in the stomach, chest, and back.
Q.: On the face?
A.: No. And then they had stood me in front of a chair, and every time I told them I didn't know anything about the charge in which I was accused of they called me a liar, and when I told him if I said I did it I would be lying, they called me a liar. Every time I said I did not know what happened I got knocked in the chair. Then they stood me up aside this wall, and I continuously got beat until I couldn't take it no more, so I just broke down and shook my head.
Q. (*by Justice Malbin*): What do you mean you shook your head?
A.: I shook my head yes.
Q.: As to what?
A.: All the questions that they were asking. They said, "Well, didn't you do so and so?" And all I had to do was shake my head yes, and they just wrote it down on paper . . . they suggested the questions, and I just shook my head. They would say, "Sure, you know you did it."

Whitmore was testifying in what lawyers call a *voir dire*—in this instance a hearing before a judge, without a jury present, to explore the circumstances of the confession and to determine whether or not it would be admissible in evidence. At that time, confessions had been only very rarely excluded in New York courts, and Lichtman apparently felt that there was little danger of this one's being ruled out. In cross-examination, he appeared almost offhand, casually drawing Whitmore out on the beatings. Whitmore said that Aidala had hit him in the stomach with his fists; Isola, he maintained, had beaten him on the back. He was then asked the number of punches each officer had struck. "I don't know," he said.

"You don't know?" The prosecutor appeared incredulous.

"I was being hit at the same time," Whitmore said. "How am I supposed to count?"

But when Lichtman persisted Whitmore tried to be more precise. (Leftow said later, "I told him and I told him, 'Do me a favor, don't guess. If you don't know something, say you don't know.' ") Whitmore estimated that



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Aidala, a two-hundred-pound former semi-professional football player, had hit him fifty times in the solar plexus and that Isola had hit him twenty times in the back. Lichtman merely smiled and drew from Whitmore the admission that just a few minutes after this remarkable beating he was eating Italian rolls and coffee with another detective, Joseph Di Prima.

The courtroom day was about over when the *voir dire* was concluded, and Justice Malbin hardly hesitated. "I have heard the testimony," he said. "I have heard the claims of the defendant, which amount in substance to the fact that he was threatened, intimidated, coerced, and beaten. The people have sought to refute that by calling their witnesses, and they deny that any such beating or threats took place. To the contrary, it would seem that they have tried to indicate that the defendant was well treated. . . . The court finds that the evidence has established beyond a reasonable doubt that the confession was voluntary." With that, Justice Malbin adjourned the trial until Monday.

In his cell at the Brooklyn House of Detention for Youth that weekend, Whitmore, feeling that he had "never been so sad before," wrote to John Lawrence:

> I don't think I will be a free man soon. The way things when in court, look like I was already convicted. Everyone seem to be together but me. I am innect, but know one seem to belive me but you and my family and friends. Ever sence I been put in jail I was praying. Even befor then. I ask God to let the people see that I am not the one. But I guess my prays wasen't answer yet. I am still praying and always will. Some day things will turn out alright. I just don't know what to do any more. I thank you very much for the money. Yes, it is enough. You know how things are looking for me, better then I. Please be frank and let me know. Do you thank I'll be OK? If and when you see my mother please tell her I would like to see her here. And to bring my glasses. . . . Please forgive me for not saying much. I've been put in the paper's so bad that I don't feel like a human any more. Did you read the papers? So until I here from you. May God bless and keep you.

The remainder of the trial went just about as Whitmore had forecast. Beverly Payne, his former girl friend, was called as a defense witness to testify that he had exchanged coats with his brother Shellie on the night of Thursday, April 23rd, after the attack but before the arrest. (The raincoat that Whitmore was wearing when he was arrested had become a crucial item of evidence; Mrs. Borrero had

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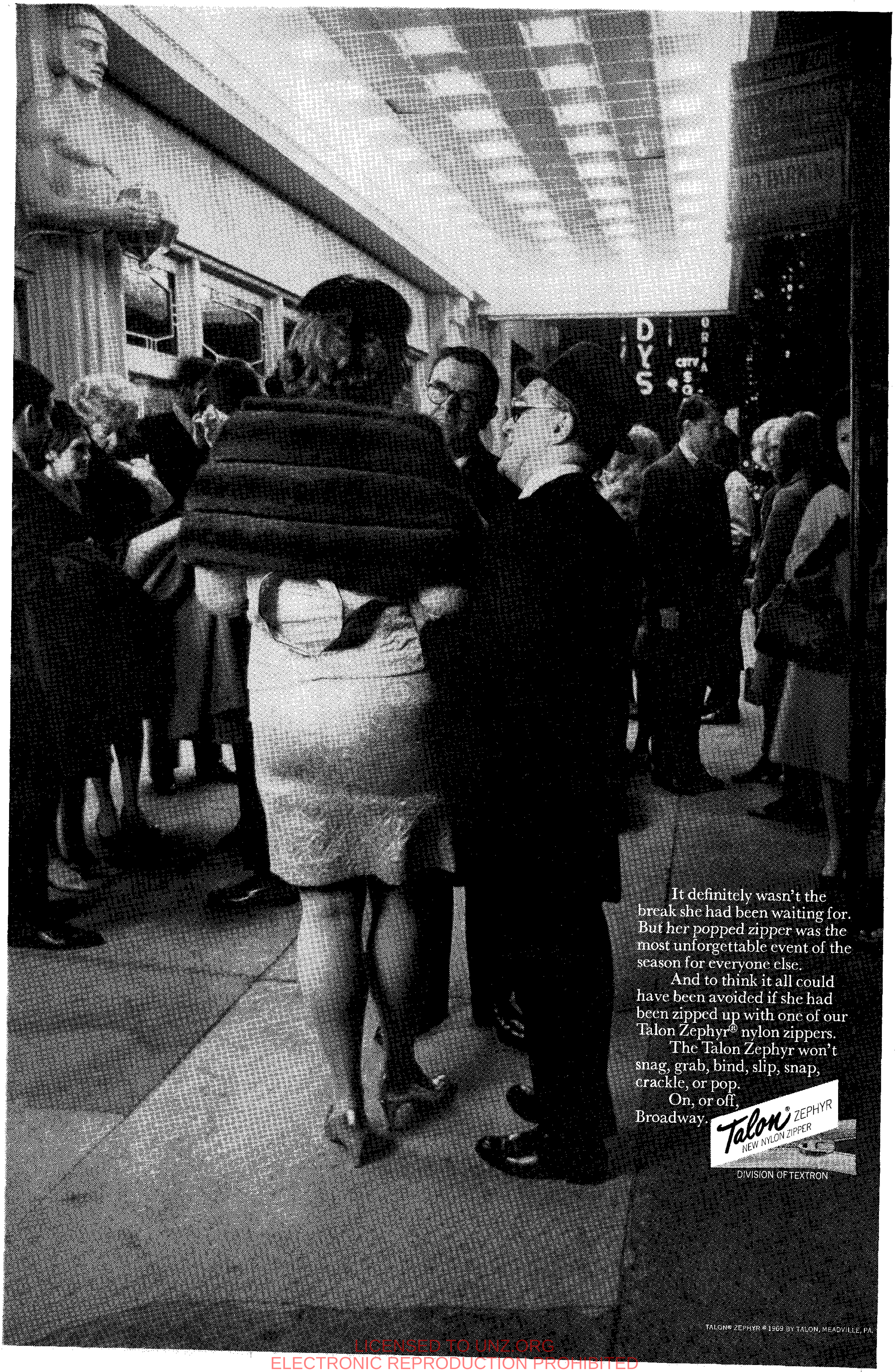

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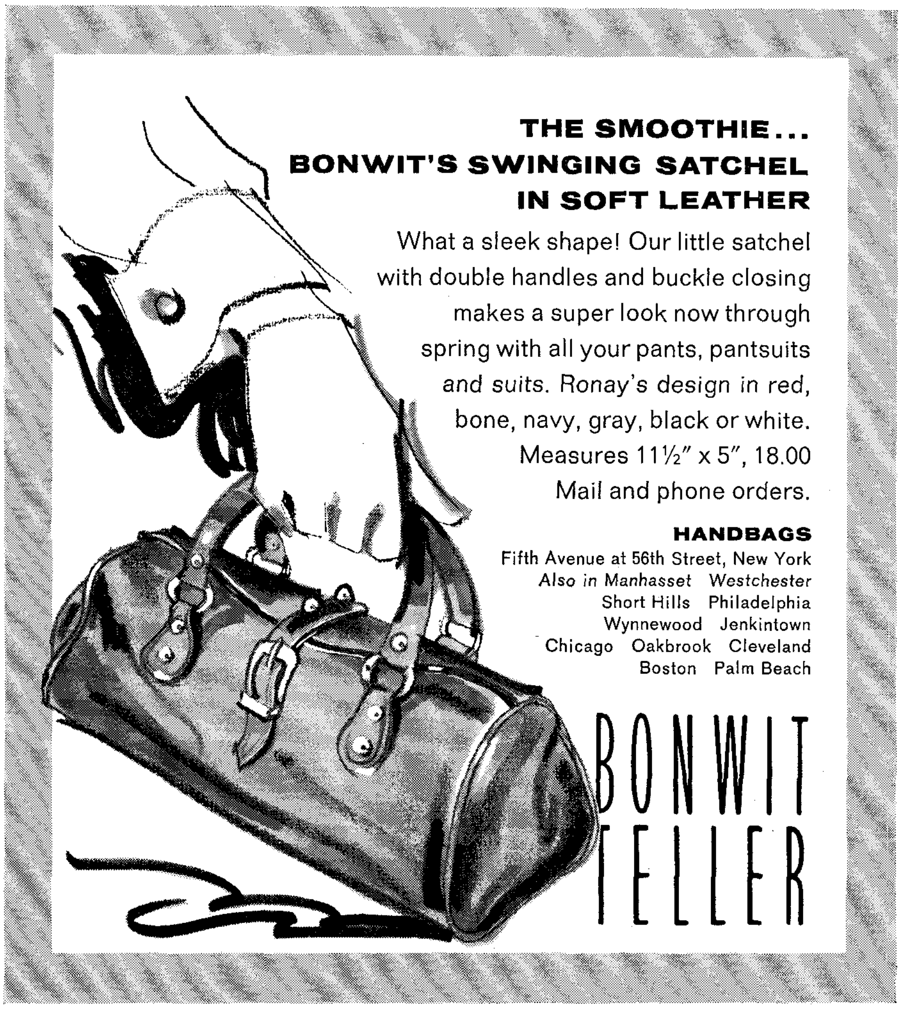
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torn a button from the coat of the man who attacked her, and police said it matched the buttons on the raincoat.) But on cross-examination Lichtman confronted the girl with a pre-trial admission that she wasn't sure when the swap took place and that it could conceivably have occurred Wednesday night. This would mean that Whitmore could have put the coat on a few hours before the attack rather than the night after it.

"Take this coat into the jury room with you," the prosecutor said in his summation to the jury, ". . . and you tell us whether this button came from this coat, and whether George Whitmore was wearing it on the night of April 22nd, the early morning of April 23rd, as Patrolman Isola told you he was. Is it a coincidence, or is it a solidly guilty circumstance that the button and the coat match, and that this defendant was wearing that coat five or six hours after the attack upon Elba Borrero? Gentlemen, Mr. Foreman, haven't we nailed George Whitmore right on the button, in the truest sense of the word, in the truest sense of the word?"

The jury got the case at about noon on November 18th, and twenty minutes later it sent for the exhibits, including the coat and the button. At nine-twenty-five, after a little more than seven hours of actual deliberation, the jury returned. Whitmore stood, and heard the foreman pronounce him guilty.

For a moment, there was only the sound of weeping, from Whitmore's sister, Geraldine, and his mother. His brother Gerald, sitting with his mother in the spectators' section, looked abruptly away, shielding his face. Whitmore himself stared stonily ahead of him as he was led out of the courtroom, but a few minutes later, out of sight of his family, he broke into tears. Justice Malbin later committed him to Kings County Hospital for another psychiatric examination—this one to be considered as part of a pre-sentence probation report.

After the verdict had been pronounced, Lichtman expressed his satisfaction with it to a group of reporters outside on the courthouse steps. "This helps dispose of the police-brutality charge," he said. "I have never had a case where the facts indicated a defendant's guilt as much as this one. The jury verdict bears this out."

The jurors were also leaving the courthouse, and one pressed in among the newsmen to ask Lichtman a question: Why hadn't the District Attorney

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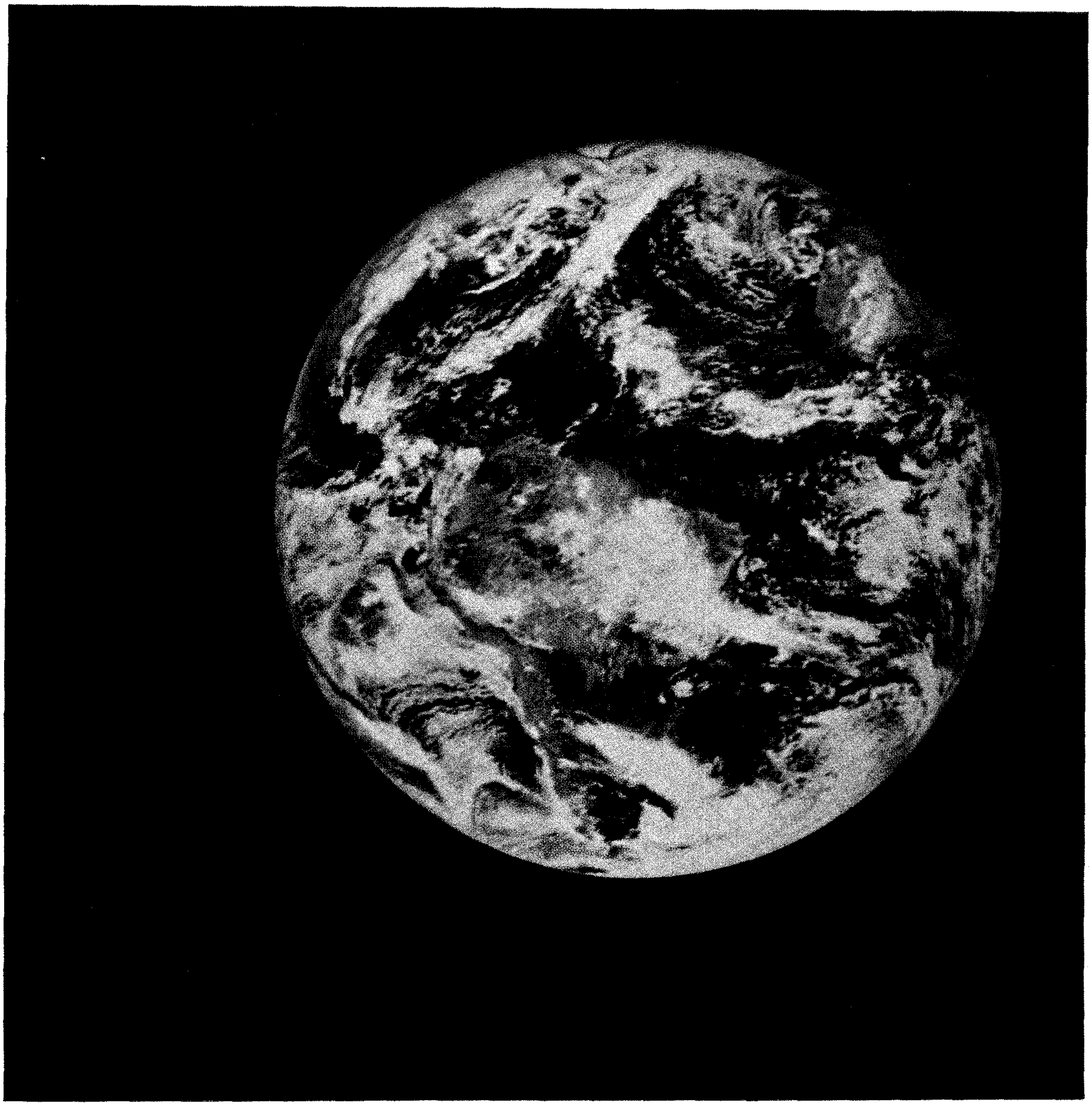

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submitted the button from the coat to the Federal Bureau of Investigation?

"We did," Lichtman said. "But the tests couldn't prove anything."

The juror looked slightly uncomfortable. "He was really guilty, wasn't he?" he asked.

"No question about it," the prosecutor replied.

SHORTLY after Whitmore was convicted of assault and attempted rape, two men who had made independent investigations of the evidence—Raab, of the *World-Telegram & Sun*, and Lawrence, the civil-libertarian Whitmore had met in Bellevue—got in touch with his mother, separately, and urged her to obtain more experienced counsel for the forthcoming murder trials. Raab had several conversations with Mrs. Whitmore, and Lawrence, in a twelve-page letter to her, argued that a number of anomalies in Mrs. Borrero's account of the attack should have been exploited. A more vigorous cross-examination, he wrote, might have at least raised some question about Mrs. Borrero's ability to be absolutely certain what had happened on the night of the crime: by letting the jurors know that it had followed her third night back at work, as a practical nurse at Long Island College Hospital, after the birth of a baby; that she had told neighbors she was nervous about walking home from the subway station after midnight and had called her husband asking him, in vain, to pick her up; and that in her flight from her attacker, as she reported it, she had passed up a chance to seek refuge in an open tavern. (Leftow did bring out that Mrs. Borrero had run past a firehouse right next to the building she lived in.) Lawrence pointed out that the attacker could have taken advantage of any one of a number of dark areas between the subway station and her home but that she said she had been seized under a street light. Lawrence also wondered how the man could have grabbed Mrs. Borrero's pocketbook, as she claimed he did, if, as she also testified, he had one hand clasped over her mouth and the other hooked around her neck. And, finally, Lawrence questioned her testimony that she was marched three times in this manner to the corner and back before she was shoved into an alleyway near her home. "What kind of nut is this mugger," Lawrence asked, "who, staging a mid-street mugging under a street light, now goes parading his victim up and down the street?"

Between them, Lawrence and Raab

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convinced Mrs. Whitmore that she should look for another lawyer. She chose Arthur H. Miller, a thirty-three-year-old graduate of the Brooklyn Law School who was practicing in a Brownsville storefront office and who had had little more experience than Leftow with major-felony cases. As Miller remembers it, he was hardly enthusiastic when Mrs. Whitmore came in off the street several days after the Borrero verdict and asked him to represent New York City's most notorious defendant. "Who wanted that case?" he said recently. "I'd read the papers. It was a loser all the way through." Moreover, the Whitmore defense gave every indication of being monumentally unprofitable. The only remotely conceivable remuneration lay several years away, in the possibility that Whitmore might eventually be cleared of all the charges and thus become eligible to file a claim for false-arrest damages. Nevertheless, after a second meeting with Mrs. Whitmore and the intercession of a local minister, Miller agreed to see what he could do. He recognized at once that the case was beyond his experience, and he took it to Stanley J. Reiben, a well-connected lawyer with a good record of success in representing homicide defendants. Reiben, who was an assistant counsel to the State Assembly Minority Leader, Anthony J. Travia, served as Travia's representative on several committees, including the Commission to Revise the Penal Law, and he had just returned from a series of hearings throughout the state on proposals for penal-law reform when, the day after Thanksgiving in 1964, he got a call from Miller. A voluntary defense—that is, one that would be undertaken for no fee—was hardly to Reiben's liking, either. But after a session with Miller and Mrs. Whitmore, and after a discussion of the case with Selwyn Raab, Reiben agreed to become Whitmore's chief counsel. The agreement between the attorneys was that Reiben would do the trial work and Miller the investigations and the paperwork.

Several reporters had become interested in Whitmore, and just before the end of the year one of them asked Miller if he had any kind of alibi for his client on August 28, 1963, the day Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert were murdered. "Yes," Miller replied. "He spent that whole summer in Wildwood—never left it—and on that particular day he knows exactly what he did and who he was with." The reporter expressed skepticism, pointing

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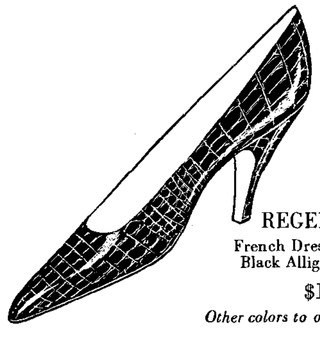

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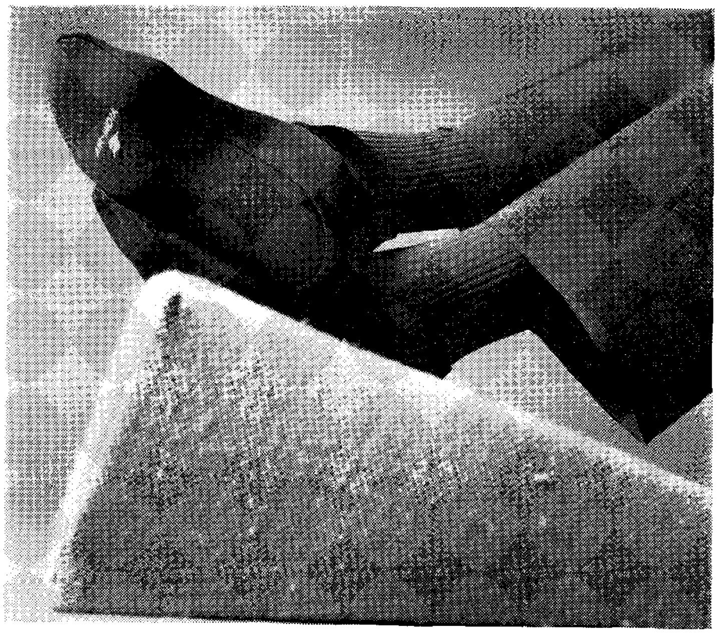

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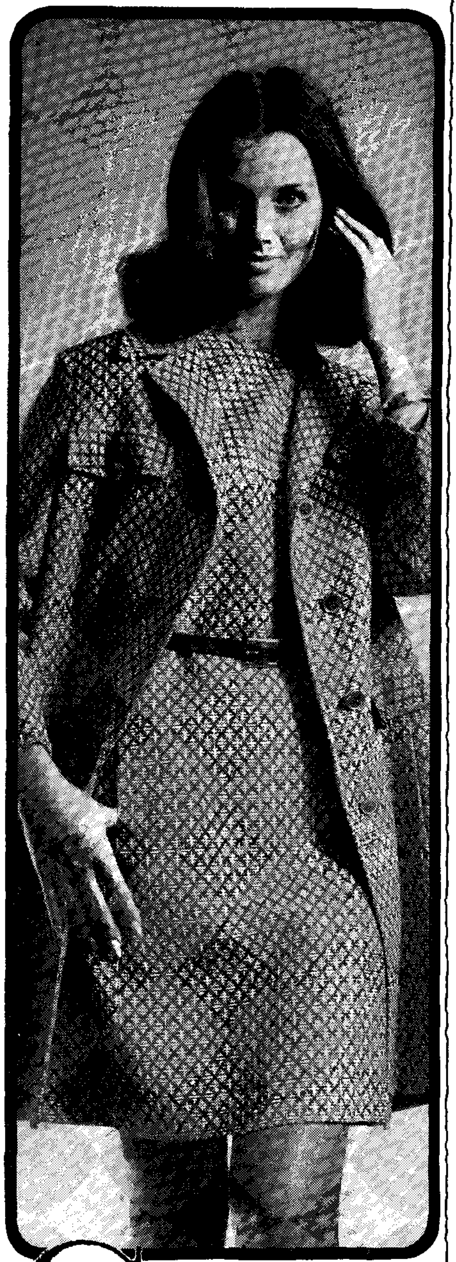

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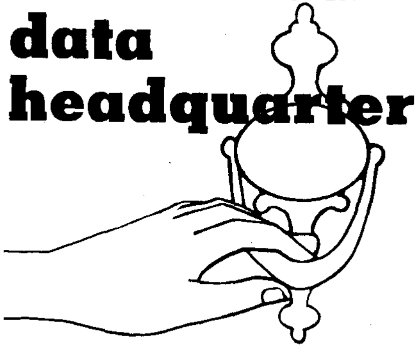
out that Whitmore's intelligence was by all accounts far from keen and that only somebody with a phenomenal memory could recall where he was on any given day a year and a half ago. "But you might be able to remember where you had been," Miller said, "if you were a Negro and somebody told you that August 28, 1963, was the day of the civil-rights March on Washington." The *Herald Tribune* soon began printing interviews with persons who swore that they had watched televised showings of the March on Washington at a Negro hotel in Wildwood that day and that George Whitmore had been present—a hundred and fifty miles from New York City.

At about this time, the New York *Post's* Brooklyn reporter, Irving Lieberman, looked into Lichtman's disclosure on the courthouse steps that F.B.I. laboratory tests on the Whitmore raincoat and the button Mrs. Borrero seized "couldn't prove anything." It was true, Lieberman wrote in the *Post*, that the laboratory report had said, "It was not possible to determine whether or not the . . . button had been attached to the . . . coat," but that was by no means all it had said. The button seized by Mrs. Borrero differed from the buttons on the coat "in size, design and construction," the report noted, and it continued, "Sewing thread attached to the . . . button is different from the sewing thread remaining on the coat in color, diameter, and degree of twist." In its complete form, the laboratory report certainly shed doubt on the "solidly guilty circumstance" that Lichtman had spoken of in his summation, and Reiben and Miller hastened to incorporate Lieberman's information in a petition they were drawing up for a new trial on the Borrero indictment. Before long, the *Post* presented them with an even stronger ground for moving that the verdict be set aside. Lieberman's article prompted one member of the jury that had found Whitmore guilty to call the paper and declare that the defendant had not been given a fair shake in the jury room. Most members of the panel, he claimed, were aware of the Wylie-Hoffert charges pending against Whitmore, and one, he said, had opened the deliberations by saying, "This is nothing compared to what's coming to him in Manhattan." The complaining juror, a schoolteacher, also accused one member of the panel of making a remark that showed him to be prejudiced not only against Whitmore but against all Negroes.

Reiben and Miller were ready to



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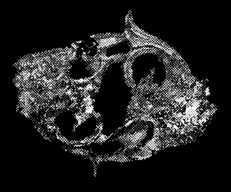

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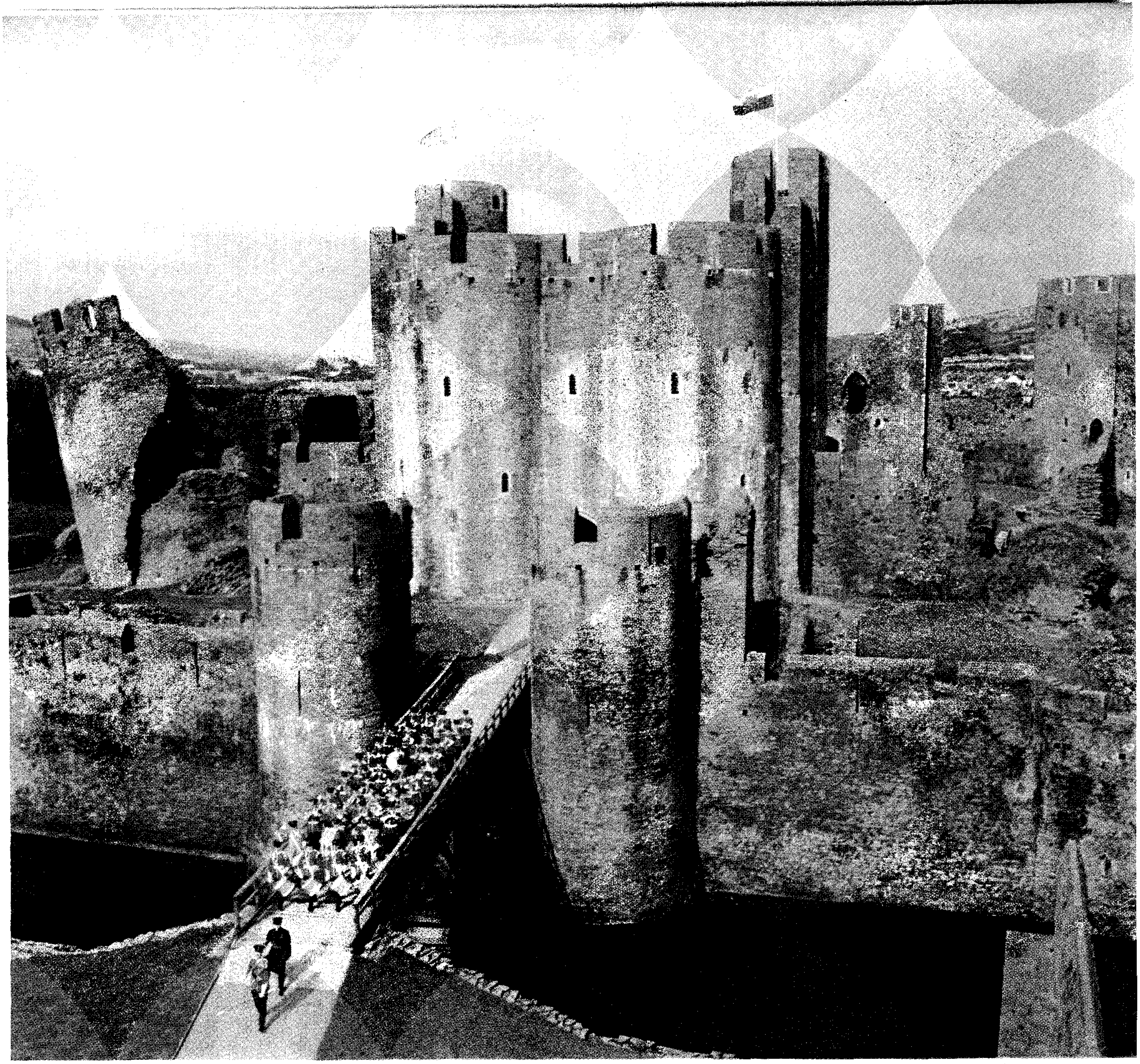

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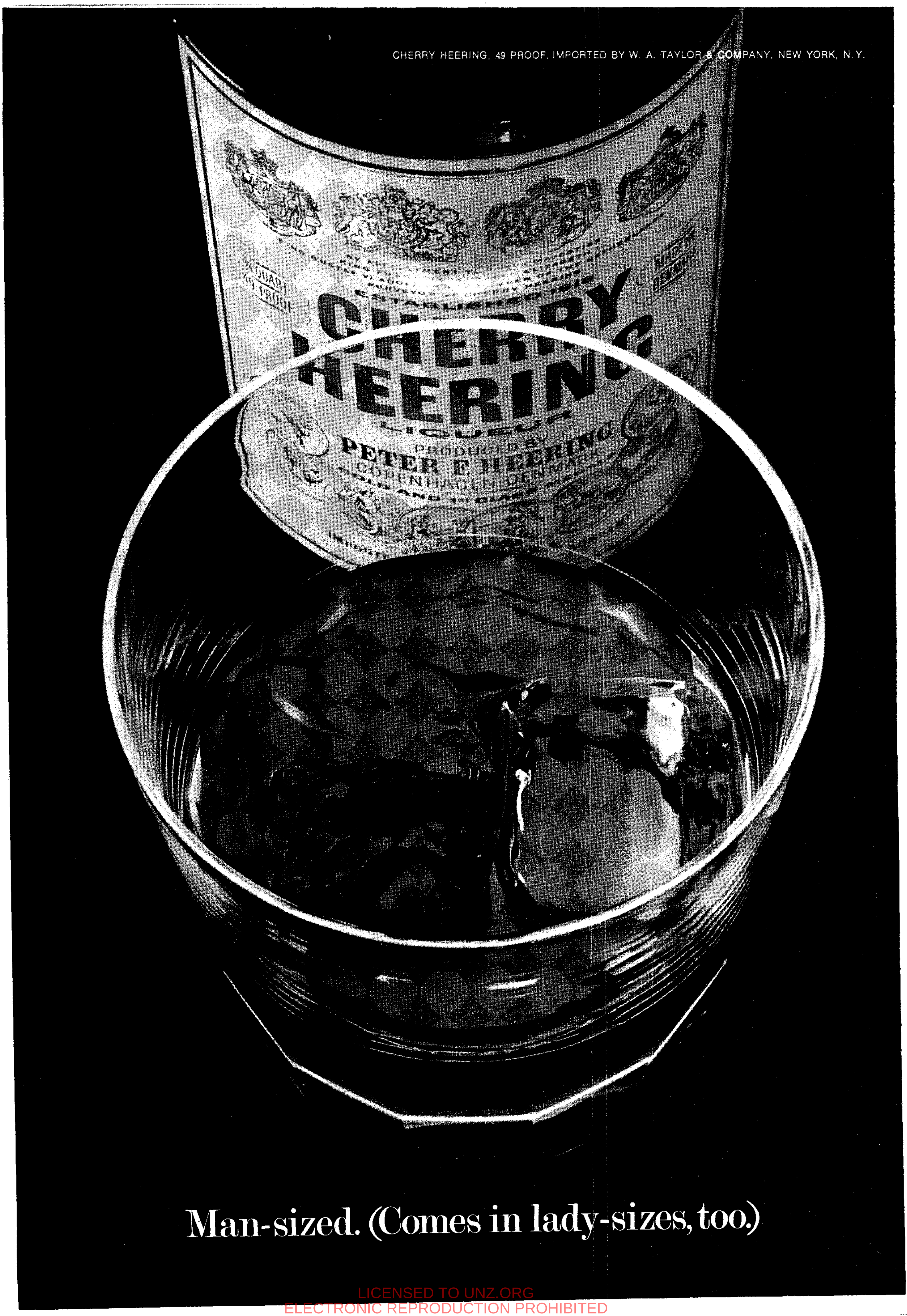
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argue for a new trial in Borrero, and at this point they received an offer of support from the Brooklyn branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. On January 8, 1965, when Reiben went before Justice Malbin to seek a hearing to present evidence supporting his motion for a new trial, Norman Johnson and Ray H. Williams, of the N.A.A.C.P.'s Legal Redress Committee, asked permission to sit at the defense counsel's table "as observers, to determine whether the rights of the defendant were in any way impaired because he is a Negro." Justice Malbin expressed surprise, noting for the record that he "never heard any thoughts of prejudice during the trial," but he readily consented to the presence of the two N.A.A.C.P. lawyers. "The defendant can have as many counsel as he can get into the courtroom," he said.

As things turned out, however, there was little for Whitmore's attorneys to do. William Siegel, the Chief of the Appeals Division of the Brooklyn District Attorney's office, quickly assented to the defense motion for a hearing. The District Attorney, Siegel said, "does not want to have a conviction stand if there is the faintest suggestion that the conviction was brought about by something not in the best interests of justice." A few minutes later, Reiben, most of his prepared argument undelivered, was back in the courtroom corridor. A hearing on the motion for setting aside the verdict in the Borrero case was scheduled for February 25th, which just about coincided with the scheduled date for pre-trial motions in the Edmonds murder case.

THERE was, of course, a third indictment still hanging over Whitmore's head. For the record, District Attorney Hogan, in Manhattan, was still refusing to comment on the possibility that Whitmore had not committed the Wylie-Hoffert murders, but it was hardly a secret to Richard Robles that he was under suspicion. Investigators had taken him to the District Attorney's office for an unproductive interview, and on one occasion he had turned to detectives following him on the street and suggested that it would be easier for them to walk along with him. Finally, on January 26, 1965, Robles was arrested. "This is D Day, Ricky. It's all over," he was told by Lieutenant Thomas J. Cavanagh, the commander of the Twenty-third Detective Squad. Then, for the first time, it became clear why Robles had been free to walk the streets

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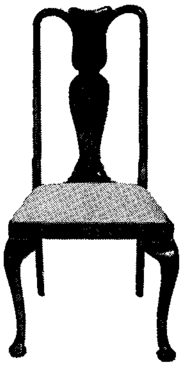
for almost four months after his friend Nathan Delaney had identified him as the murderer of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert. In what was meant to be an unsettling tour, Robles was taken to the apartments of Delaney, his mother, and his girl friend and shown the tape recorders that detectives had placed in each. The prosecution would base its case against Robles largely on recordings thus obtained, along with an unrecorded—and disputed—confession that police said the prisoner offered at the Twenty-third Precinct station house after his tour. The next morning, Robles, tense and visibly suffering the effects of narcotics withdrawal, was arraigned before Criminal Court Justice Reuben Levy, who ordered him held without bail. At the same time, in Supreme Court, Justice Mitchell D. Schweitzer was relieving the Manhattan District Attorney of the embarrassment of having two suspects under arrest for the same crime. But even then the Manhattan District Attorney did not completely relinquish his hold on Whitmore. The District Attorney's petition, which Justice Schweitzer endorsed without comment, did not request that the indictment against Whitmore be dismissed but only that Whitmore be discharged from it on his own recognizance. In the eyes of experienced attorneys, the difference between discharge and dismissal is only a technicality, and in recent court history no defendant so discharged has ever been brought to trial. Nevertheless, the indictment remained legally in force.

At the time, however, Reiben was jubilant, and he bubbled over with good feeling before the television cameras, saying, "I fear that because of the police action last April involving George, that the citizens of our city may attempt to smear the entire Police Department. I *don't* think that's fair, because it was other members of the Police Department who uncovered the evidence, while working with District Attorney Hogan, which led to the dismissal." Apparently, the distinction between discharge and dismissal had yet to be fully appreciated, even by Whitmore's attorney. He added, "We should not lose faith in our Police Department." Of Hogan, Reiben said, "He has demonstrated once again why he is regarded as the most fair-minded district attorney in the United States." Reiben's enthusiasm cooled somewhat when, several weeks later, Hogan turned down defense requests to interview a Manhattan assistant district attorney about the Brooklyn cases and to proceed with a complete dismissal of



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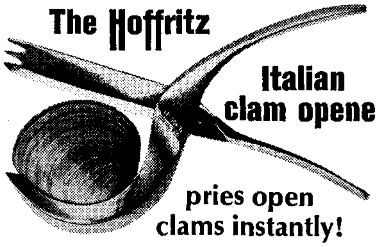

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the Wylie-Hoffert indictment. It would not be proper, Reiben was told, for one prosecutor to intercede in the case of another. As for the dismissal, Reiben was informed that it was normal procedure for the District Attorney's office to make such a motion a year after the discharge petition.

Shortly thereafter, Reiben was joined by the N.A.A.C.P. and the New York Civil Liberties Union—and supported by several newspaper editorials—in asking Governor Rockefeller to order a full investigation of Whitmore's confessions. "Even apart from brutality," the N.Y.C.L.U. wired Albany, "the accused held in the back room of a police station necessarily feels himself a helpless victim of overwhelming force. He knows that there is no time limit on his detention, and that his contact with the world is at the mercy of his interrogators." Governor Rockefeller replied that he had "no jurisdiction over the courts, and therefore it would be inappropriate to seek to intervene in matters pending before them." He did, however, announce that he had asked Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy to send him a copy of any report that the Police Department prepared. "Of course there will be an investigation," Commissioner Murphy announced. "It's another problem in the administration of a big-city police department that will have to be dealt with. There are certain regrettable aspects in the situation which I am not at liberty to discuss because the matter is before the courts." Today, more than four years later, the matter is still before the courts, and Governor Rockefeller is still waiting to receive whatever report the Police Department may eventually prepare.

The demands for an investigation did at least add pertinence to debates then in progress in the state legislature on three important aspects of criminal law. Reiben's law partner, Assemblyman Bertram L. Podell, a Brooklyn Democrat, took the floor to point out that the Whitmore case had "aroused national concern as to the administration of criminal justice," and he added, "I don't have to highlight to you . . . the terrible effect Whitmore's execution would have had if the falsity of his confession and the tactics used in securing it had come out after the switch had been pulled." At least partly because of the realization of what might have happened to Whitmore, a bill was passed in 1965 limiting the death penalty in the State of New York to murderers of policemen and to convicts serving life sentences who

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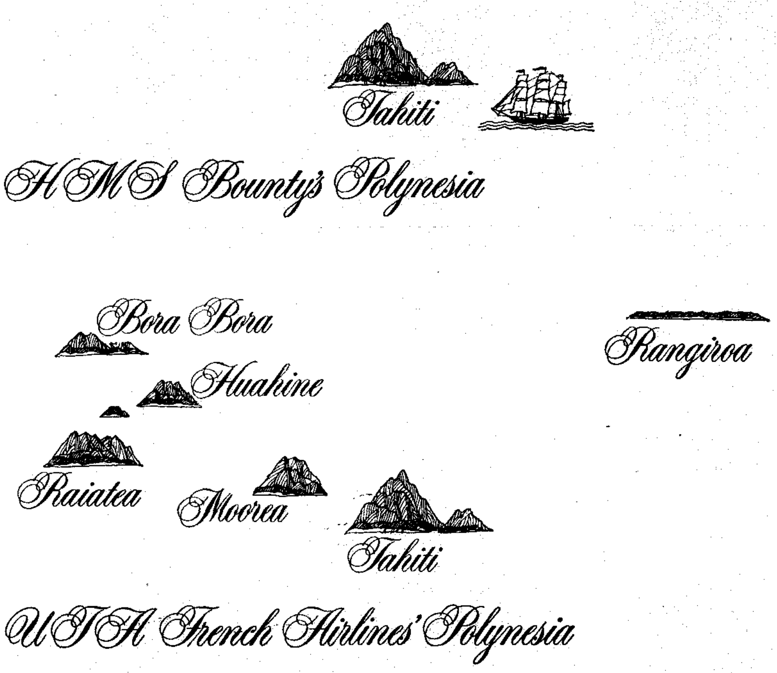

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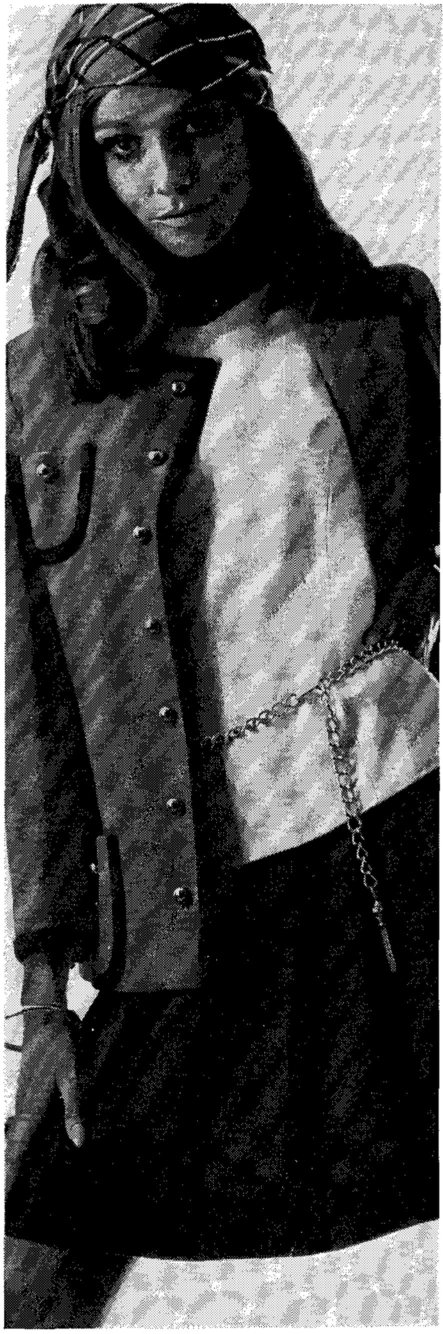

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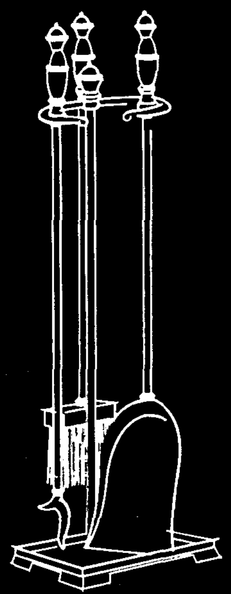
commit murder in prison or in the course of an escape. One of the two other measures concerned with criminal law that were being debated in the legislature—a bill that would have required the presence of a suspect's lawyer during the taking of a confession—was rendered superfluous in 1966 by the United States Supreme Court's decision in the case of Miranda v. Arizona, which circumscribed the use of confessions by establishing stringent procedures for their introduction in both federal and state courts. The third measure, which was eventually passed by the legislators, abolished New York City's controversial "blue-ribbon" juries. Blue-ribbon juries were chosen from a panel of veniremen with special qualifications in the way of professional or educational attainments. Courts were empowered to summon such panels in capital cases and when "the subject matter of the indictment, or the issue to be tried, has so widely been commented upon that the court is satisfied that an ordinary jury cannot, without delay and difficulty, be obtained to try such an issue." In the Borrero trial, when Whitmore was still generally thought to be the Wylie-Hoffert killer, the District Attorney had not asked for a blue-ribbon panel, but after the furor that followed the arrest of Robles the prosecution moved for one in the Edmonds murder trial. That there was a great deal of publicity surrounding Whitmore could hardly be denied by Reiben, but he opposed the prosecution's motion. Blue-ribbon juries, he charged, perpetuate "a systematic exclusion of women, Puerto Ricans, and Negroes . . . thereby making it a mathematical certainty that the defendant would be tried by a 'lily-white' all-male jury." Justice McDonald, of the State Supreme Court of Kings County, who granted the prosecution's motion, denounced Reiben's arguments as "bare and bald assertions of conclusions . . . with no factual or evidentiary averments to support the same." Nevertheless, two and a half months later, when a blue-ribbon jury was chosen to try Whitmore for the murder of Mrs. Minnie Edmonds, all its members were male and white.

District Attorney Hogan issued a warning that he would fire anyone in his office who made any comment on Whitmore to the press, but not long before the beginning of the Edmonds trial, in April, 1965, the New York *Times* court reporter, Jack Roth, was able to discuss the Wylie-Hoffert confession with two assistant district attor-



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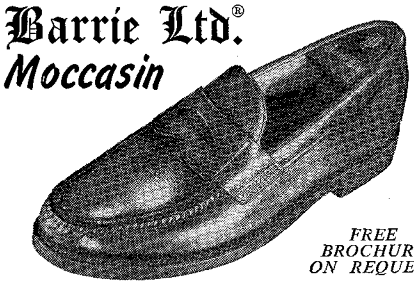

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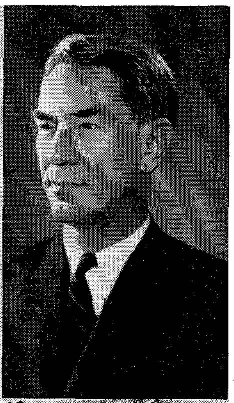

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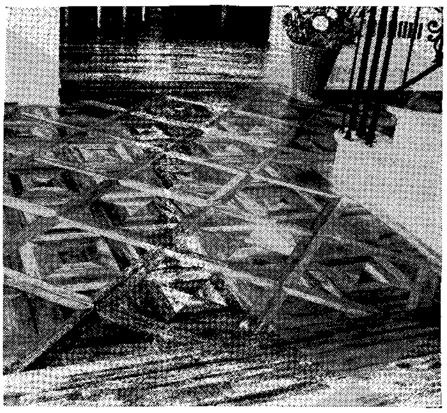
neys—who, to be sure, were not named in Roth's account of the interview. "Call it what you want—brainwashing, hypnosis, fright—they made him give an untrue confession," one of them told Roth. "The only thing I don't believe is that Whitmore was beaten." "If this had not been a celebrated case, if this case hadn't got the tremendous publicity," the second man said, "if this was what we so-called professionals call a run-of-the-mill murder, Whitmore might well have been slipped into the electric chair and been killed for something he didn't do." And one of the unnamed assistant district attorneys also pointed out that the worthlessness of Whitmore's Wylie-Hoffert confession was going to make people wonder about the Edmonds trial. "Let's face it," he said. "We've had executions in the past based on nothing more than a dead body and a confession." And "a dead body and a confession" were all that the Brooklyn District Attorney had in the "run-of-the-mill murder" of Mrs. Minnie Edmonds.

MRS. EDMONDS, a short, frail woman of forty-six who worked at babysitting and housecleaning, was last seen alive at about 2 A.M. on April 14, 1964, when she left a tavern near her home, in Brownsville. Her body, beaten and stabbed, and with the clothing disarrayed, was found in a pool of blood just after dawn that day in the courtyard of a tenement at 215 Chester Street, a block away from the spot where Mrs. Borrero was attacked ten days later. The prosecution contended that Whitmore had accosted Mrs. Edmonds on her way home from the tavern, pursued her when she ran, and seized her. The woman had been forced through an alleyway—an alleyway just like the one Mrs. Borrero had been forced into—and the police theory was that Whitmore had stabbed Mrs. Edmonds to death when she resisted him.

In preparation for the trial, a reinvestigation of the Edmonds case was ordered by Aaron Koota, who had been elected District Attorney in November, 1964. To perform it, he assigned Assistant District Attorney Lichtman, who had prosecuted Whitmore in the Borrero case, and Richard Aidala and Joseph Di Prima, the detectives who had elicited the two Brooklyn confessions. Months later, Koota and Lichtman were asked why, of all the detectives in Brooklyn, they had selected for a reinvestigation two who might be supposed to have an obvious interest in upholding the confession. "These two



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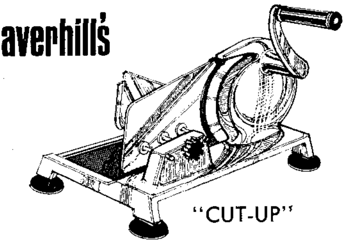

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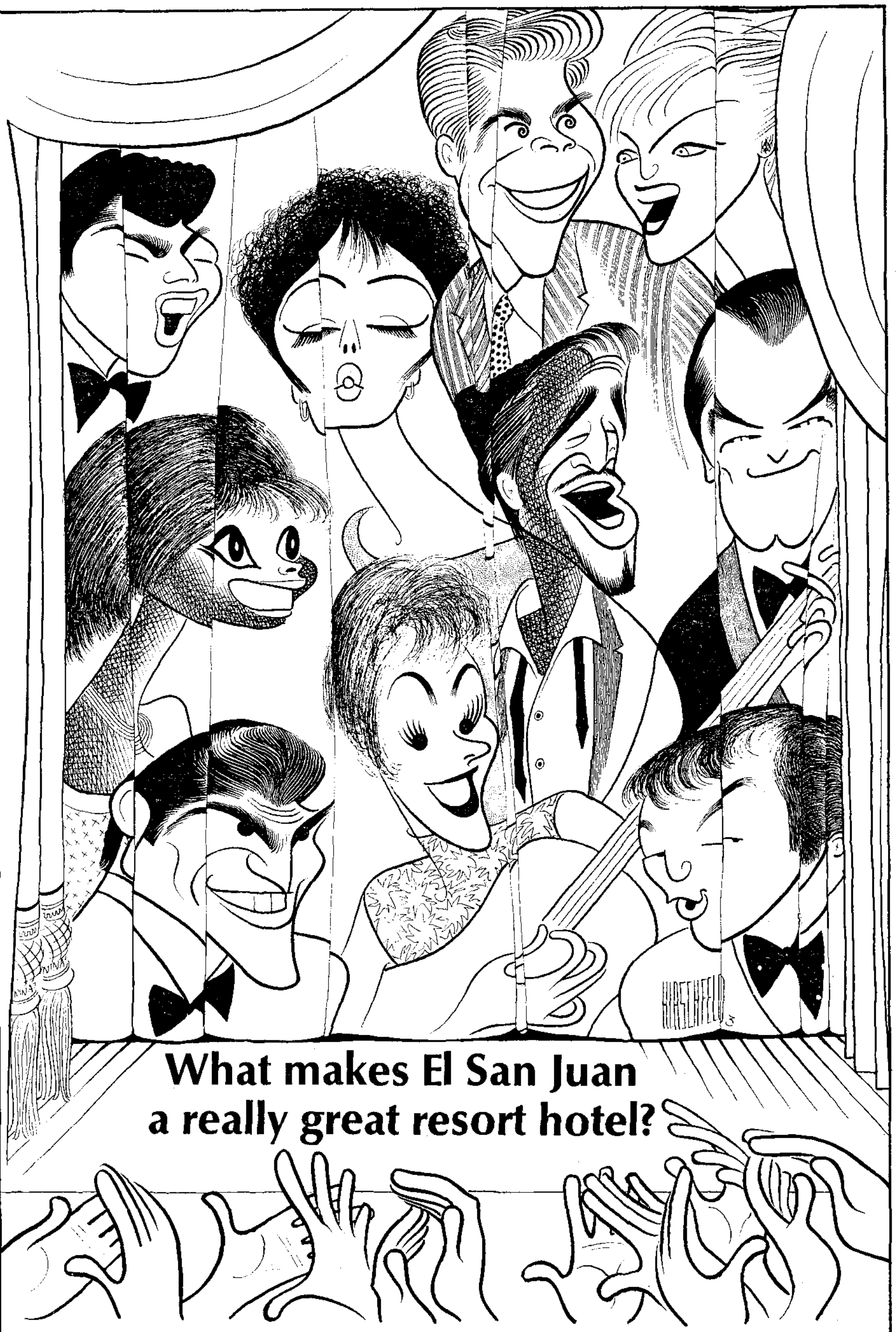
fellows were the detectives on the case," Lichtman said. "They were familiar with the leads and the area, particularly Dick Aidala. He was dealing with people I didn't even know. I didn't even think of taking anybody else." Koota added, "Besides, suppose I brought in other police officers and they found evidence to attack Di Prima and Aidala—do you think they would have told us?" In any event, the reinvestigation of the Edmonds case provided only information that was helpful in court to Whitmore's prosecutors. In his confession, Whitmore had told of hiding the knife that killed Mrs. Edmonds in the space beneath a staircase at 178 Amboy Street, where he slept from time to time, but detectives who had taken him there had found only a brass door key. In the reinvestigation, it was discovered that the key matched a lock cylinder that had been taken months before from the door of an apartment in the same building which was occupied by a girl named Barbara Partlow. Another resident of the tenement, the investigators learned, was Mrs. Mary Goodwin, a cousin of George Whitmore's, for whom he had occasionally done babysitting. In an attempt to learn whether Whitmore might have known Barbara Partlow and hidden the murder knife in her apartment, detectives went to Mrs. Goodwin's apartment on February 8th, asked her to get a babysitter for her children, and drove her downtown to the Brooklyn District Attorney's office, where she was questioned for more than seven hours. In the course of the interrogation, Mrs. Goodwin said later, two Negro and two white investigators repeatedly asked her if Whitmore had lived in Barbara Partlow's apartment, and she repeatedly said that he hadn't. When one of the Negro detectives accused her of trying to make Whitmore out to be "such a good boy, a saint," Mrs. Goodwin replied briskly, "You can't take that away from him." Finally, she was permitted to return to her children, but only after a good deal of what she called "hollering and shouting" and one final session with a white detective, who told her she could go to jail for perjury:

> He was talking about the Ten Commandments, and he asked me did I know any of them. So I named some of them—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."... He said he was talking about lying for your neighbor. I told him I am not lying. So he said I could go to jail "if we find you lying." So I said, "I am not, so I am not going to jail."

Essentially, the prosecution's case consisted of an autopsy report on Mrs.



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Edmonds and Whitmore's confession. Justice Dominic S. Rinaldi held a *voir-dire* hearing for ten days in order to determine the admissibility of the confession in a trial before a jury, and permitted both defense and prosecution attorneys to range widely over all three of the cases that Whitmore was involved in. On March 26, 1965, Justice Rinaldi ruled the Edmonds confession admissible.

Just a week before, Whitmore had learned that he would be standing trial again on the Borrero indictment. District Attorney Koota had indicated to reporters that he would not oppose a defense motion for a new trial on the Borrero indictment if Reiben could show any evidence of prejudice in the jury room, and after hearing two days of testimony he conceded that although he was certain that "the verdict was clearly justified, and, in fact, mandated on the facts and law," he was also not "altogether convinced beyond arguable doubt that the verdict rests on the sound basis of the facts and law as charged by the court, and that extraneous factors did not imperceptibly enter jurors' minds and deliberations." Before granting the defense motion for a new trial, which was now supported by the prosecution, Justice Malbin made a few comments on the prosecution's concealment of the F.B.I. report on the button seized by Mrs. Borrero and the coat worn by Whitmore:

> I want it understood that I am not in any way indicating or intimating that there was any lack of good faith on the part of the prosecution in his treatment of this piece of evidence, or this piece of information. I say now again that it might have been better judgment, even though he [Assistant District Attorney Lichtman] believed it was not admissible, that the defendant would have learned of that report. That still would not make it admissible, but then you might have been given an opportunity, or defense counsel, to look at it, to see of what use it could be made.

Jubilant over this partial victory in the Borrero case, Reiben, turning back to the Edmonds case, made a motion in the Federal District Court to overturn Justice Rinaldi's decision holding the Edmonds confession voluntary. The tactic failed, however, and on April 6th a blue-ribbon panel of more than three hundred veniremen was summoned for the Edmonds trial. That same day, in Albany, the New York State Assembly passed a bill to abolish such panels. The bill, at that point still not passed by the Senate or signed by the Governor, could not become effective until September 1st, as

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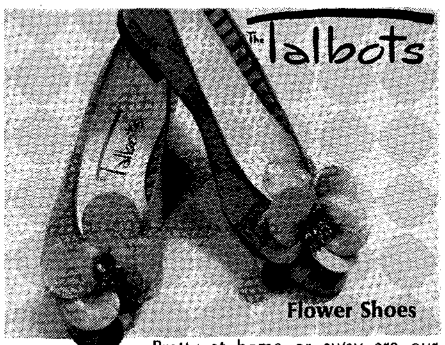

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Justice Rinaldi pointed out when Reiben moved for a mistrial. "I know that you are too good a lawyer," he said, with evident sarcasm, "and that you, having been around the legislature back several years ago, certainly had you taken the trouble to find out when the bill would become effective, you would not make what, in my opinion, at this time is a useless motion." Two other defense motions, seeking a change of venue and the disqualification of Justice Rinaldi himself, were also denied. Although in the course of the trial Justice Rinaldi allowed the defense a good deal of latitude, particularly in the matter of putting the Wylie-Hoffert confessions before the jury, he and Reiben quarrelled constantly over procedure, and several times Justice Rinaldi warned Reiben that at the conclusion of the trial he would consider instituting contempt-of-court proceedings against him. For his part, the chief defense counsel sought, but was denied, permission to withdraw from the case. On one occasion, he threatened to remain mute during the remainder of the trial, but was dissuaded by Whitmore himself, who asked permission to address the court. "Your Honor," he said, "I don't think it would be right for a judge and counsel to have personal feelings against each other and represent me, because I think it would hurt me, because counsel would be arguing with the judge and the judge would be arguing with the counsel, and it could be—it could be sort of confusion, and I don't think it is a question of whether I am innocent or not anymore." Somewhat abashed, Justice Rinaldi and Reiben returned to the taking of testimony.

The trial, which lasted twelve days, was not very complicated. The prosecution presented the autopsy report on Mrs. Edmonds, a serologist's testimony that stains found on the raincoat and an undershirt worn by George Whitmore at the time of his arrest were human blood, the testimony of the police officers who took the confession, and the twelve pages of the document itself. Lichtman offered as an exhibit a knife belonging to Patrolman Isola, which Whitmore had said was "identical" with the one that had killed Mrs. Edmonds. The key found under the staircase and the cylinder that had once locked Barbara Partlow's door at 178 Amboy Street were also presented in evidence, with the apparent intention of suggesting to the jury that Whitmore had disposed of the murder knife there.

Reiben countered with an expert

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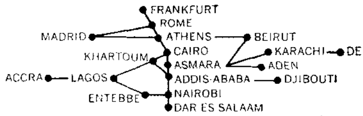

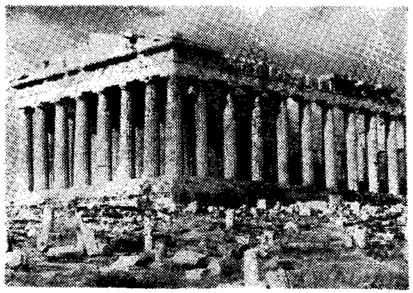

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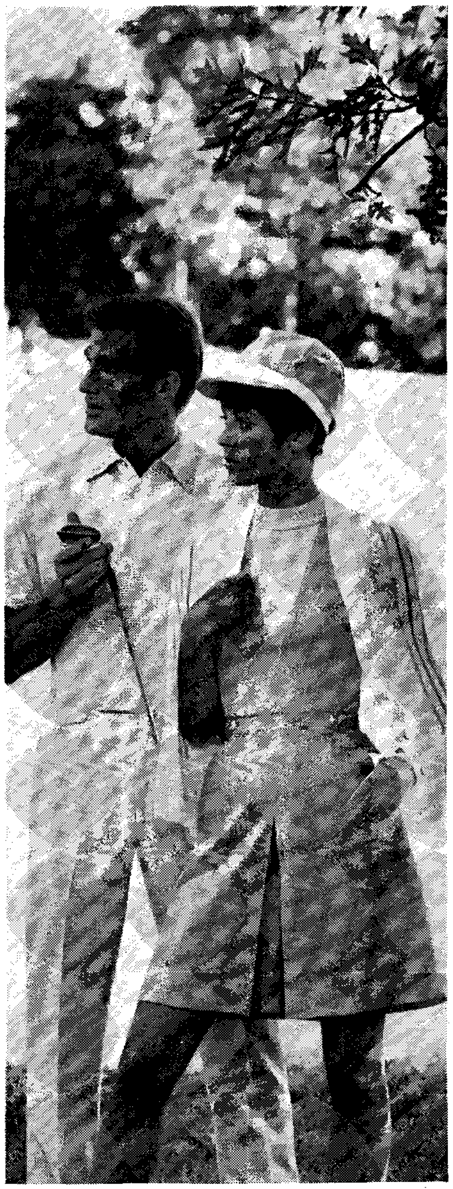

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witness of his own, a chemist. The prosecution's serologist had maintained that he was unable to find blood on Whitmore's trousers after they were taken from the apartment of his girl friend, Beverly Payne, because, by Whitmore's admission, the trousers had been rinsed twice in bleach. But the chemist called by the defense said that "through proper chemical analysis and careful meticulous work, one could detect traces of blood from trousers that were bloody initially." (No direct rebuttal was offered against the testimony about stains on the raincoat and the undershirt, since Whitmore denied that he had had the coat in his possession at the time Mrs. Edmonds was murdered, since the blood on the undershirt could have come from acne sores on his own back, and since the prosecution had not attempted to prove whose blood it was that had stained the clothing anyway.) The defense presented five character witnesses—three former teachers of Whitmore, the principal of the Wildwood High School, and a Wildwood police lieutenant, Parker Johnson, who testified that he had known the defendant since he was a child and that he had always been "a very peaceable individual." Reiben also brought out that the last person known to have seen Mrs. Edmonds alive—other than the killer, of course—was a friend who testified that the murdered woman had left the tavern a little after 2 A.M. on April 14, 1964, and had walked north, although her apartment was six blocks to the east. The building at 215 Chester Street, where the body was found, is south of the tavern and two blocks west of it—in the opposite direction from Mrs. Edmonds' apartment. The implication of the defense—supported to some extent by the testimony of the medical examiner, who indicated that the woman could have been killed as late as 4 A.M.—was that Mrs. Edmonds went to a destination other than her home when she left the bar, and that she could have been murdered there and her body dumped in the courtyard off Chester Street later. (The body was not found until after six that morning.) Justice Rinaldi also permitted Reiben to bring out the fact that before Detectives Aidala and Di Prima turned to Whitmore they were interested in another suspect, who had shown "great stress and strain" during a lie-detector test, and that the investigation of this suspect was simply dropped after Whitmore's arrest.

Beverly Payne and her mother, Mrs. Mary McKinley, tried to offer an alibi

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for Whitmore for April 14th, claiming that he had watched the televised showing of the Academy Awards presentation and then had slept at their apartment. The mother and daughter made conflicting statements on a number of details, however, and in the end each maintained that she had gone to bed and left the other awake watching the program with Whitmore. But Whitmore proved to be his own worst witness. Reiben had spoken to him repeatedly about the dangers inherent in guessing at answers on the witness stand, pointing out that no one could expect him to remember everything. As a consequence, Whitmore remembered almost nothing, even in response to friendly—and often leading—questions from his own counsel. Under the prosecutor's cross-examination, Whitmore's memory seemed to grow still worse—to the point where he said he had no memory at all of Detective Edward Bulger, the man primarily responsible for obtaining the Wylie-Hoffert confession. Justice Rinaldi had Bulger brought face to face with Whitmore on the stand and interrogated Whitmore himself:

> Q.: Did you ever see this man before in your life?
> A.: Not that I can remember, sir.
> Q.: Did you see him in the station house?
> A.: Not that I recollect.
> Q.: Did he ask you any questions about Wylie-Hoffert?
> A.: No, sir.

Obviously incredulous, Justice Rinaldi fired off a series of questions and consistently got the same negative result. Bulger, still standing directly in front of Whitmore, betrayed only the slightest trace of a smile when Justice Rinaldi finally concluded, "Did this man ever sit in the same room at the same desk or table with you and Detective Di Prima, and did he ever ask you any questions about anything that day?"

There was a long pause.

"I don't hear you," Justice Rinaldi said.

"Not that I can remember, sir," Whitmore replied.

The credibility of defense witnesses was assailed by the prosecution in a number of ways. The cross-examination of a relative of Whitmore's, after she had testified to having been bullied by detectives investigating the case, went this way:

> Q.: How are you related to George?
> A.: I am his cousin.
> Q.: In what manner? How did you become his cousin?

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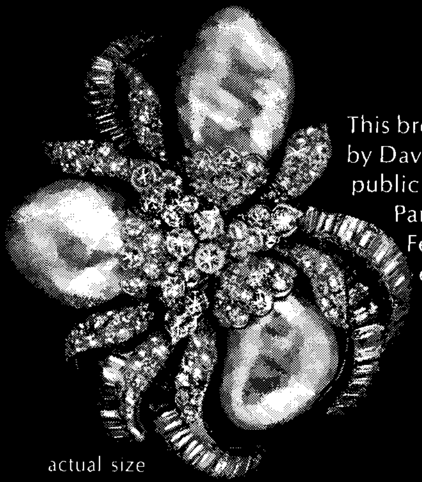

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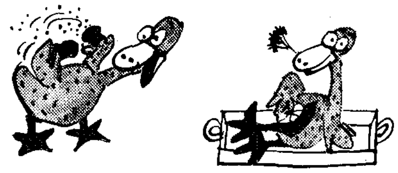
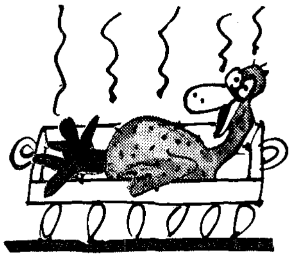


Select a large Long Island duckling to serve 4 people. Salt and pepper, and place one-half an orange and a sprig of parsley in the cavity.



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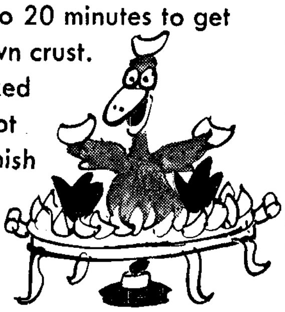

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A.: My aunt is married to his uncle.
Q.: Are you married?
A.: No.
Q.: Have you ever been married?
A.: No.
Q.: Do you have four children?
A.: Yes.
Q.: And who is the father of those four children?
REIBEN: Object, Your Honor, unless there is any materiality to this case, then I most respectfully—
THE COURT: Overruled. This is cross-examination.
Q.: Who is the father of the four children?
A.: [The witness named four different men.]
Q.: . . . how do you support yourself, Miss?
A.: I am on welfare.

Reiben, in his summation, on April 28th, concentrated on one tactic for making the jurors doubtful about Whitmore's confession: "How can the Wylie-Hoffert confession be bad and the others be good beyond a reasonable doubt, given the same day, to the same detectives? Is it possible for Wylie-Hoffert to be phony when the others are not?"

Lichtman, in his summation, had an answer ready, and although it was technically correct, it came as a surprise to the defense counsel: "Did any of you ever hear one item of evidence which points to or indicates that the confession in the Wylie-Hoffert case was false? There is no proof before you or anyone else, so far as you know, that the Wylie-Hoffert confession was not true. Do you have the impression that the defendant has been cleared in the Wylie-Hoffert case? As a matter of fact, isn't the proof before you that the indictment is still pending in New York? So far as we know, District Attorney Hogan is still in a position to move that indictment to trial."

Justice Rinaldi, in his charge, ordered the jury to disregard the Wylie-Hoffert indictment altogether, but the confusion was evidently not dispelled. The jurors deliberated for more than eleven hours, were then locked up for the night, and returned in the morning to discuss the case all day. Late in the afternoon, they came back to the courtroom with a question: "Whitmore's Wylie-Hoffert confession and the present existence of a second indictment against another person [Robles] are influencing certain jurors in their deliberations. Is this proper?"

"Absolutely not," Justice Rinaldi replied. "I charge you now that the indictments are merely charges and have no probative value. You may not be influenced in your deliberations in

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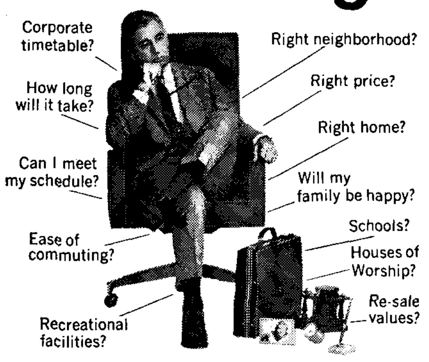
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A few hours later, after they had returned from supper, the foreman reported that there had been no change among the jurors over the past six ballots. Justice Rinaldi, convinced that the panel was indeed hopelessly deadlocked, reluctantly declared a mistrial. When reporters polled the discharged jurors later, they found three adamant for conviction, three equally firm for acquittal, and the six others "confused" about the meaning of Whitmore's Wylie-Hoffert confession. One member explained that some of the undecided jurors had gained the impression that Whitmore was in some way still implicated in the Wylie-Hoffert case, as a conspirator with the second man who had been indicted for the murders.

On May 4th, four days after the Edmonds jury was discharged, the New York Civil Liberties Union issued a public statement denouncing District Attorney Hogan for having kept the Wylie-Hoffert indictment technically in force after detectives had cleared Whitmore of the crime, adding, "It is apparent that the only plausible reason for Mr. Hogan's inaction was to aid a brother prosecutor—Brooklyn District Attorney Aaron E. Koota—to convict Whitmore on a capital charge in the Edmonds case. . . . We expect more of our public servants. They are charged with a public trust and must not place political loyalties on a higher plane than loyalty to justice."

That same day, the Wylie-Hoffert indictment against Whitmore was dismissed in State Supreme Court in Manhattan, in response to a motion made jointly by Assistant District Attorney Alexander Herman and Ray H. Williams, of the Brooklyn N.A.A.C.P. Some time later, a reporter asked Herman whether, in retrospect, he considered it fair to have allowed Whitmore to remain under technical indictment in the Wylie-Hoffert case when he went on trial for the Edmonds murder. "They can't blame us for playing it cozy," Herman said, "because that's the way we do it."

—Fred C. Shapiro

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)

•

Triumphs—Sophia Loren, above, stars with Charlton Heston and Raf Vallone in the motion picture "El Cid" in color, at 9 on Channel 4.—*Photograph caption in the Costa Mesa (Calif.) Pilot.*

Ed was the youngest of the Cids, if we remember right.

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CHAILLOT AND CANTERBURY

ONE had begun to assume that "Dear World" would make theatrical history as the first Broadway production to enjoy a run of several months without ever officially opening, but no—Alexander H. Cohen, the Fabius Cunctator of producers, has at last put a stop to procrastination and given his musical a proper début. Rumors of the difficulties through which the show was passing during its long-drawn-out period of previews have been the meat and drink of Broadway this season (and would be none of my business if they had to do with rehearsals and not with previews that were, in effect, rehearsals paid for by the public); my natural response to these rumors is a temptation to praise "Dear World" beyond its deserts, not only because I like to trip up gravediggers but also because the show turns out to be so much better than it was whispered to be. Whatever it may have been like back in December, the ensuing weeks have obviously been put to good use by the authors of the book, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee; by the composer of the music and lyrics, Jerry Herman; and especially by the director, Joe Layton, who has a knack for making things march, even when they have nowhere very important to go. We can still glimpse on the stage of the Mark Hellinger the ghostly outlines of a sizable catastrophe narrowly averted, but the actual show is quite a pleasant one, and Angela Lansbury's performance in the leading role is an authentic triumph. Her domination of this big, splashy, and conventional show is a classic demonstration of talent and courage; I have no doubt that if it had seemed necessary for the success of the show that Miss Lansbury make her first entrance by being shot out of the mouth of a cannon, she would gladly have consented to do so.

The story of "Dear World" comes from Jean Giraudoux's twenty-three-year-old play "The Madwoman of Chaillot," which is one of those accounts of the age-old contest between Good and Evil that only a highly sophisticated writer would dare to reduce to simple-minded fantasy. The aging Countess Aurelia, played with superb, fusty élan by Miss Lansbury, lives in an ancient vault under the Place de l'Alma, in the Chaillot quarter of Paris. Her abode is reached through a manhole directly in front of the Café Francis, whose poor, honest, and jolly employees and patrons stand for Good and Beauty, as a rich, crooked, and bad-tempered corporation president and his lackeys stand for Evil and Ugliness. The mad Countess is an ardent champion of Beauty, and on belatedly discovering that it is in jeopardy she decides to exterminate all the evil people in Paris. She carries out this extraordinary act of genocide ("The more there are," a friend points out, "the more legal it is") by luring the corporation president and his lackeys down through a secret passage into the lowest depths of the city sewers, in the excrementitious labyrinth of which they will be obliged to wander until they die. A darkling cautionary tale, which might have been made into something first-rate instead of merely pleasant if Mr. Herman had been able to provide a memorable score, which he has not. The sets, by Oliver Smith, are also not memorable, but the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are appropriately gorgeous and amusing: Miss Lansbury and her two eccentric cronies, played as broadly as any church door by Carmen Mathews and Jane Connell, wear what appears to be layer upon layer of the last sweepings of the Second Empire. As for the rest of the cast, Milo O'Shea has little to do in the not very felicitous role of the Sewerman, and Miguel Godreau is splendid as a deaf-mute who communicates by dancing. Mr. Godreau's ability to levitate as he dances would have caused some thoroughly unsaintlike pangs of envy in the breast of St. Catherine of Siena, who used to drift from floor to floor of her father's house without any need for stairs.

"CANTERBURY TALES" is a deplorable patchcock piece of work, which Nevill Coghill and Martin Starkie claim to have taken from Chaucer. It is a million light-years away from Chaucer in tone and feeling, to say nothing of language, and it is acted and sung in the manner it deserves. The authors pretend to have composed a bawdy musical, but don't you believe it: the epicene taint with which the British stage nearly always manages to endow depictions of country pleasures and which is not to be disguised by having all the actors shout at the top of their lungs and laugh uproariously at each other's infantilely scatological jokes makes an evening at the Eugene O'Neill Theatre an infamous slander on a great and manly poet. George Rose and Hermione Baddeley are unintentionally frightening in the two chief roles—they and their fellows put me in mind of "Marat/Sade." Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote the droghte of March hath perced to the roote, I trust that "Canterbury Tales" will be but a distasteful memory. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The First Hurrah

ANYBODY who is worried about the future of the American theatre, or of just the theatre, had better try to get tickets for "Ceremonies in Dark Old Men," the second production this year of the Negro Ensemble Company, at the St. Marks. "Ceremonies" is the first play by Lonne Elder III to be done professionally, and if any American has written a finer one I can't think what it is. And the actors bring to life all its tragic power and beauty, its humanity and humor and wit. The company has been getting better and better over the past year or so; now the seven members of this cast, under Edmund Cambridge's remarkably firm and understanding direction, show that they are capable of the accomplished acting that a strong play demands. With a technique that always conceals itself, the performers realize the characters in all the depth and complexity of their feelings for one another—feelings that often seem to be masked by their stormy or mocking or teasing or generally comic behavior.

"Ceremonies in Dark Old Men" tells, in non-heroic terms, the story of a heroic adventure that ends in disaster but was worth a try. The adventurers have the brains and moral discernment and courage to realize exactly what they are doing and what they are risking, so that the disaster becomes a tragedy. They are members of a black family

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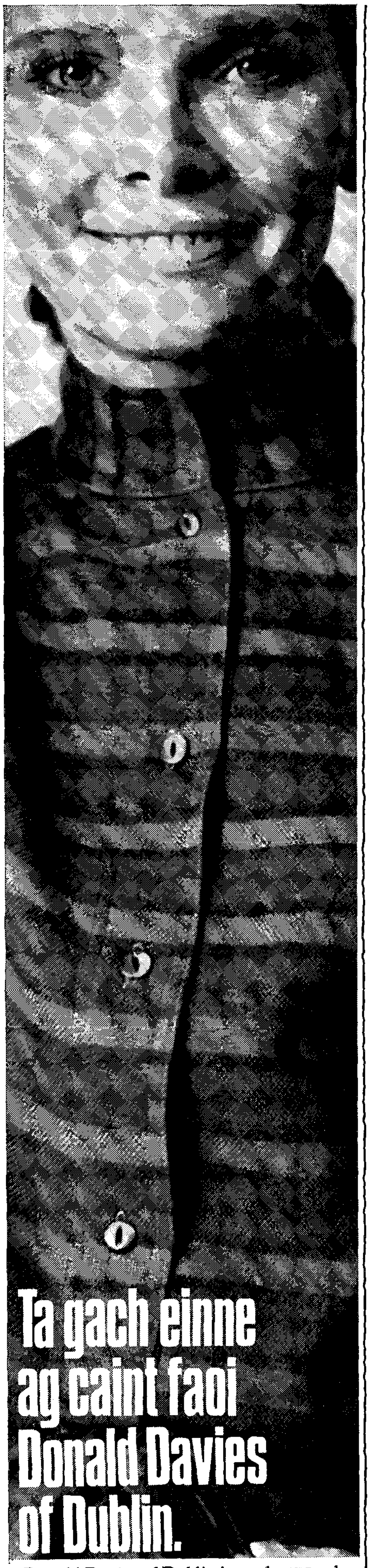

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named Parker who live in a shabby rented house in Harlem. The father, a former vaudeville dancer, now runs a barbershop in the front downstairs room—or, at least, he makes a pretense of it. There have been no customers for years, so he is able to sneak in any number of games of checkers with his dignified West Indian friend Mr. Jenkins. Parker has two sons, both in their twenties, and a daughter, who is thirty. The older son, Theo, has been fooling around at painting and anything else he can turn his hand to in order to avoid doing degrading menial work for the white man. The younger son, Bobby, has been practicing a little light shoplifting at local stores. The daughter, Adele—the only member of the family who can face the white community—has an office job downtown, and she supports the household, as her dead mother did before her. It is Adele who precipitates a family crisis by declaring that she will no longer continue to take care of three grown men and that they must start earning some money or get out. Mr. Parker makes one humiliating try at finding a job, but the boys rebel, hating the situation as much as Adele does, and hating even more her female authority over them. Then Theo brings to light a hidden talent for making corn liquor and an idea to go with it that will free the Parkers of any dependence on the white man and allow them to work for themselves. He introduces into the household a racketeer called Blue Haven, who has a finger in every sordid and crooked pie in Harlem, and who produces a plan to turn the barbershop into an outlet for bootleg whiskey made on the premises. Mr. Parker first refuses and then agrees, partly out of a longing for the one last chance at love and living that money might give him, but mostly out of love for his family and sympathy for their hurt pride and as a token of his confidence in Theo. ("If I'm going to run a crooked house, *I'm going to run it.* . . . If being a crook is what you want to be, you're going to be the best crook in the world.") Adele, who knows that their getting mixed up with gangsters will defeat them, objects. She is right, but she is overruled.

In trying to describe plays that one has enjoyed or admired, one is often forced to say that it is the individual scenes, not the plot, that matter. The plot of "Ceremonies in Dark Old Men" matters a great deal, but the scenes, many of them very funny, give the play its richness and the tragedy its

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depth. The writing is beautifully controlled, without a trace of rhetoric. The Parkers are as close a family as you will ever see on a stage (which may be as much Mr. Cambridge's doing as Mr. Elder's), so responsive to one another that they barely need to speak, although they do a lot of talking. There is a delightful scene, near the beginning, in which Mr. Parker reminisces about old show-business days and how-I-met-your-mother, with his sons egging him on as his rapt, tongue-in-cheek audience, and which ends with all of them breaking into a slow dance as they whistle "Sweet Georgia Brown." There is another, near the end, in which he tells, and wildly acts out for the benefit of the same gleeful listeners, what appears to be a wholly apocryphal story of a stretch he once did on a Georgia chain gang. There are, of course, many powerful serious scenes—those in which Theo, the tragic hero of the play, takes on himself all the guilt and responsibility for the disasters that befall everyone, quietly standing up even to the sinister Blue Haven. William Jay is good in the role. As Adele, vulnerable and fiery, and accepting defeat and self-defeat, Rosalind Cash is absolutely wonderful, giving what amounts to a star performance in a non-star part. Douglas Turner is fine, too, as Mr. Parker, jovial or bossy or impatient or ardent, sometimes foolish and sometimes foxy-grandpa, and having to accept a few defeats of his own, among them that the beautiful girl he brings home is nothing but a treacherous hustler. I also admired, without reservation, Arthur French as Mr. Jenkins, David Downing as Bobby Parker, Samual Blue, Jr., as Blue Haven, and Judyann Jonsson as Mr. Parker's girl.

"SHOOT ANYTHING WITH HAIR THAT MOVES," which opened last week at the Provincetown, proved to be as disagreeable as its title, and Donald Ross, who wrote it, had the hard luck to be about eighty-sixth in line with inside jokes on cute Jewish dementia and sexual hangups, and with compulsive patter about old movies on the Late Late Show. Nevertheless, the performance, under David Goldman's direction, moved along at a fast clip, which was a mercy. Bert Convy, as the subject of this dramatized case history, was as frenetic and annoying as he was meant to be (I suppose), and Susan Batson and Judi West did well as a pair of hippie tramps who invaded his apartment.—EDITH OLIVER

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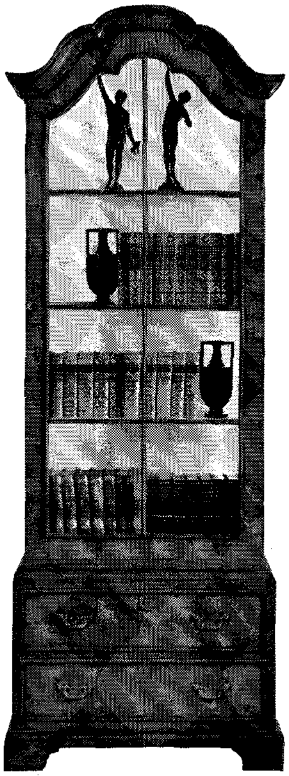
MUSICAL EVENTS

Szell the Sec

IT is always a pleasure to hear George Szell and that superb instrument he has created, the Cleveland Orchestra, in the performance of Gustav Mahler's symphonies. The Szell temperament is slightly on the dry side (as one would say in speaking of wines), and the clarity with which the orchestra plays is absolute. There is no emotional wallowing. And this point is particularly welcome where Mahler is concerned; few other composers so tempt conductors to exhibitions of dramatics. Mr. Szell's style in Mahler is understated, lucid, and sensitive to the many shades of instrumental coloring that are to be found in his scores. Last Monday night, I went to Carnegie Hall to hear a Cleveland Orchestra program under Mr. Szell that included Mahler's Ninth Symphony. The symphony is one that was written late in the composer's life, and it is full of presentiments of doom in the first and last movements, while the two middle movements exhibit the sort of determined gaiety that reminds one of gallows humor. These movements are built on Middle European folk idioms, and are a bit clumsy-sounding in a very sophisticated way. The whole symphony, in fact, is a highly sophisticated work by a man who foresaw much of the moral chaos of our own time, for, like modern man, Mahler was a doubter and a seeker for whom there were no certainties—a sort of cross between Beethoven and Kafka. There are two of his symphonies that I do not particularly care for. These are the Seventh and the gigantic Eighth, both of which find the composer involved in grand rhetoric à la Bruckner. To me, they don't quite come off, because they don't express Mahler's true outlook. But in the Ninth he returned to his characteristic style, with which he continued in his unfinished Tenth. It is a style that mixes tragedy with wit, and a style that is unmatched, even by Richard Strauss, for imagination and subtlety in the use of the orchestra. As for Mr. Szell's remarkable interpretation of the Ninth, it had all the control of scale, or architecture, that a great Mahler conductor brings to his task. And, as just one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small example of its clarity, the trills in the horns in the second movement were, for once, performed clearly and accurately. They were not the vague smudges of tone that one often hears.

The program began with the overture to Mozart's opera "The Impresario," which was done crisply, and after that the British pianist Clifford Curzon appeared as soloist in Mozart's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in B Flat Major, K. 595. Mr. Curzon holds a very high rank among contemporary pianists, and his performance did not disappoint me. It was sensitive in nuance and phrase, and, in the last movement, quite brilliant.

LAST Tuesday and Wednesday nights I devoted to the ballet, an art that I have consistently neglected lately because of conflicts with other events. On both nights, I went to the New York State Theatre to see some comparatively new creations—a couple by George Balanchine and a couple by satellite choreographers. These were scattered, as usual, between older items of the repertory, and I couldn't help noting again, on Tuesday night, the wonderfully fluid choreography of "Apollo" and the distinct, personal quality of movement that Suzanne Farrell brings to her role as Terpsichore. There is, beyond all the mechanics of technique, a personality in a fine dancer's work that shines forth just as an actor's does, and Miss Farrell's soft, feminine, effortless, yet spectacular style conveys precisely such a personality to an audience. But let me get on to the new works. The first was "Fantasies," done to Vaughan Williams's Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis and choreographed by John Clifford. It was performed on a mottled floor before a blank backdrop, and it involves exchanges of partners between a romantic couple, Kay Mazzo and Conrad Ludlow, and a more-down-to-earth couple, Sara Leland and Anthony Blum. The style of this ballet, which had its première last month, is reminiscent of Antony Tudor—nostalgic and dreamlike. I found it quite pleasant, if not earth-shattering. The other new work, which likewise had its première last month, was Jacques d'Amboise's "Tchaikovsky Suite," done to that composer's Orchestral Suite No. 2. This is a more ambitious affair, very much in the Balanchine tradition, with three movements involving Marnee Morris and John Prinz, Allegra Kent and Mr. d'Amboise (who was dancing this role in his own ballet for the first time, replacing the indisposed Francisco

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Moncion), and Linda Merrill and John Clifford (the choreographer of the previous ballet), as well as many others in lesser roles. "Tchaikovsky Suite" is very Russian. During the first movement a czarist double-headed eagle is projected on the backdrop. (It disappears later, for no reason I can think of.) The men, dressed in black, formal hussar uniforms, had considerable opportunity for athletic display, and the women, dressed in pinkish standard ballet costumes, danced with considerable brilliance. I particularly noted the growing athletic achievements of Mr. Prinz. Altogether, "Tchaikovsky Suite" is an attractive though entirely conventional ballet.

IN a period when the arts have a tendency to become more and more abstract and dehumanized, it is noteworthy that the dance can proceed toward abstraction only up to a certain point. Its raw material is, of course, the human body, and though it may throw plot and dramatic action to the winds, it still remains concrete and human because it is being performed by human beings. I was reminded of this last Wednesday night when a twin ballet by Mr. Balanchine called "Metastaseis & Pithoprakta" received a performance. I had not seen this twin ballet before, though it had its first performance last spring. The music for "Metastaseis & Pithoprakta" is by the Greek composer Iannis Xenakis, an avant-garde hero of the moment, who writes atonally with more than average imagination and explains his music in long, incomprehensible dissertations—one of which appeared in the program. Mr. Xenakis's dissertation did not interest me. If music needs that much explanation, it is not worth listening to. Nevertheless, the music for "Metastaseis & Pithoprakta" did offer some novel tricks of orchestration and a certain amount of contrast—something you seldom encounter in music of this type. The most absorbing thing about these two ballets, however, is the degree to which such a musical substructure can be humanized by means of the dance. "Metastaseis" opened with a group of dancers, all dressed in white, lying on the stage before a blank wall. They rose and went through an unsymmetrical scheme of movement, sometimes quite striking. "Pithoprakta" had two principals—Suzanne Farrell and Arthur Mitchell, who were not dressed like the others. (Miss Farrell's costume was traditional, Mr. Mitchell was bare to the waist, and the corps de ballet was in black.) There was a great

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deal of rolling on the floor around the white-pink figure of Miss Farrell, and again Miss Farrell's and Mr. Mitchell's dance personalities stood out. I found both ballets engrossing, but neither succeeded in enchanting me completely. Perhaps the trouble was Mr. Xenakis's music, which is almost devoid of rhythm. Next came Mr. Balanchine's "La Source," which, I am informed, represents the fusion of two ballets already in the repertory, and which was being done in fused form for the first time. "La Source" is my kind of ballet—athletic, charming, deft. The principals were Violette Verdy, John Prinz, and Suki Schorer. The music is by that master craftsman Leo Delibes.

LAST Thursday night, inspired by drama critics' reviews, one of which had proclaimed the creator of its music "America's greatest composer," I made my way to the Off Broadway musical "Peace," which is playing at the Astor Place Theatre. The Reverend Mr. Al Carmines, who composed the score, is not, to my mind, a great composer. But he is a very good pianist, and he has a facile command of what might be called the universal musical vernacular, which derives from Beethoven, Chopin, Italian opera, jazz, and several other sources. There are some first-rate tunes in "Peace," and several of them are arranged in choral form. "Massa, Dis Ol' Darkey" is much like an Italian opera ensemble of the mid-nineteenth century, and contains some deft modulations; "Plumbing Has Been Raised to Such an Art in Athens" is a hilarious takeoff on Handel's oratorio style; Peace dances to a rather Chopinesque piano solo; and "Things Starting to Grow Again" is a really rousing melody. There are other nice things too—not very original (who *is*, nowadays?) but engaging, somewhat after the manner of Gilbert and Sullivan. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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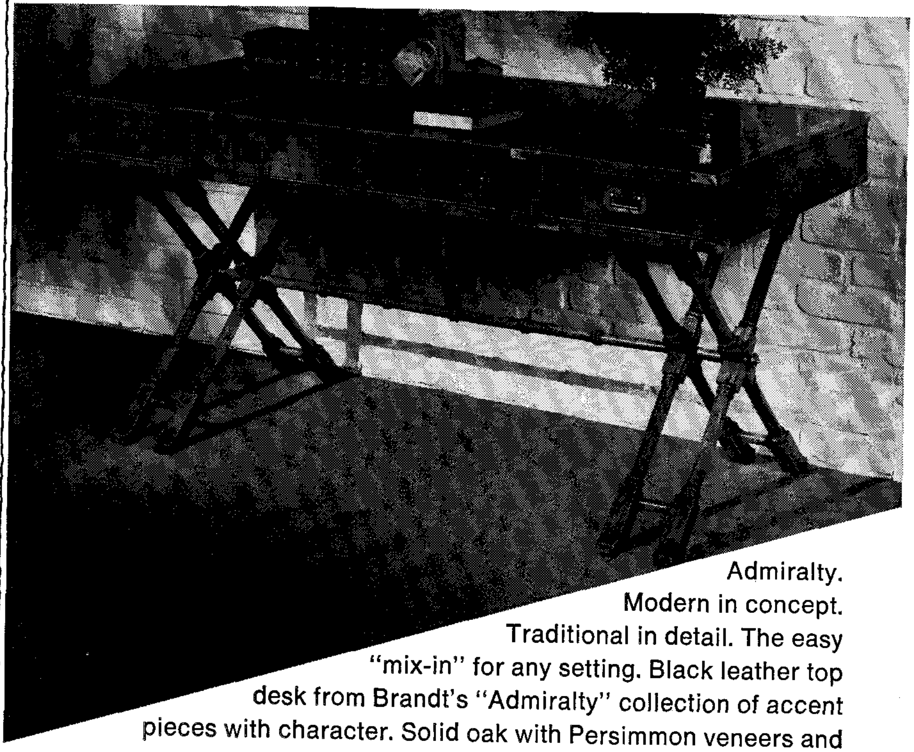

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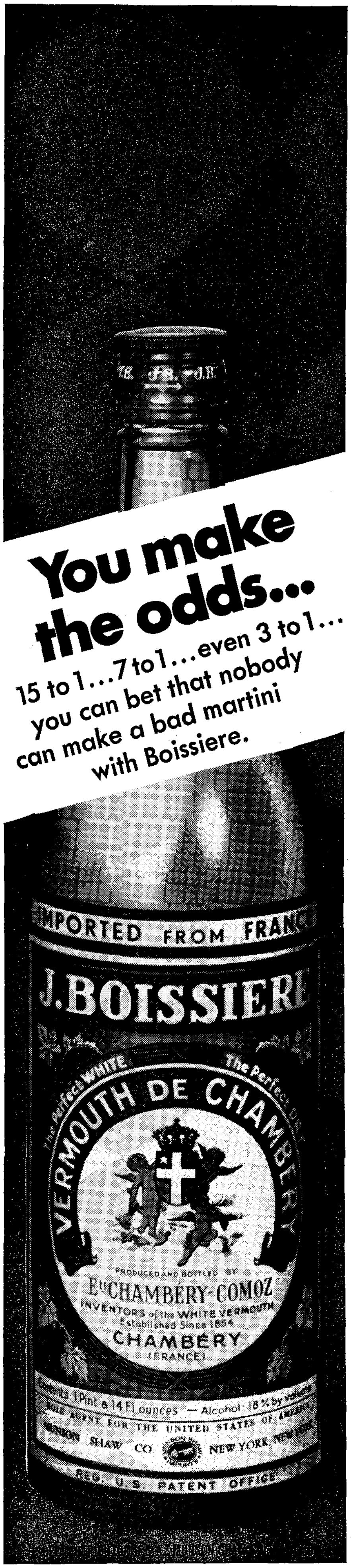
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THE RACE TRACK

Bumpy Bahamas

THE three-year-olds—seventeen of them—had a lively time in the Bahamas Stakes, at seven furlongs, at Hialeah last week. Altogether, it seems to have been a rowdydow affair, split and run in two sections. In the first, the Cain Hoy Stable's Ack Ack, a speedball, had clear sailing and won by a head from Al Hattab. Especially unlucky in the traffic jam behind them was Beau Brummel, whom Ed Neloy trains for Ogden Mills Phipps and who he thinks may be his Derby horse. He was fourth. In the second section, Steve Wilson's Top Knight, head of the list in the Experimental Free Handicap rating of last season's two-year-olds, passed the winning post first but was disqualified for bearing out in the stretch turn and causing a lot of bumping, from which King of the Castle, owned by Ogden Phipps, suffered most. The stewards ordered Top Knight, who apparently tired in the last furlong, placed third, behind Fast Hilarious, winner of the Hibiscus earlier in the meeting, and King of the Castle. Both Ack Ack and Top Knight were ridden by Ycaza, whose tally of suspensions for rough riding is as long as your arm, and maybe longer. He was set down for five days for failing to keep Top Knight on a straight course. Downey Bonsal, who trains Ack Ack, has done all right with the Cain Hoy horses at Hialeah; in addition to Ack Ack, his winning charges at the meeting have included Never Bow (a three-year-old), Too Bald, and Staunch Eagle.

THE most talked-about three-year-old at Santa Anita is Majestic Prince, winner of the San Vicente Stakes last week. Unbeaten in his four starts, he is the colt (by Raise a Native out of Gay Hostess) that Frank McMahon, a Canadian oilman, gave $250,000 for at the Keeneland yearling sales in 1967. Majestic Prince, who is trained by Johnny Longden, didn't come to the races until late last November (there was a question about the soundness of one of his legs), but the way he ran at San Francisco's Bay Meadows that afternoon left no doubt that he was a runner. His next appearance was on opening day at Santa

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Anita a month later, when he came from behind to beat Right Cross, a well-thought-of colt. A fortnight after that, in the Los Feliz Stakes, he beat Right Cross again, this time by four lengths. In the San Vicente, he won by five. I saw Majestic Prince when I was out there not long ago, and I can say that the big fellow looks both majestic and princely. Experts wonder, though, if he'll like the nine furlongs of the Santa Anita Derby, for which he is a hot favorite.

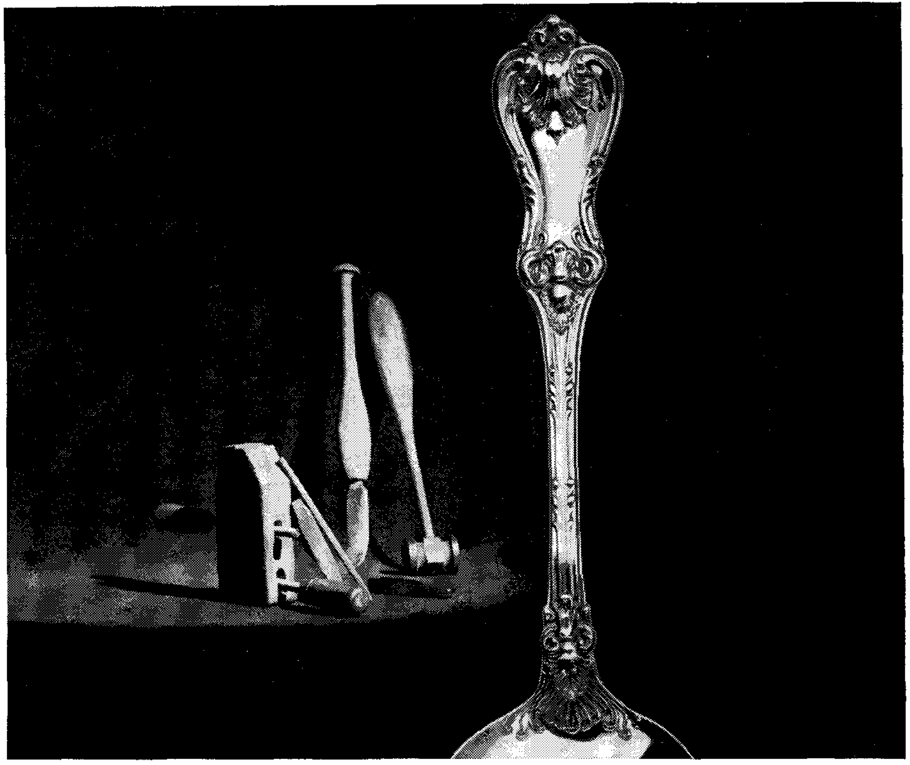
To get back to Florida, a girl, twenty-year-old Diane Crump, rode against the boys at Hialeah last Friday—the first time this has happened on a major race track. There was no demonstration, as there had been at Tropical Park, but five jockeys who had mounts in the race refused to ride. Those who did ride appeared to give her every advantage they could in the mile and a furlong, which I watched on TV. She was never close to the leaders (her mount was 48–1 in the betting), and she finished tenth in a field of twelve. Later, she said she was a little more tired than she usually is from riding in workouts. It was a start, though, and she intends to keep it up.

Petit Duc, a five-year-old from Argentina, brought off a 20–1 chance at Hialeah on Saturday in the Seminole Handicap, which is the tune-up for the Widener Handicap next weekend. Bearing down on Funny Fellow, who looked the winner a furlong from home, he passed him and went under the wire nearly two lengths to the good. Iron Ruler, the favorite, was third. Earlier in the week, Fort Marcy, who was tops on the turf courses in 1967, made his first start in months and showed that he still has what it takes on the grass. Behind him was what you might call an international field. Taneb, who was second, is French; Hibernian, who was third, is British; and of the five also-rans one came from Ireland, one from Argentina, and one from Brazil.

At Santa Anita last Saturday, Gamely took on the menfolks in the San Pasqual Handicap, and wasn't among the first three. Kings Favor, a 17–1 shot, won, Most Host was second, and Jimmy Peanuts was third. The last time Gamely tried this was in the Hollywood Gold Cup last summer. Princessnesian, her stablemate, won, and Gamely was seventh.

—Audax Minor

Once you had to inherit it



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U. S. JOURNAL: LAKE COUNTY, ILL.

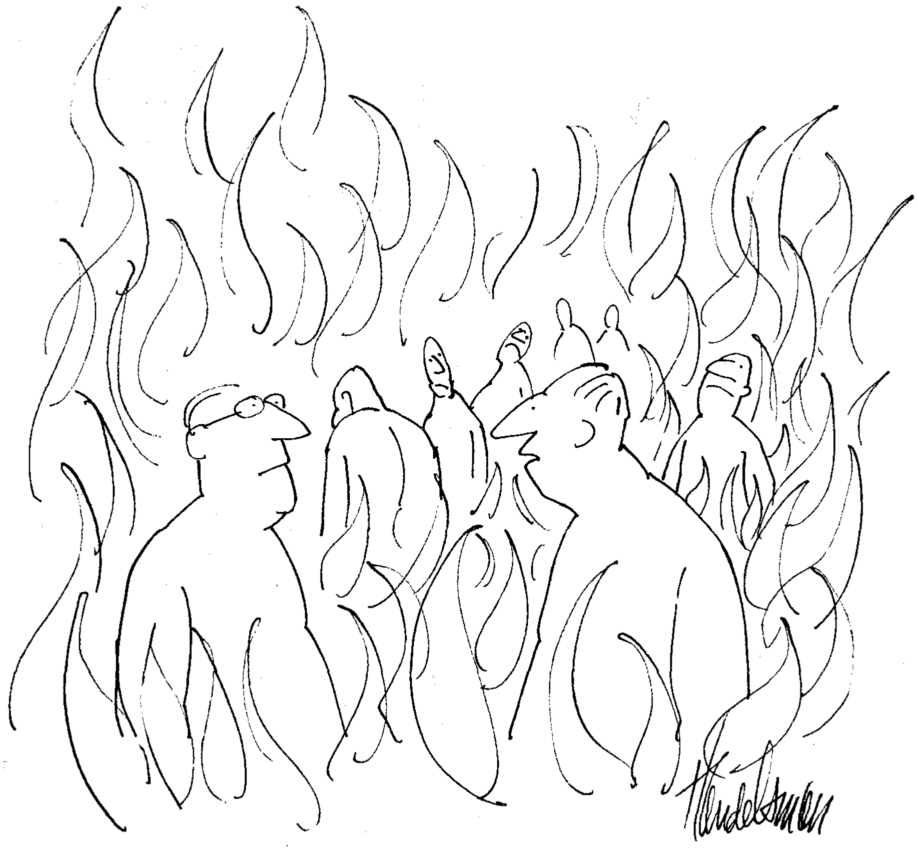
TARGETS

DURING a year I once spent in Atlanta, those permanent residents who enjoyed entertaining me with lists of civic attributes always seemed to include the boast that Atlanta was "the fourth target on the Kremlin's map of nuclear destruction." Exactly the same phrase was used every time—"the fourth target on the Kremlin's map of nuclear destruction"—and it was always expressed in a prideful tone, the same tone used to tell me the number of national firms that were represented in Atlanta, or to inform me that Atlanta was the second-highest major city in the United States. I was always at a loss for a decently appreciative reply. "I see" or "That's interesting" seemed a pedestrian way to respond to the possibility of a nationally ranked apocalypse. Once, in a confused effort to be a good guest, I burst out with "I think it ought to be *first!*" My informant for a moment looked gratified—then uncertain, and then offended. The Bomb, which has been blamed for juvenile delinquency and for an increase in tornadoes and for a decrease in humorists and for general despair, has even made civic pride confusing.

The citizens who live around Chicago were informed last fall that the Sentinel Anti-Ballistic Missile System would include a site in the area, because Chicago was such an eminent target for nuclear destruction. Practically none of the citizens took the selection as a point of pride. In fact, some of them objected to having the site on the theory that it might *make* Chicago an eminent target. Chicago is presumably important enough to be a target already (of just what rank I don't know; the people in Atlanta knew only which city was No. 4), and it might be thought that having some defense against nuclear destruction would make everyone feel more secure. But the only known defense against a nuclear missile is another nuclear missile, in this case a Spartan missile with a multi-megaton warhead, and a lot of people in Chicago, musing on the multi-megaton warheads that a Spartan site would have to keep at the ready, have come to believe that the possibility of their own defense accidentally destroying them is no more remote than the possibility of an enemy nuclear power maliciously attacking them—and is much harder to put out of their thoughts. Chicagoans tend to believe that if Chicago has to be defended it could be defended very nicely from South Dakota, although they also speak highly of northern Iowa.

The Chicago *Sun-Times* phoned a few Dakota mayors to ask, more or less, how they would feel about the gift of a Spartan-missile site from the people of Chicago. The mayors said they would be delighted. From my experience in Atlanta, I would guess that some cities in the United States might welcome a site as a way to assure themselves of the importance that is implied by a place in the hypothetical holocaust. Also, there are some areas so poor or so obsessed with economic development that they would probably welcome the Federal Typhoid and Scrofula Center if the government guaranteed a large payroll and promised to contract for the construction locally. Fifteen cities have been chosen for Sentinel sites, and practically no protest has been heard from the smaller ones (or from New York—raising the possibility that New Yorkers have resigned themselves to living in a state of permanent disaster that could not be affected by an accidental nuclear blast or two). The Defense Department's announcement on February 6th that the Sentinel program would be held up until it had been reviewed—an announcement celebrated by Chicago anti-ABM protesters as a Pentagon retreat brought about partly by their efforts—presumably threw such proposed Sentinel hosts as Great Falls, Montana, and Grand Forks, North Dakota, into civic gloom. "They love us in Albany, Georgia," the Army colonel in charge of Sentinel "site activation" told me.

The colonel has had less than romantic experiences with citizens in Seattle, Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles, and, particularly, Chicago. In Glenview, one of five suburbs that were under consideration for the Chicago site, the village board passed a resolution against having a site anywhere near Chicago and sent the resolution to eighty other towns and villages in the area, suggesting that they pass it as well. After the Army announced that it had decided on an abandoned Nike base in Lake County, four miles south of Libertyville and about thirty miles north of the Loop, some people from a group called Northern Illinois Citizens Against ABM obtained a court order temporarily blocking any construction. At public meetings, the Army has shown Lake County citizens color slides of the computer-operated nuclear-defense system designed to pro-



"Nobody has told me anything, but I assume I'm here for coveting my neighbor's wife."

tect them and their loved ones from what are commonly referred to as "primitive Chinese missiles" (conjuring up visions of thousands of Chinese peasants laboriously carting the mud of the Yangtze to crude molds, creating out of the baked earth something that roughly resembles an intercontinental ballistic missile, straining together to pull it back on some enormous catapult, and launching it seven thousand miles over the Pole in an attempt to obliterate Chicago). But the same meetings have almost always included a scientist from the Argonne National Laboratory, a center for non-military nuclear research just west of Chicago; explaining that he is speaking not as an official representative of the laboratory but as a private citizen who happens to be a nuclear physicist, he reminds everyone that an unauthorized explosion is possible, even though extremely unlikely, and that such an explosion would destroy from a hundred and fifty thousand to two million citizens, "depending on which way the wind is blowing."

A citizen who looks into the abstract arguments about the wisdom of a defensive-missile system is likely to find them confusing enough to encourage his retreat to the sports pages. Sentinel is, among other things, an anti-ballistic-missile shield that everyone agrees could not stop a concentrated missile attack, a strictly defensive system that its critics consider more belligerent than our current policy of keeping enough offensive missiles to make any attack suicidal, a five- or ten-billion-dollar "thin" shield against the Chinese (who have no missiles) which many people believe will grow into a fifty- or hundred-billion-dollar "thick" shield against the Russians (who have too many to be affected by a thick shield), a boondoggle according to Dwight Eisenhower, a sensible compromise according to Robert McNamara, a "pile of junk" according to the prevailing view among scientists, and a functioning national program by act of Congress. Although the protest movement in Chicago has had the effect of providing a constituency for anti-ABM senators who may be interested in the abstract arguments about the wisdom of defensive-missile systems, it has made its appeal to people interested mainly in not being blown up. The diagram most often used by ABM opponents for posters and leaflets demonstrates the consequences of a nuclear explosion near Libertyville by superimposing a series of concentric circles on a map of the Chicago suburbs—showing which towns would be in the Blast Area,

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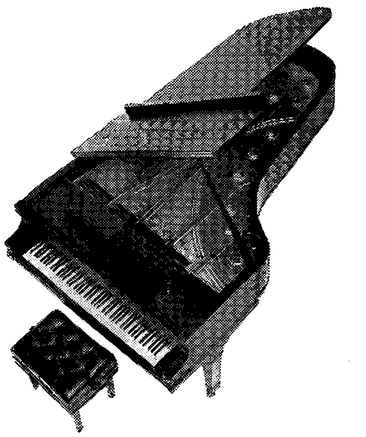
which in the Fire Area, which in the Body Burn Area, and which would be far enough away to permit some hope that the wind would not carry too much fallout in their direction. There has been no attempt to compose a battle cry about how Sentinel could hinder efforts to control nuclear arms; the poster announcing the first meeting in the suburbs north of Chicago to protest the selection of Libertyville was headlined "A Bomb in Your Backyard?"

A WAY to misunderstand the problems of local protest in the United States is to assume that if Karl Marx were reincarnated in, say, Muncie, Indiana, as a decently dressed jobholder with revolutionary ideas he would be barred from speaking at the luncheons of the local Lions Club and Rotary Club and Kiwanis Club. Service-club program chairmen fear the absence of a speaker more than they fear the revolution. Chances are he would be invited to speak, he would call for the workers of the world to throw off their chains, he would be asked three or four courteous questions from the floor (none of them dealing precisely with workers' throwing off their chains), and then the chairman would glance at his watch, remind the membership of the rule about breaking up at one-fifteen sharp, and say, "Karl, it was real nice of you to come, and I'm sure you've given us all a lot to think about." Although the Argonne nuclear physicists who began the anti-ABM protest in Chicago last fall have, strictly speaking, been criticizing one of the government's attempts to defend its people from the Communist threat, the emphasis on safety has avoided identification with appeasement, and they have remained well within the political tolerance of local service clubs. In the evenings, the scientists have often appeared with Army spokesmen at public meetings held in high-school auditoriums—the soldiers and the scientists travelling around Lake County like old prizefighters staging exhibitions, or like William F. Buckley, Jr., and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., touring the Ivy League debating circuit. The Army team ordinarily consists of two full colonels (one of whom introduces the other), a lieutenant colonel working the slide projector, and a civilian public-relations man with a pipe, a Sentinel tie clasp, and an elaborate tape recorder. One of the colonels, using a retractable pointer to gesture at the slides, carefully goes through the components of the Sentinel system—the



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long-range Spartan, the shorter-range Sprint, to catch those missiles that manage to elude the Spartan, the two types of radar—and assures everyone that chances of an accident are "essentially nil." Then the Argonne scientist explains what an accident could mean, and argues that if the Army is planning only the thin area-defense system approved by Congress there is no reason to build Spartan sites within a hundred miles of heavily populated areas. One evening, somebody asked one of the colonels why a missile designed to intercept the enemy hundreds of miles away had to be so close to the city. The colonel mentioned something about an increasing Chinese threat and the parameters that had been calculated, and finally said, "It just does." The Army spokesmen have been accused of using security restrictions to avoid answering legitimate questions—or to hide the fact that their answers might not be particularly persuasive. The colonels usually manage to give the impression that they could demolish the opposition's argument if only they were the type of men who were willing to break their sworn oath of secrecy instead of exerting the awesome will power necessary to restrain themselves. Sometimes when a citizen asks a question the colonel will start to form the words, pause, and then say, "I'm sorry, I just can't tell you that." Then the physicist, announcing first that he is privy to no confidential information, will answer the question from what he has read in the newspapers.

When a garbage dump in a suburb west of Chicago was being considered for the Spartan site, the Argonne scientists found themselves allied with residents who were concerned that a military takeover of the dump would mean increased garbage-hauling charges. But, for the most part, the leaders of the protest against the Libertyville site—including the physicists themselves—oppose the entire ABM system and see the argument about where the site should be mainly as a way to dramatize the issue of whether Sentinel should exist at all. One of them pointed out the sources of protest to me on a map of the Chicago area one day, like a guerrilla leader with a degree in sociology pointing out places where his men might expect to find pockets of local support: Highland Park, where there are said to be battalions of indefatigable liberal Jewish housewives who can be counted on to organize letter-writing campaigns to Congress from lists of Women for Peace members and to organize people all over

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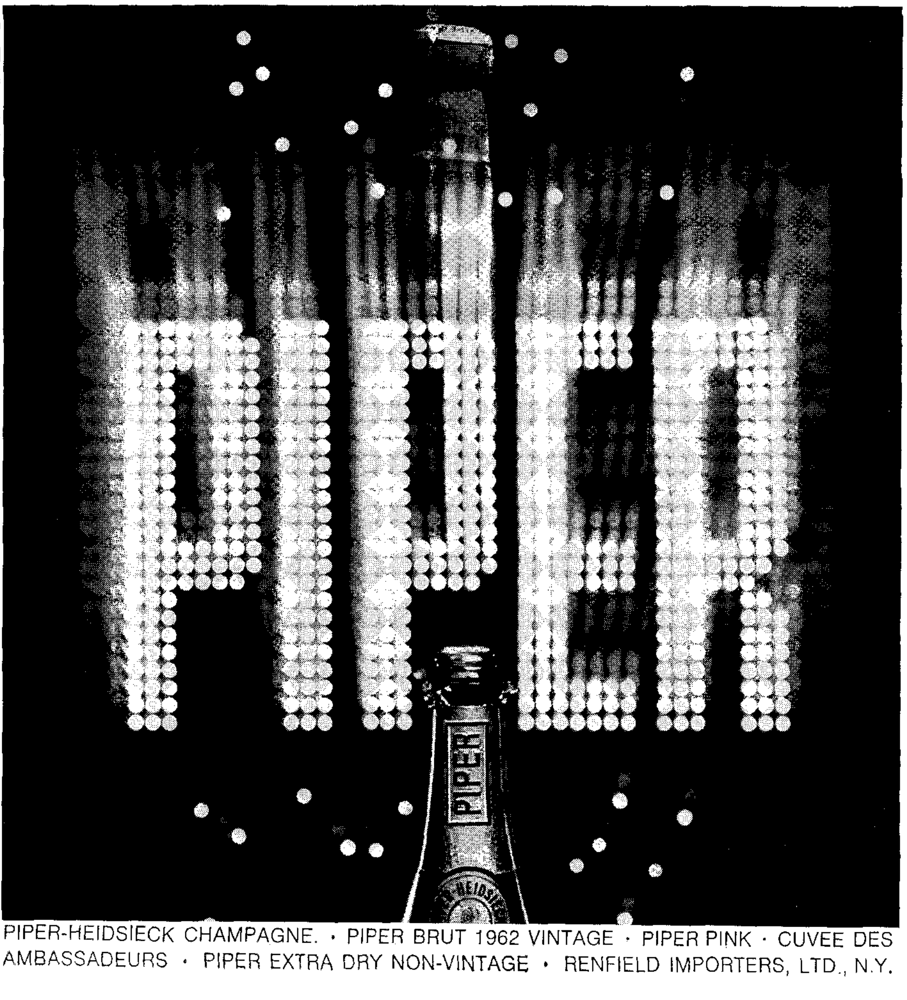

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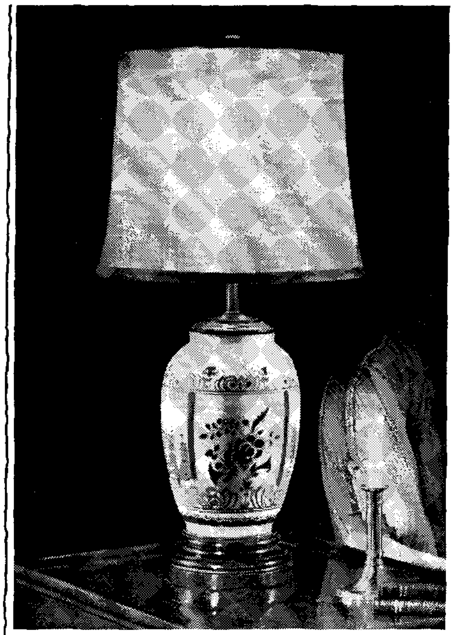
the area into local anti-ABM lobbies; Lake Forest College, where the president of Northern Illinois Citizens Against ABM teaches; a Quaker meetinghouse not far from Lake Forest. The centers of protest are not in the circle designated "Blast Area." In Evanston, a suburb so far from the proposed site that it has nothing more than deadly fallout to fear, I attended a meeting at which almost a thousand people donated a dollar apiece to hear Senator Philip Hart, of Michigan, and Jerome Wiesner, the former science adviser to President Kennedy, attack the ABM. The meeting was sponsored by the Thirteenth Congressional District Politics for Peace, with the coöperation of groups like Skokie Valley SANE and the Niles North High School Students for Peace, Human Rights, and Democracy. A table in the hall held literature on the ABM, Vietnam, and China, along with McCarthy shopping bags to carry it all away in. "We stopped nuclear testing, we stopped fallout shelters, we are in the process of stopping the war in Vietnam," a speaker from the North Shore Committee of Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam said. "And we will stop the ABM."

A FEW days before the Pentagon announced that it was suspending Sentinel construction, I visited Libertyville and Mundelein—Mundelein being the town that would, according to the calculations, disappear along with Libertyville in case of a nuclear accident at the proposed site. At a public meeting in the Mundelein High School auditorium, I found myself in the presence of precisely fifty-two concerned citizens. The Libertyville-Mundelein ministerial association has issued a statement against the ABM system, but that is about the extent of protest in the two towns closest to the site. Libertyville and Mundelein are farther from Chicago than towns like Glenview and Highland Park—in an area where subdivisions are still separated by cornfields and by a few well-manicured horse farms. Mundelein, which had less than three thousand people after the war, grew to sixteen thousand so quickly that there was apparently no time to build a center of town. A lot of the postwar arrivals live in subdivisions with names like Clearbrook Park ("A new experience in friendly suburban living") and Hawthorne Hills ("Luxury homes—$19,900") and Loch Lomond (which got its name from the fact that the developer had the fore-



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sight to precede construction with the installation of a man-made loch). Some of the people who moved to Mundelein from Chicago to acquire a yard or to get away from the Negroes now commute only as far as nearby industrial parks, and a number of people have moved in specifically because of expanding local industry. Libertyville looks down a bit on Mundelein—Libertyville houses tend to be somewhat more expensive, it has fewer renters and more middle-rank executives, and it has been established long enough to have a conventional downtown—but the residents of both of them are, in general, not as rich or as sophisticated as the people who live in the bedroom communities closer to Chicago.

A Women for Peace mailing list would be hard to find in the Libertyville-Mundelein area. Some of the stores on Libertyville's main street have stickers, furnished by the local V.F.W., that say, "America—Love It or Leave It." In Mundelein, a sign on the flagpole in front of the village hall says, "By order of the Village Council, Old Glory will fly perpetually from this mast until the hostilities in Vietnam are ended. In tribute to the gallant fighting Americans who daily are giving so much for so many." There have been anti-ABM protests in politically conservative areas around Chicago—in fact, some businessmen are opposed not only to having a local site but to spending billions of dollars of tax money for another weapons system that sounds as if it could become obsolete before it is operational—but the residents of Libertyville and Mundelein seem to have not only conservative politics but a conservative approach to political action. "This just isn't an activist sort of town," one of the Libertyville ministers told me. I had lunch with the Libertyville Rotarians, and the men I talked with agreed that most residents of the town would just as soon have the missile site somewhere else. But even though it was widely believed around Chicago that such towns as Westchester and Glenview were passed up by the Army partly because of local protest, people in Libertyville tended to think that not much can be done about a government decision once it is made.

"A payroll like that can't hurt any town," I was told by Wilbur Livingston, the sales manager for a Chicago hardware company and a Mundelein village trustee. "Most of the opposition is from the peace-at-any-price people in upper-income places like Glencoe and Winnetka. My particular feeling is that the government didn't just come here

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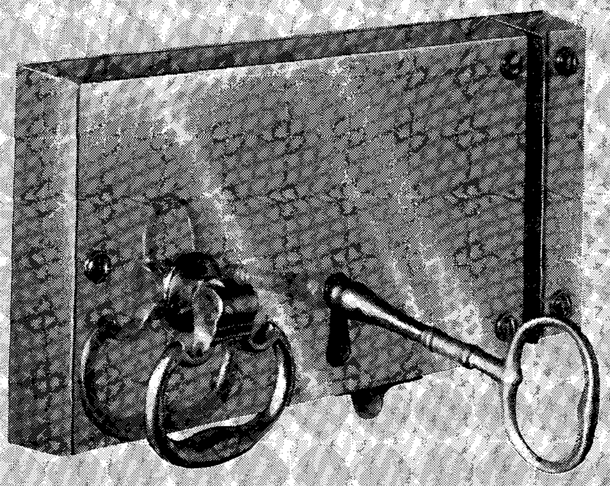

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on a Saturday and say it was going to build on a Sunday. There had to be a lot of thinking in it, a lot of thinking."

For some people in Libertyville and Mundelein, the easiest way to deal with the confusion brought on by the Bomb is to assume that the powers-that-be must be making the proper decisions. "The almost miraculous technology of our world today has far surpassed our meagre ability to comprehend," Mayor Charles Brown, of Libertyville, said when the village council gave its mild approval for the missile site. "Under these circumstances, it would certainly seem more prudent to place our confidence and our security in the hands of those whose lives are dedicated to the profession of defending and protecting our lives, our loved ones, and our properties than to try to accumulate sufficient knowledge to make an independent decision."

Wilbur Livingston showed me around Mundelein with a civic pride that reminded me of some of my guides in Atlanta. He pointed out the new schools and the new factories and the block where some old houses were going to be torn down for a new shopping district. Then we drove out to the proposed Sentinel site. Before it was an abandoned Nike base it had been an abandoned Navy air-training field. The paint is flaking off the Nike-base buildings, and grass is growing through the runway of the Navy airfield. There are a lot of broken windows and a couple of abandoned cars; the local teen-agers use the site as a place to drink beer and stage drag races. The area around the site is mostly farmland, although across the road a huge marquee identifies a place called the Tally Ho Country Club, and not far down the road from the Tally Ho there is a small residential district that looks like the result of a developer's somehow building a lot of houses in an isolated cornfield by mistake. "I don't know why they call this the Libertyville site," Livingston said, in a tone of mild irritation, as we drove out through the broken gate. "Libertyville is at least four miles from here, and right now we're only an eighth of a mile from the Mundelein village line."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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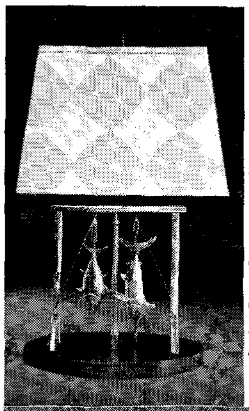

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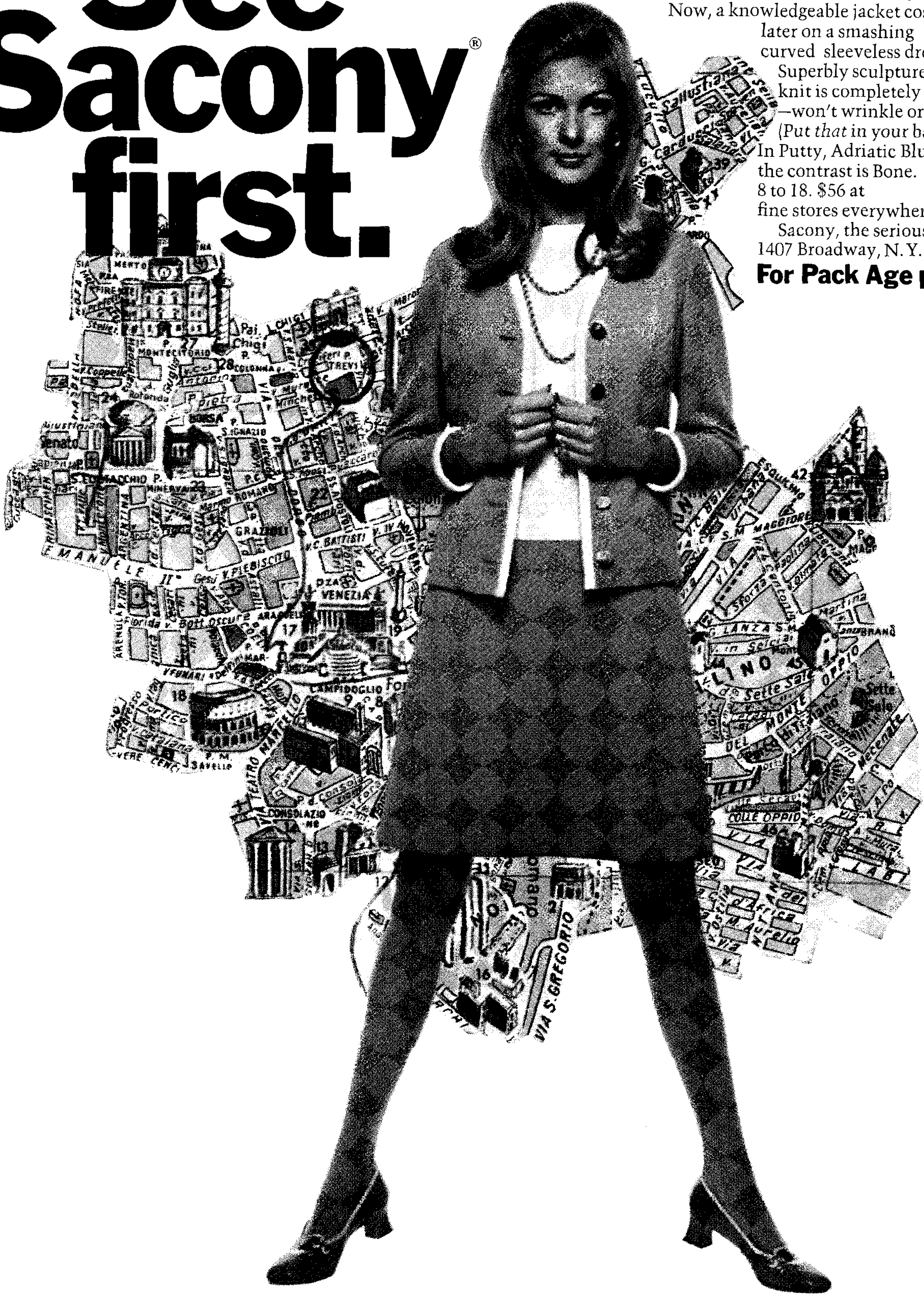

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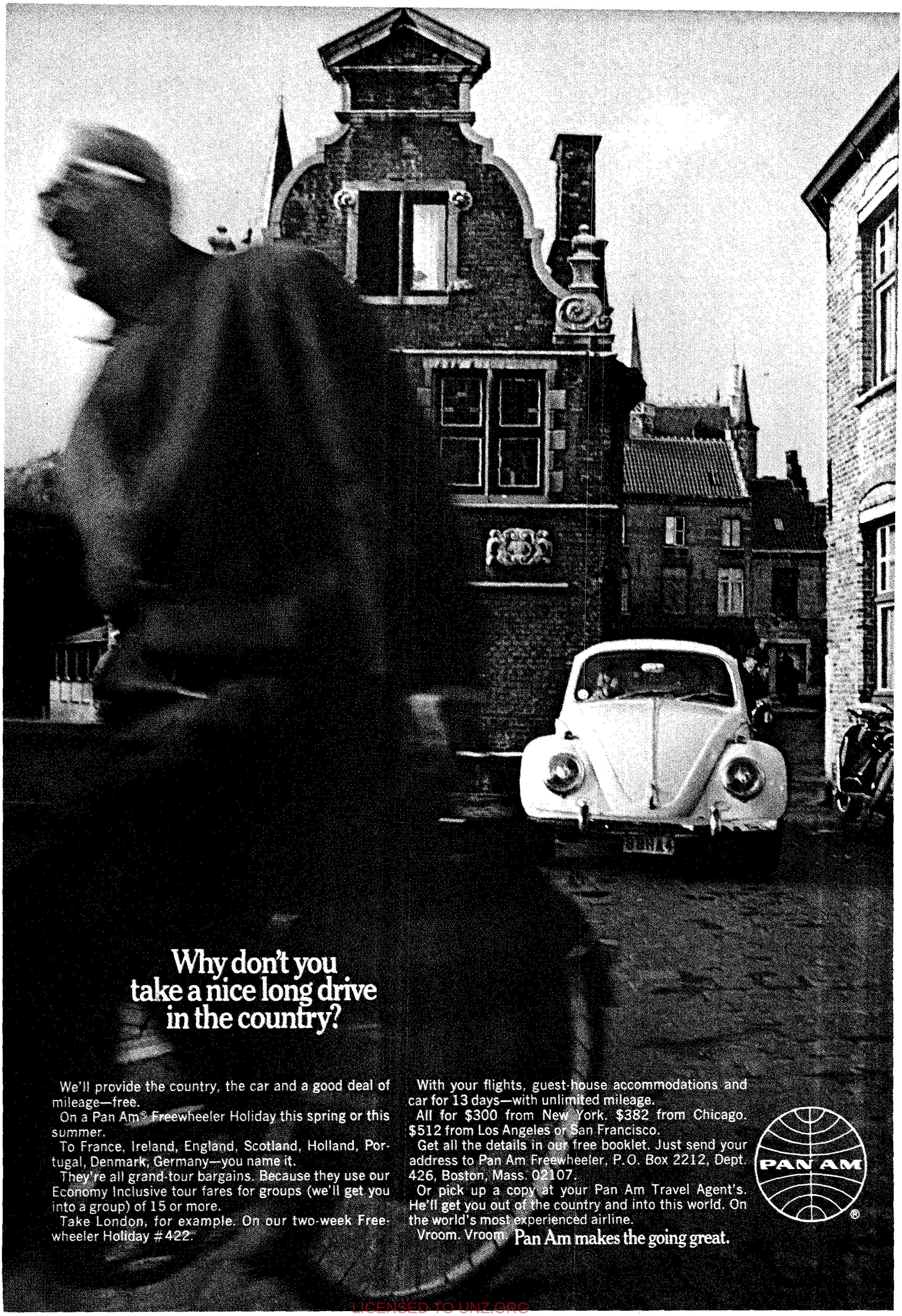

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WE are so often bathed in emotion at the movies by all those directors whose highest ambition is to make us feel feelings that aren't worth feeling that the cool detachment of Luis Buñuel has a surprising edge. Buñuel doesn't make full contact with us, and the distance can be fun; it can result in the pleasure of irony, though it can also result in the dissatisfaction of feeling excluded. His indifference to whether we understand him or not can seem insolent, and yet this is part of what makes him fascinating. Indifference can be tantalizing in art, as in romance, and by keeping us at a distance in a medium with which most directors try to involve us he deliberately undermines certain concepts that are almost axiomatic in drama and movies—especially drama and movies in their mass-culture form. Buñuel, who regards all that tender involvement as "bourgeois morality," deliberately assaults us for being so emotional. His most distinctive quality as a moviemaker is the lack of certainty he inflicts on us about how we should feel toward his characters. Buñuel shoots a story simply and directly, to make just the points he wants to make, though if he fails to make them or doesn't make them clearly he doesn't seem to give a damn. He leaves in miscalculations, and fragments that don't work—like the wheelchair on the sidewalk in "Belle de Jour." He's a remarkably fast, economical, and careless moviemaker, and the carelessness no doubt accounts for some of the ambiguity in the films, such as the unresolved trick endings that leave us dangling. From the casting and the listless acting in many of his movies, one can conclude only that he's unconcerned about such matters; often he doesn't seem to bother even to cast for type, and one can't easily tell if the characters are meant to be what they appear to be. He uses actors in such an indifferent way that they scarcely even stand for the characters. Rather than allow the bad Mexican actors that he generally works with to act, he seems to dispense with acting by just rushing them through their roles without giving them time to understand what they're doing. Clearly, he prefers no acting to bad acting. The mixture of calculation and carelessness in his ambiguity can be maddening, as in some of "Viridiana" (1961) and in most of the slackly directed "The Exterminating Angel" (1962). But sometimes what makes an artist great and original is that in his lack of interest in (or lack of talent for) what other artists have been concerned with he helps us see things differently and develops the medium in new ways. Like Borges, who won't even bother to write a book, Buñuel probably doesn't think casting or acting is important enough to bother about. And casting without worrying about whether the actors suit the role—casting almost *against* type—and not allowing the actors to work up characterizations can give movies a new kind of tone. Without the conventional emotional resonances that actors acting provide, his movies have a thinner texture that begins to become a new kind of integrity, and they affect us as fables. Most movies are full of actors trying to appeal to us, and the movies themselves try so hard to win us over that the screen is practically leeching us. When Buñuel is at his most indifferent, he is sometimes at his best and most original, as in parts of "Nazarin" (1958), which opened here last summer, and in almost all of his newly released—and peculiarly exhilarating—"Simon of the Desert."

Other movie directors tell us how we should feel; they want our approval for being such good guys, and most of them are proudest when they can demonstrate their commitment to humanitarian principles. Buñuel makes the charitable the butt of humor and shows the lechery and mendacity of the poor and misbegotten. As a moviemaking comedian, he is a critic of mankind. One can generally define even a critic's position, but there is no way to get a hold on what Buñuel believes in. There is no characteristic Buñuel hero or heroine, and there is no kind of behavior that escapes his ridicule. His movies are full of little sadistic jokes that we can't quite tell how to take. The movie director most influenced by de Sade, and the only one still at work who had close ties to the Surrealist movement, Buñuel has gone on using the techniques of the Surrealists in the medium that once seemed their natural habitat. We may not really like his jokes, yet they make us laugh. A perturbing example that comes all too readily to mind: When Jorge, in "Viridiana," frees a mistreated dog that has been tied to a cart and then we see another cart coming from the opposite direction with another dog tied to it, is Buñuel saying that Jorge is a realist who does what he can, or does Buñuel really mean what the audience, by its laughter, clearly takes the scene to mean—that Jorge's action was useless, since there are so many mistreated dogs? This "joke" could be extended to the "comedy" of saving one Jew from the ovens or one Biafran baby from starvation, and I think we are aware of the obscenity in the humor even as we laugh—we laugh at the recognition that we are capable of participating in the obscenity. His jokes are perverse and irrational and blasphemous, and it may feel liberating to laugh at them just because they are a return to a kind of primitive folk comedy—the earliest form of black comedy, enjoyed by those who laugh at deformity and guffaw when a man kicks a goat or squeezes an udder too hard. Buñuel reminds us of the cruelty that he feels sentimental art tries to hide, and we respond by laughing at horrors. This is partly, I think, because we are conscious of the anti-sentimentality of his technique—of his toughness and his willingness to look things in the eye.

Some of his recurrent jokes are really rather private jokes—the udders and little torture kits and objects turned into fetishes—and Buñuel throwing his whammies can seem no more than a gigantic, Spanish Terry Southern. Bad Buñuel is like good Terry Southern—a putdown and a cackle. Sometimes when we laugh at Buñuel we probably want to sound more knowledgeable than we are; we just know it's "dirty." Yet this is the vindication of the Surrealist idea of the power of subjective images: we *do* feel certain things to be "dirty" and some kinds of violence to be funny, and we laugh at them without being able to explain why. Buñuel gets at material we've buried, and it's a release to laugh this impolite laughter, which is like laughter from out of nowhere, at jokes we didn't know we knew.

Once, in Berkeley, after a lecture by LeRoi Jones, as the audience got up to leave, I asked an elderly white couple next to me how they could applaud when Jones said that all whites should be killed. And the little gray-haired woman replied, "But that was just a metaphor. He's a wonderful speaker." I think we're inclined to react similarly to Buñuel—who once referred to some of those who praised

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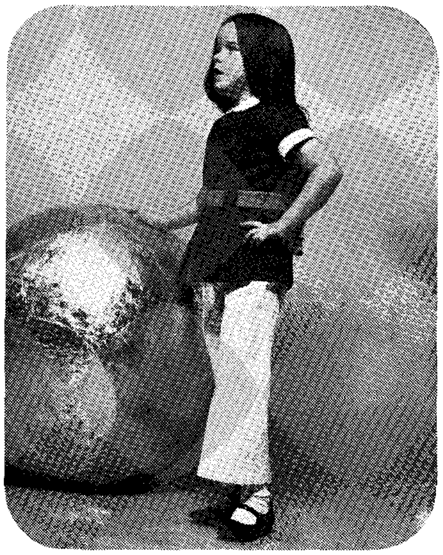
"Un Chien Andalou" as "that crowd of imbeciles who find the film beautiful or poetic when it is fundamentally a desperate and passionate call to murder." To be blind to Buñuel's meanings as a way of being open to "art" is a variant of the very sentimentality that he satirizes. The moviegoers apply the same piousness to "art" that his mock saints do to humanity: both groups would rather swallow insults than be tough-minded. Buñuel is the opposite of a flower child.

"Simon of the Desert," a short (forty-five-minute) feature made in Mexico in 1965, just before he made "Belle de Jour," is a playful little travesty on the temptations of St. Simeon Stylites, the fifth-century desert anchorite who spent thirty-seven years preaching to pilgrims from his perch on top of a column. It is, in both a literal and a figurative sense, a shaggy-saint story, and (unlike much of Buñuel's work) it is charming. The narrative style of "Simon" is so straightforward and ascetically simple that it may be easier to see what he is saying in this film than in his more elaborate divertissements about saintliness turning into foolishness—"Nazarin" and the complicated, allusive "Viridiana," which was cluttered with Freudian symbols. Buñuel seems to have a grudging respect for Nazarin and Simon that he didn't show for Viridiana, whom he made sickly, chaste, and priggish. Viridiana seemed dramatically out of focus because Buñuel didn't even dignify her desire to do good, and so the film had to depend on the pleasures and shocks of blasphemy—probably not inconsiderable for insiders, but insufficient for others. The tone of "Simon" is almost jovial, though the style is direct—just one incident after another—and as bare and objective as if he were documenting a scientific demonstration; even the Surreal details (like a coffin skittering over the ground) are presented in a matter-of-fact way. Buñuel has himself in the past given in to temptation: with more money than he was accustomed to, he fell for the fanciness of all that French *mise-en-scène* that made his "Diary of a Chambermaid" so revoltingly "beautiful." But there's very little money in "Simon," and there was, apparently, none to finish it; the bummer of an ending was just a way to wind it up. Simon (Claudio Brook) performs his miracles, and the crowds evaluate them like a bunch of New York cabdrivers discussing a parade: whatever it was, it wasn't much. He restores hands to a thief whose hands have been chopped

love



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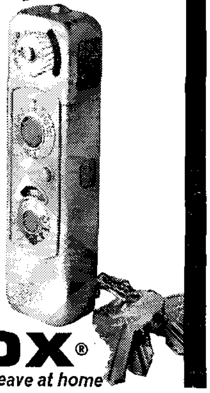

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off; the crowds rate the miracle "not bad," and the thief's first act with his new hands is to slap his own child. The Devil, in the female form of Silvia Pinal (much more amusing as the Devil than she was in her guises in other Buñuel films), tempts him, and, at one point, frames him in front of the local priests, who are more than willing to believe the worst of him. Eventually, the Devil triumphs. True saint though he is, Simon falls. Simon is a saint, and yet not only are his miracles worthless—they can't change men's natures—but even he is dragged down by his instincts. Buñuel is saying that saintliness is sentimentality, that, as the platitude has it, human nature doesn't change. This is not, God knows, a very interesting point, nor do I think it has the slightest validity; the theme is an odd mixture—a Spanish schoolboy's view of life joined to an adult atheist's disbelief in redemption. This outlook does, however, create some problems when it comes to responding to Buñuel's work.

There are probably many lapsed Catholics who still believe in sin though they no longer believe in redemption, who have the disease though they have lost faith in the cure. In this they are not much different from the Socialists who still accept the general Socialist analysis of capitalism without having much confidence in the Socialist solutions. But psychologically there is an enormous difference between those who regard man as the victim of violent instinctual drives and those who live by a belief in justice and decency, even without any real conviction that society will ever be better. The pessimistic view can be so offensive to our ameliorative, reforming disposition that it's almost inconceivable to us that an artist whose work we respond to on many levels can disagree with us at such a fundamental level. And so with Luis Buñuel in films, as, in literature, with D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot and Pound, we often contrive to overlook what the artist is saying that is alien to us. Because Buñuel is anti-Church and is a Spaniard at odds with Franco, because he satirizes bourgeois hypocrisy, there is, I think, a tendency to applaud his work as if this were all it encompassed. At the movies, when we see horrors we expect the reformer's zeal; that is the convention in democratic art, and perhaps we project some of our outraged virtue onto Buñuel's films. We feel free to enjoy his anarchic humor—which is often funniest when it is cruelest—because we can feel we're laughing at Fascism

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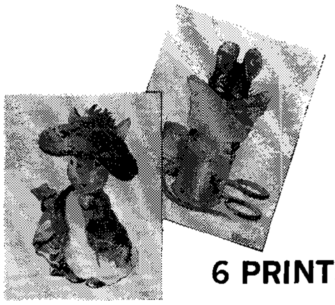

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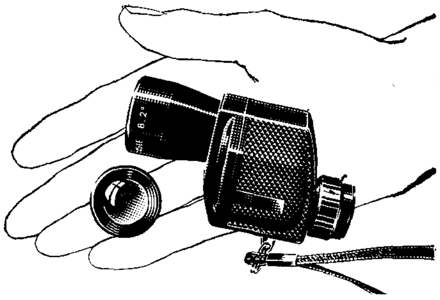

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and at the human stupidity that reinforces Fascism. But though his work is a series of arguments against the Grand Inquisitor's policies, his basic view of man is the Grand Inquisitor's. Buñuel attacks the Church as the perverter and frustrater of man—the power trying to hold down sexuality, animality, irrationality, man's "instinctual nature." He sees bourgeois hypocrisy as the deceptions that men practice to deny the truth of their urges. His movies satirize the blindness of the spiritual; his would-be saints are fools—denying the instinctive demands not only in others but in themselves. Surrealism is both a belief in the irrationality of man and a technique for demonstrating it. In his "Land Without Bread," Spain itself—that country that seems to be left over from something we don't understand—was a Surreal joke, a country where the only smiling faces were those of cretins. Like other passionate artists who fling horrors at us, Buñuel is an outraged lover of man, a disenchanted idealist; being a Spaniard, he makes comedy of his own disgust. He can't let go of the Church; he's an anti-Catholic the way Bogart was an anti-hero. He wants man to be purged of inhibitions, yet the people in his movies become grotesque when they're uninhibited. And when his saintly characters wise up and lose their faith, he can't show us that they're useful or better off, or even happier. He is overtly anti-romantic and anti-religious, yet he is obsessed with romantic, religious fools. He has never made a movie of "Don Quixote," but he keeps pecking away at the theme of "Don Quixote," and gets himself so enraged by the unfulfillment of ideals that he despises dreamers who can't make their dreams come true. In "Viridiana," he twisted the theme into knots—turning in on himself so far that he came out the other end.

How can Buñuel in "Simon of the Desert" make a comedy out of a demonstration of what liberals have always denied and yet make liberals (rather than conservatives) laugh at it? It's as if someone made a comedy demonstrating that if you divided the world's wealth equally, it would all be back in the hands of the same people in a year, and this comedy became a big hit in Communist countries—which, however, it might very well do if the style of the comedy and the characters and details were the kind that the Communists responded to. And it might become an underground hit if it had jokes that brought

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something hidden out into the open. Buñuel's Freudian symbols and blasphemous gags alienate the conservatives and, of course, please the liberals. And then there is the matter of style. Buñuel doesn't pour on the prettiness, he doesn't turn a movie into a catered affair. There is such a thing as mass bourgeois movie sentimentality; we are surrounded by it, inundated by it, sinking in it, and Buñuel pulls us out of this muck. "Simon" is so palpably clean that it's an aesthetic assault on conservative taste. It's hard to love man; Hollywood movies pretend it's easy, but every detail gives the show away. Buñuel's style tells the truth of his feelings; the Spanish stand is too strong for soft emotions like pity. Though, as in "Diary of a Chambermaid," he can be so coldly unpleasant that we are repelled (and happy to be excluded), he never makes people pitiable lumps. And though he may turn Quixote into a cold green girl or a dithering man, in his films the quixotic gestures of the simple peasants are the only truly human gestures. A dwarf gives his inamorata an apple and his total love; a woman offers Nazarin a pineapple and her blessing. Nazarin is so stubbornly proud that it's a struggle for him to accept, and Buñuel himself is so proud that he will hardly give in to the gesture. Humility is so difficult for him that he just tosses in the pineapple ambiguously—he's so determined not to give in to the folly of tenderness that he cops out.

At the end of "Simon of the Desert"—wonder of wonders—Buñuel has been caught out in naïveté, and naïveté the more marvellous because it helps to undercut his whole notion of evil. Simon is transported to the modern world, and we see him, a lost soul, in a Greenwich Village discothèque full of dancing teen-agers. This is a disastrous finish for the movie. Not only is it a finish of the careless kind that Buñuel is prone to—because the primitive Mexican desert setting situates the story plausibly, and New York is outside the movie's frame of reference, nor does this discothèque conceivably represent what Simon's temptation might be—but what Buñuel intended as another little joke is instead a joke on his gloomy view. It proves that Buñuel is a moralist, because only a moralist could be so silly. "It's the last dance," the Devil says, though what is presented to us as a vision of a mad, decaying world in its final orgiastic dance looks like a nice little platter party. —PAULINE KAEL

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BOOKS

Nowhere to Go But Up

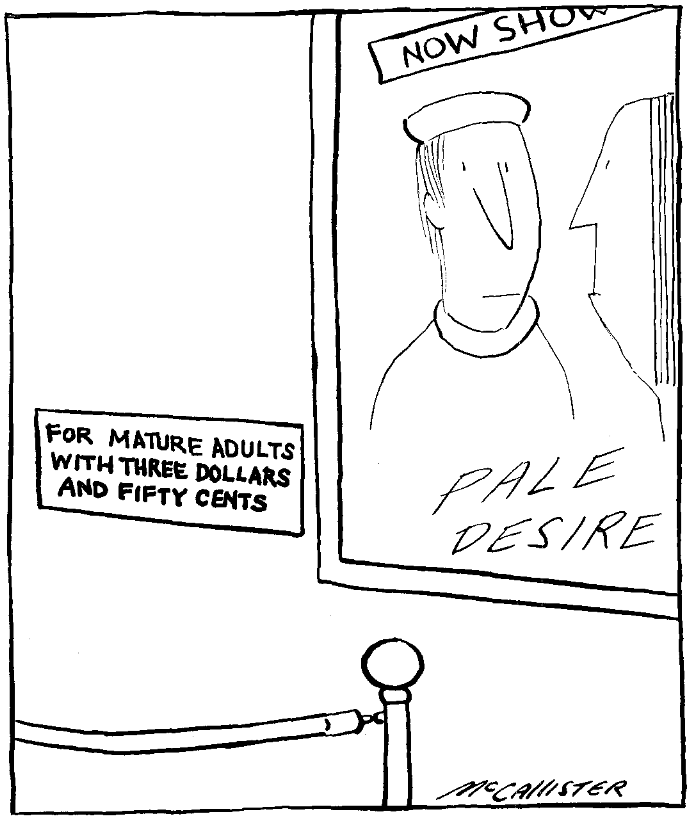
GUNNAR MYRDAL'S "Asian Drama: An Inquiry into the Poverty of Nations" (Pantheon; twenty-five dollars) is a failure story, or whatever you call the opposite of a success story, for it is a record of unfulfilled hopes. It is also a useful, fascinating, and magnificent work about a group of societies, radically different from our own, all desperately in need of economic development but unable to make adequate use of the kinds of assistance and advice they have so far received. The work is long (three volumes; more than two thousand pages) and meticulous, but Myrdal never uses his information to build an intellectual wall. Instead, the reader feels that he is sharing in an intellectual exploration, not sitting dumbly while he is being told what to think. Although Myrdal worked at the head of a team in preparing this book (as he did on "An American Dilemma"), the prose has only one voice. That voice is steady and businesslike; it describes a problem, tells what had been known or thought about it, explains what Myrdal has found out or thinks now, and suggests what should be done to solve it.

Except for Thailand, all the countries in this study—Burma, Ceylon, India, Indonesia, Malaysia, Pakistan, the Philippines, and South Vietnam are the others—were colonies until after the Second World War. Their articulate, rebellious natives, as well as sympathetic anti-colonialists in other countries, blamed South Asia's poverty on the colonial powers' exploitativeness and assumed that independence would make prosperity possible. But independence has not done so. The question that Myrdal, ten years ago, set out to investigate is: Why not?

Myrdal thinks that the prevailing theories of the nineteen-forties and fifties about economic development were incorrect or, at best, irrelevant to South Asia. (To be sure, the unforeseen rapid growth of South Asia's population has not helped.) Twenty years ago, most economists, Communist or non-Communist, agreed that the way to cure a "colonial" economy and move a stagnant society was to bet on industrialization, because an irresistible "spread effect" would radiate from industry throughout the economy and transform it. Nothing like that has happened in South Asia; the small modern sectors of its economy are mere enclaves embedded in antique poverty, radiating nowhere. The mistake of Communist economists was their reliance on Marx's belief that a change in methods of production would impel a change in everything else. The mistake of non-Communist economists was their misidentification of twentieth-century South Asia with a particular point in the European past—approximately the seventeenth or eighteenth century, at the start of the agricultural and industrial revolutions—though South Asia in no way resembles Newton's England or Diderot's France. The disparity in the peoples' attitudes—let alone in the nations' economies—between the "modern" West and contemporary South Asia is the difference between the Connecticut Yankee and everybody else at King Arthur's court. The automatic-advance-through-industry theory damaged South Asian development, Myrdal says, because for a precious period of time South Asian agricultural development was neglected. The theory gave South Asian leaders a scientific justification for evading the political difficulties of a thoroughgoing land reform. Myrdal does not blame them for not looking for more trouble than they had, but the unfortunate result is that although there are plantations (which Myrdal considers "modern"—closer to factories than to farms) and owner-farmers in South Asia, much of the land is held in kinds of tenure that have always been unproductive: tenancy at will, sharecropping, and a South Asian version of European medieval open-field villages. Indeed, when Myrdal has finished describing the legal, social, and financial entanglements in which South Asian farmers function, the reader shares his wonder that "the performance of South Asia's traditional agriculturalists is no worse than it is."

After ten years of study, Myrdal thinks South Asia needs a specifically South Asian approach to its problems. He has no doubt that South Asian countries must plan their economic development (though he regrets that the countries that have begun tend to plan for themselves alone and do not do enough coöperative planning for the region) and that South Asian planning must try to change the individual South Asian. Economic progress will not automatically modernize the people. Unmodernized people prevent economic progress. Therefore the plan must alter social as well as economic behavior, and change attitudes and institutions that in the West are not ordinarily thought of as economic.

Myrdal has drawn up a set of Modernization Ideals—premises that he believes derive from the Western Enlightenment and that should (and do) guide most South Asian leaders. We know nearly nothing about the values of most of the population of South Asia, but we do know that forward-looking, educated South Asians at least believe in the equality of man, even though social inequality is appalling there. And these leaders and thinkers, Myrdal says,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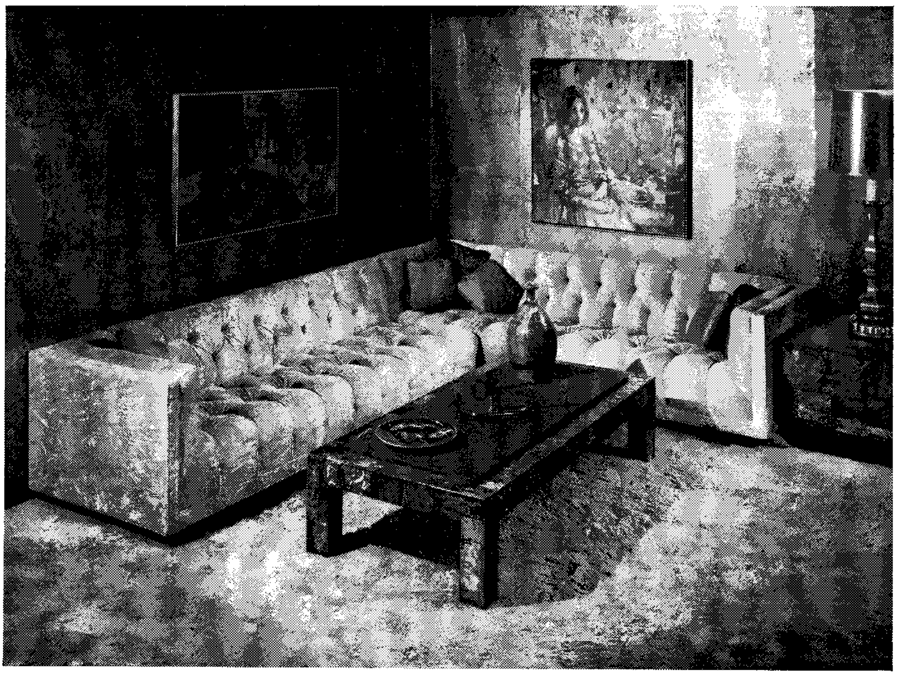
share his concept of the ideal modern man for a modern economy: a man who is efficient, diligent, orderly, punctual, frugal, honest, rational, ready to innovate, alert to opportunity, energetic, enterprising, self-reliant but coöperative, and farsighted. This fellow reads like the identical twin of the European bourgeois, the hero of some historians, the villain of others, who is credited with bookkeeping, the factory system, the French Revolution, the Reform Bill of 1832—in short, with the modern world. No matter how Myrdal's Western readers feel about this figure, his absence from the South Asian scene and the absence of anything like his entrepreneurial drive (almost every aspect of Asian society discourages social change and individual initiative) make the region seem exotic indeed. Some Western thinkers have attempted to criticize Western attitudes by contrasting them with Asian values—by, for instance, comparing the (in Myrdal's opinion, nonexistent) harmony and stability of Asian villages with the insecurities of modern cities. The invidious comparison is a repellent and inaccurate preceptorial device, whether used by social thinkers or by parents, and Myrdal never relies on it. When he suggests that what looks like Asian "otherworldliness" may be the effect of malnutrition, he is not commenting, one way or another, on the West's alleged materialism. He is sticking to his subject: what South Asia needs. One thing it needs is more food.

Though Myrdal does argue—particularly against applying Western economic concepts to Asian reality—most of his text is not argument but methodical, persuasive description: the condition of politics, agriculture, finance, industry, health, and education in country after country. He wishes to persuade us of the urgency of South Asia's problems, but he never nags, whines, or blames. And he offers small, immediate suggestions in addition to his grand ideas. Such as: South Asian countries might put more effort into educating adults, at least to the point of literacy, so that South Asian parents will understand why their children should stay in school. Myrdal's descriptions insist on the fact of South Asia's rock-bottom poverty—an important point for Americans, since the first thing we learn about our own history is that the Europeans who discovered America were disappointed because America was not the rich East. But Renaissance riches (spices, pearls) are not twentieth-century riches; of all Myrdal's countries, only India has



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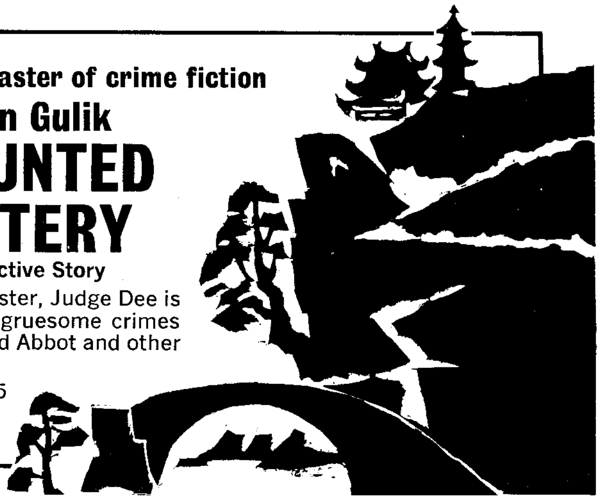

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enough coal and iron to establish a steel-making industry. The technologically advanced West keeps on inventing substitutes—artificial fibres, synthetic rubber—for South Asia's primary products, and Myrdal thinks that Indonesian oil is the region's only raw material with a growing world market. Meanwhile, Asia's need for help involves such pitiable matters as a shortage of paper and paper-making facilities—a shortage that hinders formal schooling, self-education, and the spread of ideas and information.

Poverty is the overriding reason Myrdal insists on planning for development. South Asia cannot afford the severe drop in living standards over a couple of generations that occurred during the unplanned industrial development of Western Europe. Its populations are already living too low. They need to consume more to produce more: "The real planning problem is how to squeeze and twist consumption in such a way as to speed up development." Myrdal does not believe that the Communist countries offer a useful example, either, though they try to plan, because their vast measures—collectivizing agriculture, for one—require vast numbers of energetic, dedicated (fanatical, if you wish) Party activists as well as quantities of technical experts. Both kinds of people are scarce in South Asia. Then, too, "Asian Drama" tells us that though some South Asian intellectuals have been influenced by Marx and many call themselves Marxists, South Asians dislike the compulsions of Communism: they associate compulsion with colonialism. Myrdal thinks that South Asian governments ought to be more forceful; he calls them "soft states": their statutes and administrative rulings may be obeyed or not. He attributes this popular habit of noncompliance to the struggle for independence, which glorified disobedience and made the independent governments fearful of appearing as high-handed as the colonial powers, and to the fact that most South Asians have learned their duties to their family, ethnic group, or village but have not yet heard about a duty to society, or the nation, or a wider community. The South Asian countries that are one-party states or that have abandoned parliamentary democracy are not, Myrdal says, totalitarian; whatever the name of their form of government, South Asians lack social discipline. The matter of discipline recurs throughout "Asian Drama." If South Asians were better-disciplined workers, they could produce more

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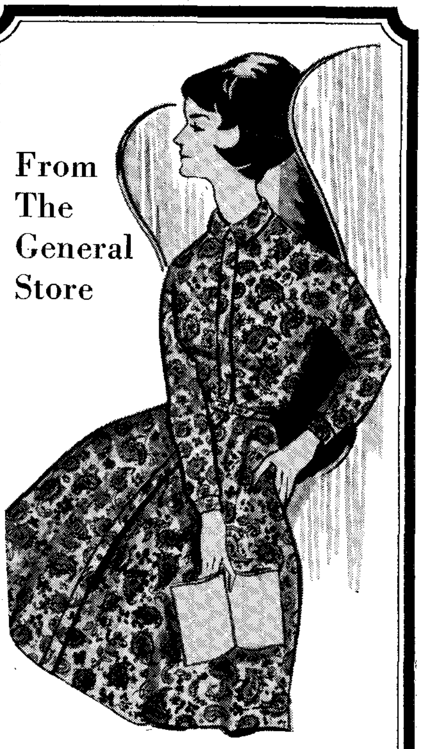

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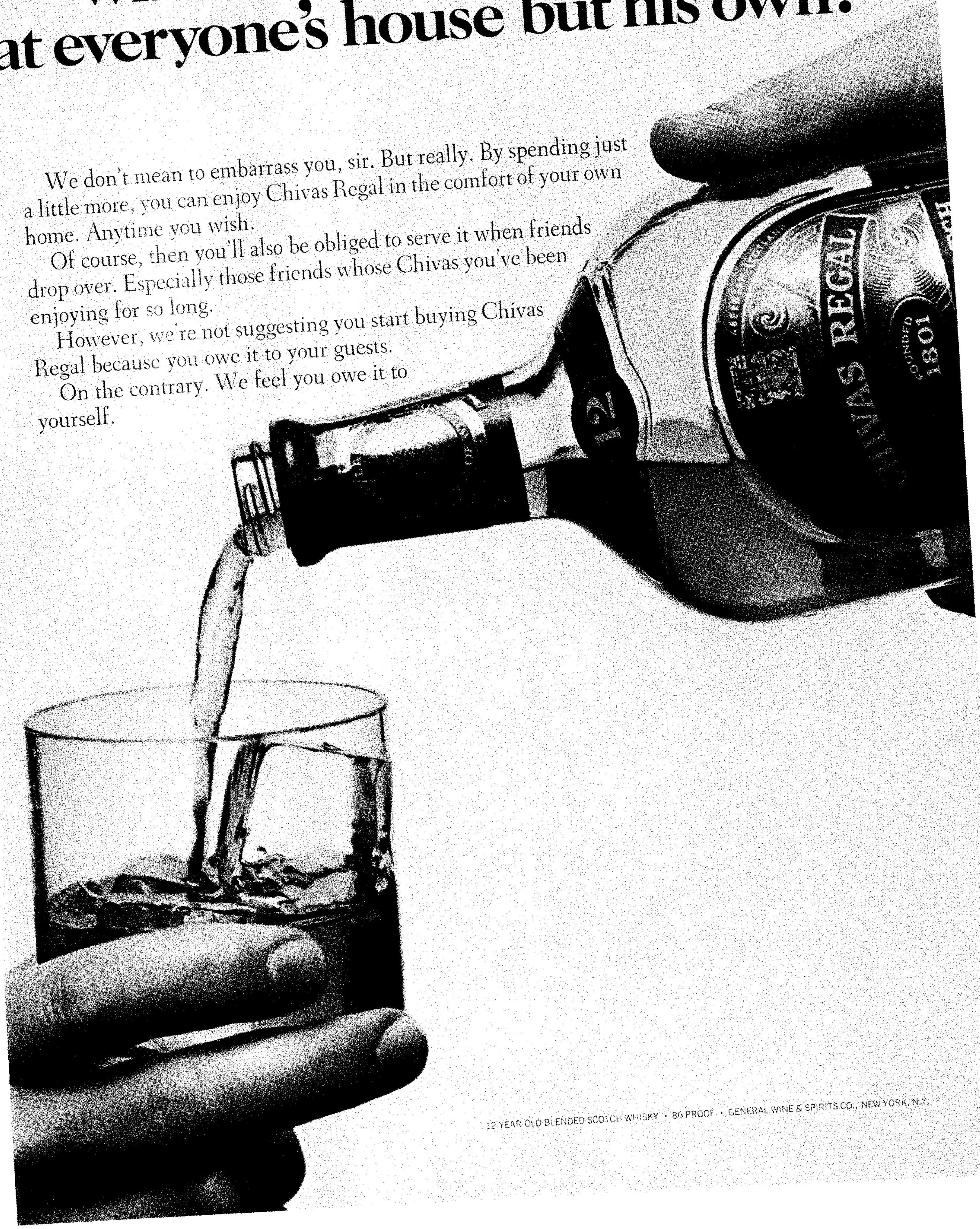

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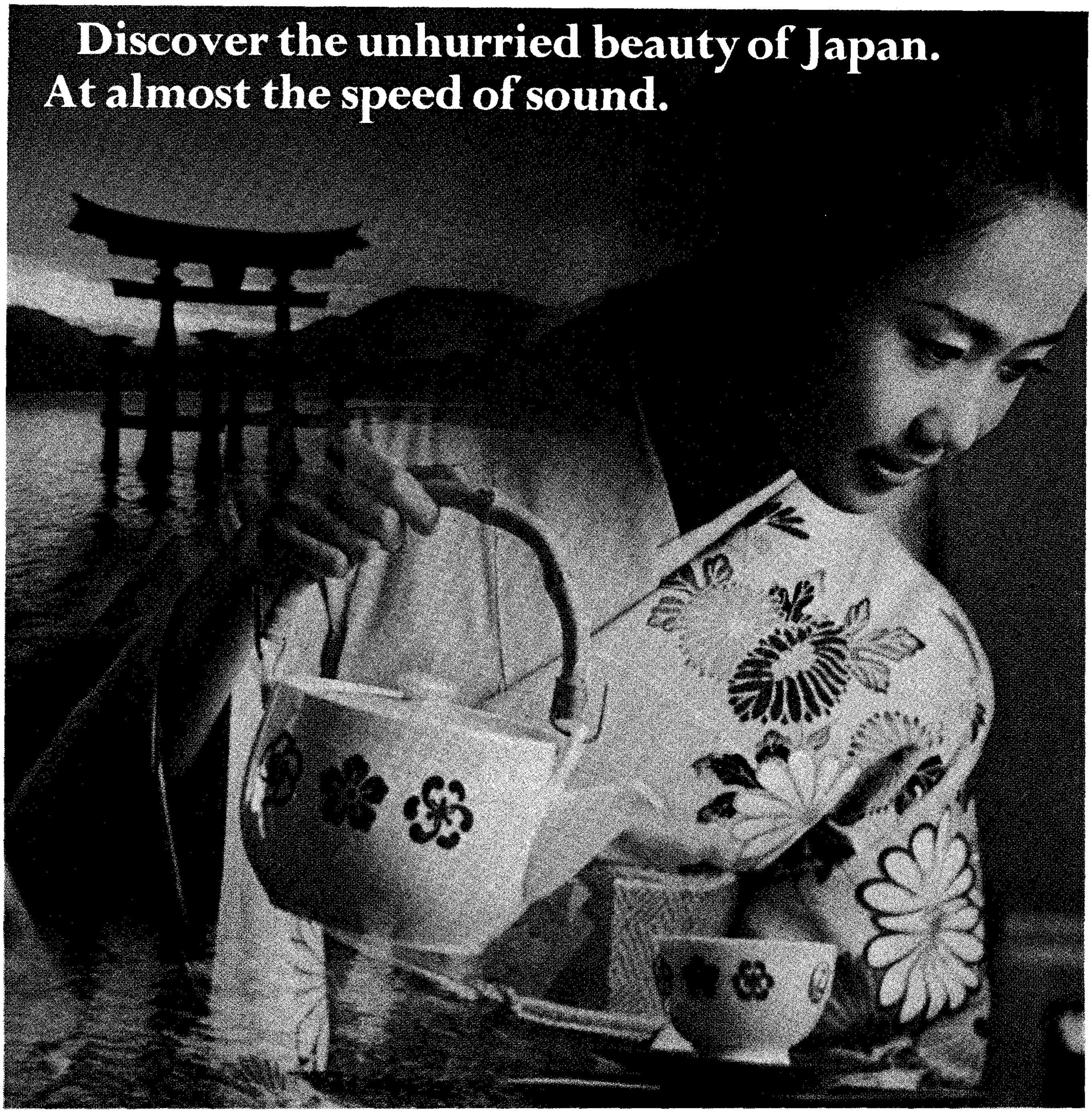
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without any technological innovations (Myrdal cites Japan, a country that, though its natural resources are scanty, has achieved prosperity through efficiency and discipline); if South Asians were disciplined citizens, they would not disobey or circumvent laws that injure—or appear to injure—their immediate interests. Then there would not be the present gap between radical pronouncements and reactionary performances by governments. Bringing about some congruence between what is promised and what happens is one way to encourage disciplined work.

Myrdal frequently notes further subjects for study; we do not know enough about the effect of climate on the health and energy of human beings or of domestic animals, or about the extent of corruption in South Asia—Myrdal has the impression that it varies from country to country—or about what he calls the "folklore" of corruption: what Asians believe about graft in high places. (In some societies it is meritorious to use your power to profit your family, as Mazarin took the responsibility of dowering his nieces; he was envied, but by men who would have liked to imitate him.) On this matter, Myrdal's immediate suggestion is: South Asian countries might reduce corruption by reducing discretionary controls. This suggestion especially interests me, because in the United States discretionary controls, whether national (regulatory agencies) or local (building inspection), frequently evoke suspicions of corruption.

Perhaps I should not have strayed from South Asia, since Myrdal does not, and since one of the pleasures of his work is the definition and clarity of its focus. Still, some of South Asia's problems are not unique, and some that Myrdal discusses have proved difficult, if not intractable, in the rest of the world. For instance, how to unify a nation composed, as South Asian nations are, of more than one ethnic and linguistic group. An advanced, modern, rich country like Belgium finds two languages a strain, and so does Canada, but many South Asian states are divided into far more than two language groups. Even a bilingual education there may not be a national education. The moral consensus in the West is that imposing one national language is bad, and the political realities in the East make such an imposition impossible, but the cost of educating multilingual administrators and engineers looks staggering for South Asia.

Myrdal never brushes aside or minimizes these or other difficulties. He

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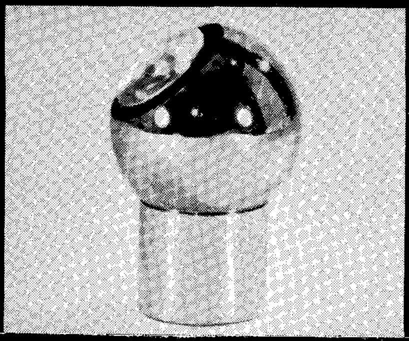

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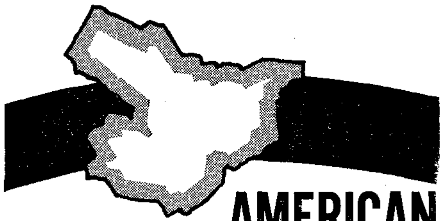

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makes his diagnoses, recommends his cures, and neither despairs nor rejoices. Many of his suggestions are wonderfully specific, but he knows that nobody can write a prescription for social change; indeed, he keeps insisting that a nation's economic plan must be treated as a political program—discussed, adjusted, bargained over—rather than as a set of builders' specifications. His sophisticated appreciation of politics—and of agriculture as well—reflects newer social thinking, and so does his belief that innovations will take hold faster if they are introduced in a group rather than one at a time. If you give South Asian farmers iron plows (as has been done) you must make sure (as has not been done) that their animals are strong enough to pull them, and that the carpenters who took care of the old wooden plows find other work. These ideas are relevant to social improvement and economic development anywhere, including the Western World. Tolstoy's "Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way" puts things backward; joy and success come in varied forms; failure and unhappiness, whether personal, familial, or social, fall into a few glum patterns. Contempt for labor was as destructive to Castile as it is harmful to South Asia. And certainly Myrdal's statement that "through our study we have grown more and more convinced . . . that often it is not more difficult, but easier, to cause a big change rapidly than a small change gradually" reflects on this country's probably mistaken long-held commitment to gradualism in race relations. Myrdal has given us a model social inquiry, and he has taught us, as he intended, about South Asia. But his achievement—as is true of all first-class creative work—goes beyond his intentions. "Asian Drama" is full of lessons about the world, the United States, and ourselves.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WHIPPLE'S CASTLE, by Thomas Williams (Random House). A long novel about the Whipple family of Leah, New Hampshire. The Whipples—Harvey and Henrietta and their four children—live in a Victorian edifice that has so many rooms and halls and staircases and hiding places that even Harvey, who loves the house so much that he could not rest until he had bought it, is never really sure he has seen all of it. The

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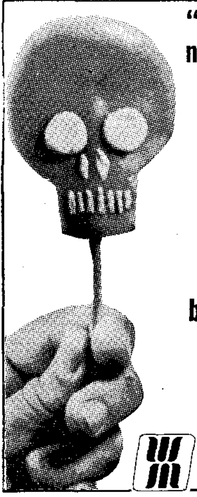

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story begins in 1942, when the eldest of the children, Wood, is eighteen and the youngest, Kate, is thirteen, and ends in 1958. Mr. Williams admires his characters, and there is real affection and respect in the effort he makes to give them something of the intensity and unpredictability of the house they live in, but the Whipples are unresponsive on a really handsome scale, and their dullness, so big, leaves the reader somnambulant for hours and hours after he has finished reading about them. A Literary Guild selection.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE, by Desmond Greig (Viking). Paul Perdix finds himself—by some extraordinary failure of will power, or because of a laudably spunky curiosity—at a weekend party where all his fellow-guests are already familiar with a murky labyrinth of long-established passions and gray carpeted corridors; unlike him, moreover, they know the secret of their host's identity. Fellini-like, they wheel and swim around the shakily perplexed outsider; sometimes it seems that he will break through to normality—for a while he even fancies himself in love with a cocktail-gowned wraith who wafts along the crumbling terraces—yet he peels off mask after mask only to reveal further disguises beneath. The plot flops sinuously along to an inconclusive conclusion.

GENERAL

ASPECTS OF E. M. FORSTER, edited by Oliver Stallybrass (Harcourt, Brace & World). Fifteen essays written for Mr. Forster's ninetieth birthday. As with most such literary tributes, the book is an uneasy mixture of observations about his writing and personal reminiscences. The latter tend to be weighed down by an understandable reserve; one cannot speak about a living man as if he were already dead and beyond being affected by what people say. The two exceptions are William Plomer's amusing "Forster as a Friend" and William Roerick's "Forster and America," which is direct, witty, detailed, affectionate, and a model of its kind. Elizabeth Bowen's acknowledgment of a debt to Forster is illuminating, and so is Wilfred Stone's "Forster on Love and Money," which considers a similar acknowledgment on Forster's part of a debt to Samuel Butler. George H. Thomson's review of Forster's uncollected writings is of practical value. If

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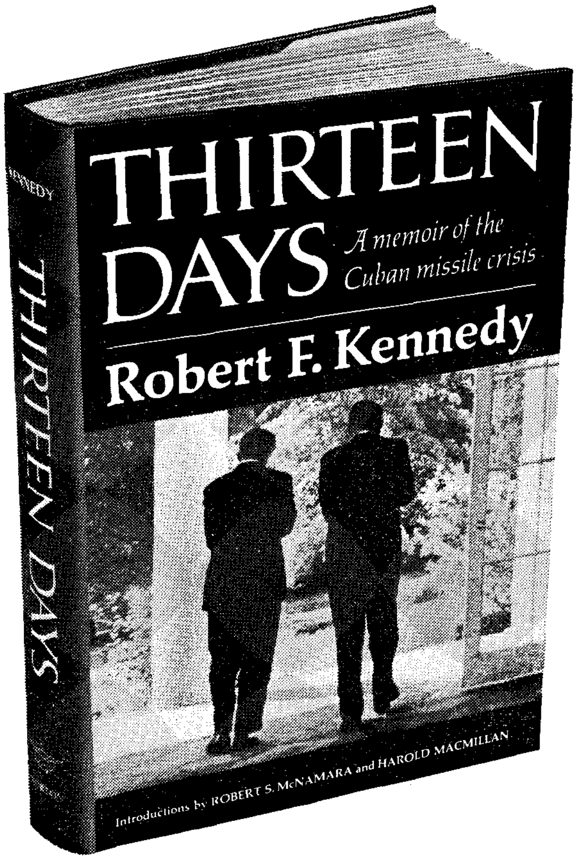
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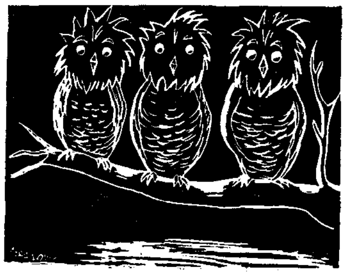

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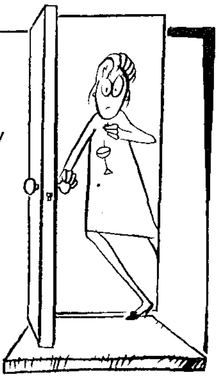

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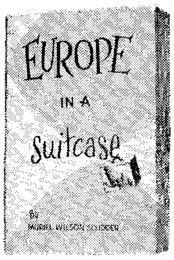

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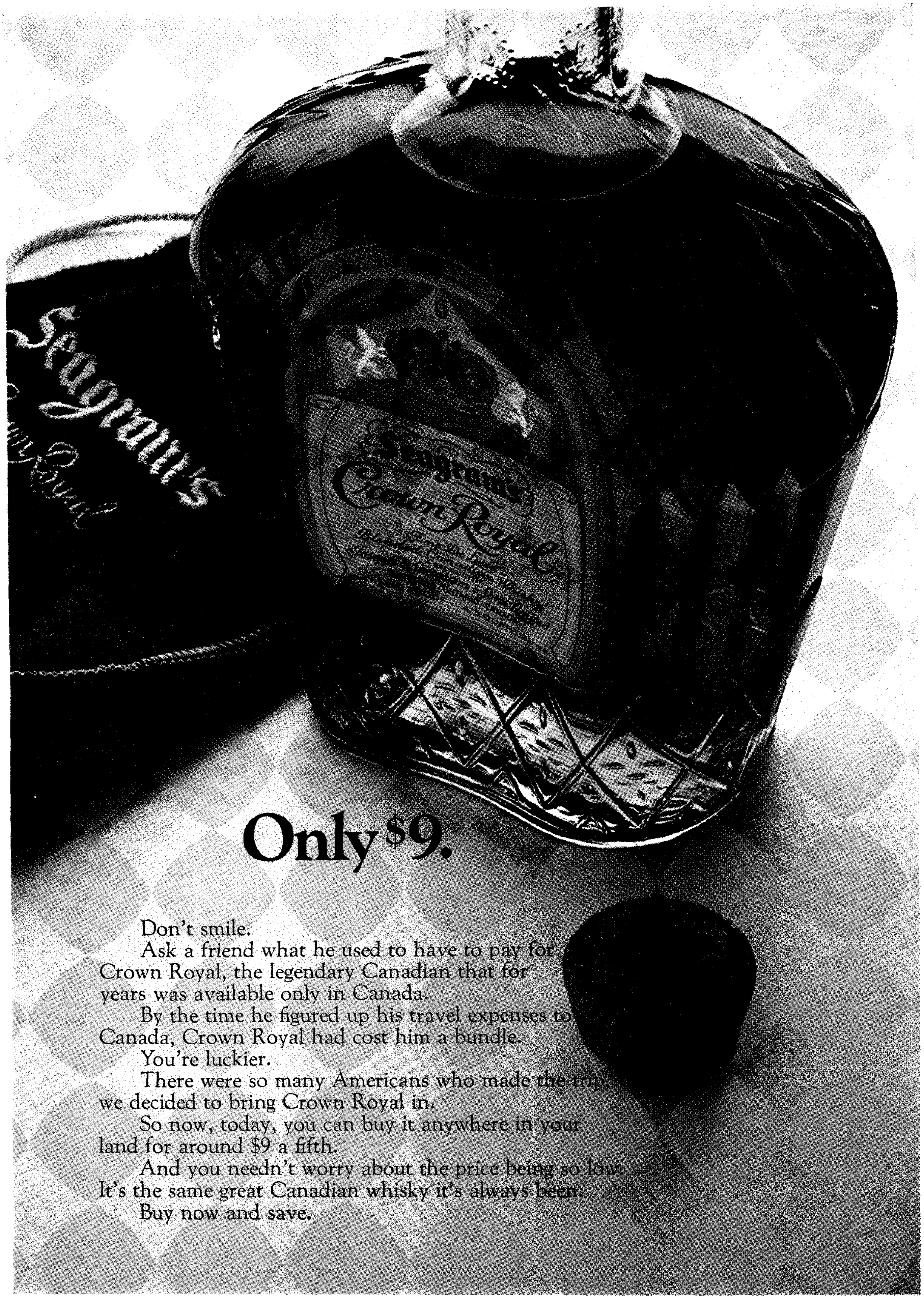

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